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The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs

ZLF
Pilgrim

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

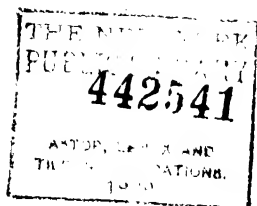
The Interests of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs
Auriesville, to the Cause of the Martyrs
who died there, to the American and
other Missions, past and present.

SIXTEENTH YEAR. VOL. XVI.

JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1900

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THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. I.

A WILD-FLOWER WREATH FOR MARY.*

BY H. M.

"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee."—Luke I., 35.

THIS wreath of flowers
From woodland bowers
A mystic meaning holds for me
Their growth was wild
And, like thy child,
From seed unsown they came to be.

MARY, EVER VIRGIN.

If God should seek a mould of clay
To hide His Godhead bright;
A virgin's womb it needs must be
To mould the Son of Light.

If virgin would a mother be
Yet maid-hood not resign;
God's Son could be the only son
Her bosom should enshrine.

*Ideas borrowed from old Latin poems by a Jesuit.

A WINTER SCHOOL IN THE WILDERNESS.

FATHER LE JEUNE FOLLOWS A HUNT WITH THE MONTAGNIS
TO LEARN THEIR LANGUAGE.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

FROM the time of his appointment as first Superior of the Jesuit Missions in New France, Father Paul Le Jeune had labored in union with the Governor, Champlain, to establish religious services in the various stations occupied by French Catholics. Still, in spite of all the care he lavished on the settlements at Quebec, Miscou and Three Rivers, he did not overlook his chief task, the moral regeneration of the savages and their conversion to Christianity. It was principally for this purpose that along with his brethren, he had given up the old world and come to the new.

The only difficulty the zealous missionary found in this enterprise was ignorance of the savage tongues. "Faith comes from hearing," he wrote in the *Relation* for 1633; "how then can one who is dumb preach the gospel?" In the preceding *Relation* he had said: "One acquainted with their language would be a power among the savages. But how can one learn it since there are no books to teach it, and its structure is all unknown, while grammar it has none?"

Before leaving France, the Recollects had given him some manuscript notes of the language, and he had them made up into books, but to no purpose, as they were very incomplete, and full of faults.

At Our Lady of Angels, he sought a master among the interpreters of the Trading Company. Everyone knows how this class of men is employed by the traders for dealing with the savages. Adventurous, for the most part daring and intelligent, fond of independence and liberty, lovers of new countries, they did not fear to penetrate the interior districts nor to live in the midst of the aborigines, learning their language, conforming to their customs and adopting often their rude manners. Forced back again to the French settlements,

they became useful as interpreters by their knowledge of the languages and by the relations which they maintained with their friends of the forest.

Nicholas Marsolet was then one of the most renowned of these interpreters, and Father Le Jeune had long wished to have him for teacher. His request was useless. "Nicholas had sworn," so he declared, "never to impart the tongue of the savages to anyone whomsoever." The Jesuits were not more fortunate with the other interpreters.

An Indian named Pierre had been taken to France by the Recollects, and had there been instructed, converted and baptized. Returning to Canada he had reverted to his former ways, keeping nothing of his European culture save its vices and self-indulgence. Misfortune brought him to Our Lady of Angels. The charitable superior took pity on him, clothed and fed him and installed him as teacher in the school at the residence. This was towards the end of 1632. The school was attended by some little savages, who were summoned by the sound of the bell, and treated after each session to a handful of peas. Pierre acted as Father Le Jeune's interpreter and helped him teach the children their prayers and catechism. He was also to teach the father his language, but his disloyalty went so far that he expressly gave his words different signification from what he wanted.

One fine day, at the beginning of Lent, Pierre disappeared to avoid the rigor of a forty days' fast. In spite of his bad will his pupil had made progress. He had put together conjugations, declensions, a short syntax, a vocabulary; he could, by means of writing, make himself understood to the savages. It was a beginning, but not enough. "Everything now depends on composing frequently, on learning the quality of words and their accent; so I must needs spend the coming winter with the savages. Whoever knows their tongue is all in all with them, let him have never so little eloquence. Nowhere in the world would rhetoric be more powerful than in Canada.

"Their language is very rich and very poor; poor, because ignorant of the thousand and one things we have in Europe

they have no expression for them ; rich, because for the things they know their expressions are extremely copious."

Father Le Jeune speaks thus of the language of the Montagnis, the only one he had as yet studied, or desired to know, wishing to give all his apostolic labors to this tribe. They spoke Algonquin, a language less energetic than that of the Hurons, but more clear and elegant : it was for the desert a polished and classical language. The traveller who knew it could go through any part of the country situated between the great lakes and Hudson Bay, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Acadia to the borders of the Carolinas, with the two exceptions of the Iroquois and the Huron villages.

The Montagnis, scattered along the Saguenay and St. John's lake, were fugitives when Champlain arrived in Canada, under the protection of French arms against the Iroquois their redoubtable enemies. Thus they were often mixed with the Algonquins at Quebec. From this town they often went to Our Lady of Angels, drawn thither by their curiosity or interest ; incorrigible beggars, they never went away without a knife, an awl or needle, some arrow-heads or a handful of peas.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits to the Residence that Father Le Jeune came to know the two brothers of Pierre. One was called Mestigoït, a skilful hunter, indefatigable and naturally good ; the other named Carigonan was the most famous sorcerer of the tribe, vicious, wily, violent, and hot-headed. Immorality had ruined his robust frame ; so he made use of his great credit as magician to live without work and to take as his own the best morsels of the meal.

Mestigoït having heard that Father Le Jeune wanted to winter with the savages, invited him to join his group consisting of twenty persons, men, women and children. The missionary gladly assented, on the condition, however, that the sorcerer should not be in the company. With this condition, he hoped that this long and painful excursion, in the woods, in midwinter, would give him an opportunity to sow the seeds of the gospel's word in the souls of his hosts ; he hoped also to study more at his leisure the Algonquin tongue

and become thereby a more useful agent in God's hands for the conversion of the Montagnis to Catholicity.

Before setting out, he wrote to his Provincial at Paris : "Life in the woods with savages is more painful than the winter's cold . . . But I must go. I would I were there already, so sick at heart am I to see these poor erring souls without any help, for not understanding them. One can die but once, and an early death is not always the worst."

Towards the end of October, on a fine autumn morning he embarked in a canoe on the St. Lawrence with Mestigoït and Pierre, whom he called an apostate. Six Montagnis accompanied them. Champlain and the French were present, sad and troubled ; they wondered if the Jesuit would return from this adventurous expedition. Very soon the canoes of the savages after gliding along the picturesque banks of the St. Lawrence disappeared behind the point of the Isle of Orleans, and the two parties of the Montagnis coming together made for Lake St. John. The Indian is treacherous, lying and wily. Mestigoït had assured Father Le Jeune that his brother Carigonan would not take part in the hunt ; but how could he resist the will of the most famous of sorcerers ? Carigonan joined his brothers on the islet situated below the isle of Orleans, and on November 12, the three parties disembarked in the woodlands near the source of the Saguenay. Many feet of snow covered the earth, the lakes were frozen, rivers flowed between walls of ice, trees bent under their heavy loads of snow, and snapped apart with the noise of a musket.

Over this bleak wilderness, cold and desolate, our Indians made their way, hunting for their food daily, and carrying on their backs, or on narrow sleds, their miserable luggage, kettles, axes, beaver and bear skins, and rolls of bark. Father Le Jeune followed them with snow-shoes on his feet like the savages, and his knapsack on his shoulders. He has described these painful journeys : "We had to climb up and down. We had often to bend half our height to pass under the hanging trees and climb over others lying on the ground. When a thaw came, my God, what hardship ! It seemed to me as if I was walking on a road of glass, which yielded

under my feet at every step; the hardened snow growing soft fell away in hollows, in which I sank to the knees and even to the waist. If these falls were unpleasant, getting up was still more so, for the snow-shoes covered with snow were dead weight when one tried to pull them up. It seemed as if one must pull one's legs off to get out of the hollows. Imagine a man burdened as a pack mule, and judge how pleasant is the life of a savage."

The same writer adds: "The inns where we put up and regaled ourselves were streams, the ice over which had to be broken to draw water. . . . In our wanderings here and there in quest of subsistence, sometimes in very low valleys, then on very high mountains, sometimes on flat country, but always in snow, we had to cross a number of waterfalls, some rivers, and many beautiful lakes and pools, walking on ice."

When night came on, they pitched their camp; the squaws cut long poles of birch or of pine, whilst the men, with the aid of their snow-shoes, cleared a round or square space, about which the snow formed a wall many feet high. On one side they left a narrow passage way; near the wall they planted the poles in the snow, bending them so as to meet over the centre. Over these poles they stretched their rolls of cork sewn together. A bear-skin served for a door, and inside they covered with pine branches the ground of the wigwam and the walls of snow. The house is thus finished.

"Then," says the narrator, "they speak of dinner and supper all at once. For, going out in the morning after eating but a mouthful, one must have patience until they stop and put up a shelter in which to lodge and eat; our worst days were when the braves did not go on their ordinary hunt, and we had to fast and keep working just the same."

To add to misfortune, it was impossible to stand erect in the improvised cabin. One had to remain seated or lying on the ground, with his head near a wall of snow. The winds penetrate through a thousand crevices; each one puts himself where he wishes, and as he wishes, round about the hut. Hungry dogs come and go, tumbling promiscuously over one another, and then stretching themselves, after they have eaten enough, over the firstcomer.

In the middle of the wigwam is the fire, and the smoke escapes the best it can through the roof. It is often so thick that one has to lie for hours on one's belly, so as to breathe the air close to the floor. Sometimes the embers, fed by enormous pine cones, become so hot as to roast and broil one on all sides, without a chance of keeping off the heat.

Once encamped, a savage does not budge until the game within a radius of three or four leagues has been exhausted. In this way, after a few days the hut becomes unspeakably foul. The hunt begins the morning of the encampment. Should a hunter come back with some spoil, there is a feast at the wigwam. Hands, which have never been washed, throw the game into an enormous boiler, the copper of which is not as thick as the scum. The feast begins.

"A savage," says Father Le Jeune, "has not forethought of to-morrow. He eats gluttonously, and without restraint, whilst there is a mouthful left." He must not leave any of the meat, he must drink the very last drop of water he has boiled, and this water is very often the snow thawed in the kettle. When his stomach refuses nourishment, he calls in his companions. "Thus," adds the missionary, "for a good dinner, two or three days' eating are necessary, and this often happens when the weather will not permit them to go out or when they do not find the hunting favorably. . . . When I could have an eel skin from the remnants for my day's allowance, I thought I had breakfasted, dined, and supped very well. In the beginning I had used one of these skins to repair a cloth soutane I wore. But as hunger pressed me sorely, I ate my patches, and if my cassock had been of the same stuff, I should have brought it home much abbreviated. I ate old moose skins and went to the woods to suck the saplings of trees and to chew the softer bark."

Father Le Jeune says in another letter: "*Hunger had like to kill me; . . . and often those words came to my lips: Give us this day our daily bread.* Never since have I pronounced them without adding: *If so it be pleasing in Thy sight;*" and in the *Relation* of 1634, he adds: "I said to myself: God has condemned me to die of hunger for my sins;

and kissing a thousand times the hand which had written my sentence, I awaited execution with a peace and joy one can more easily feel than describe; one suffers, but God has the glory of aiding a soul when it is no longer helped by creatures."

These are the sentiments of an apostolic heart. It must love the souls bought by the Blood of Jesus Christ very dearly, to submit itself to a life of mortal privation, and of intolerable physical and moral suffering, in the hope of being one day able to instruct and to convert them.

"There are not ten priests in a hundred," writes this apostle, "who could support such a winter among the savages." Nothing more true. A health impaired by education for the priesthood and its divine functions does not prepare the minister of Jesus Christ for life in a savage tent. What hardships there are for him, unknown to others, in this pell-mell of men, women and children, in a gross and revolting immorality. Outrageous proposals, indecent pleasantries, annoyances, mockeries, importunities, and persecutions of every sort, nothing was spared Father Le Jeune. His relation gives a feeble idea of all he saw, heard, and suffered, and the recital closes with these lines: "Neither heat nor cold, nor the nuisance of the dogs, nor sleeping on the ground in the open air, nor the cramped posture in their cabins, doubled up like a ball, without seat or cushion, nor hunger nor thirst, nor poverty, nor the filth of their cooking utensils, nor sickness, nor anything else, seemed to me aught but joy in comparison with the fury and the malice of their sorcerer."

This sorcerer, the most immoral member of the tribe, hated the Jesuit with a fierce hatred, and let pass no occasion of exciting against him outbursts of laughter and unseemly pleasantries. He sang, howled, and beat his cymbals, to deafen or fatigue him, and keep him from speaking. In his presence he designedly practised his devilish incantations, with indecent suggestions, and sacrilegious parodies; he fell into epileptic fits, and, like a madman, threw himself on the missionary, threatening him with gestures and cries. The missionary, always calm and imperturbable, never gave way

to fright or discouragement. As he wrote to his superior: "Good soldiers spur themselves on at the sight of their blood and their wounds." Without the slightest emotion, he took his breviary and read it in the midst of the most insupportable cacophony, every throat striving one louder than the other, after the sorcerer, and their feet beating time on the ground in cadence, and their sticks striking the poles of the cabin. One day, when the sorcerer was in a state of fury, more than usually worked up, immovable and silent, his stare fixed and threatening, Father Le Jeune rose up and approached the energuman, proceeding coolly to feel his pulse, which he found, as he writes, "as calm as that of a fish," and then returned to his seat, to the great astonishment of all.

However, if he was tolerant and patient in all that concerned him personally, he never forbore to speak when there was question of truth, of the salvation of souls, or of the glory of God. He sought to destroy by every means the credit of this sorcerer, denouncing the childishness of his enchantments and the impertinence of his superstition. It was like touching the apple of his eye, and wresting the soul from his body. The magician hated these lively and spiritual talks of the missionary, and he responded by redoubling his anger and persecution.

This martyrdom of the religious in the company of the savages lasted nearly six months, and during this time they encamped in twenty-three different places. In the first days of April the tribe put up on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Father Le Jeune was exhausted, sick, and incapable of holding himself up. Mastigoït, much disturbed, offered to bring him back to Quebec in his canoe; the Father accepted his offer. The thaw had commenced. The river was full of enormous ice-drifts detached from the bank. The Indian and the Jesuit embarked in the frail boat, and after a most perilous voyage, they arrived at Our Lady of Angels, three hours after midnight, April 9.

THE SHRINE.

Although the annals of the Shrine may be put in a few words this month, it would take pages to attempt to record properly one thing of interest to PILGRIM readers, and yet words would fail to record it properly. By the kindness of clients of Our Lady of Martyrs, and pilgrims to Auriesville, kindness that has spared neither trouble nor expense, a most beautiful model has been obtained for the group of the Pietà, for which the crown is to be made. It is the beauty, the majesty and pathos of this piece of statuary which words fail to describe. It comes into our possession the eve of Christmas, and as we are worshipping the young Virgin Mother as she kneels in adoration over her babe in the crib at Bethlehem, it carries our vision to the same mother in her sorrow, kneeling to support in her arms the lifeless, but still adorable, body of her Son on Calvary. In a future number we shall have more to say about this model and about our plans for reproducing it in marble for the Shrine at Auriesville.

The following letter will recall some familiar scenes to visitors to Auriesville, though few of them have ever had the opportunity to see the place at this season.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

I made a little visit to the Shrine last Sunday, and wish you had been with me. I took the West Shore train Sunday morning from Amsterdam, and remained until the train which returns from the Shrine, about four o'clock. It was almost too short a visit in which to make a pilgrimage and meet my friends in the village, but I did the best I could, and had a most enjoyable time.

I hurried from Mass, fearing I might miss the train, and did not take time to stop for breakfast. I ought to have known from past experience that there is no danger of a train on the West Shore Road ever being guilty of punctuality.

I was not only able to make up for the delayed breakfast, but had over an hour to spare. I regretted that I did not have an opportunity after Mass to greet many of my Amsterdam friends. It made me feel at home to see their faces in the church.

My first visit at Auriesville was to the Ravine. Indeed I could

hardly realize that it was nearly the middle of December. There was not a trace of snow, and the road to the Ravine was in splendid condition. I wandered around for half an hour admiring the new work, which seemed substantial and strong enough to resist any torrent which may come, and I noticed for the first time the trees which had been placed in position across the stream as a foundation for the new bridge.

Everything about the Shrine looked so quiet and peaceful. It seemed as if the crowd had only left the place a few hours before, and I looked around almost expecting to see some of the little party of pilgrims who remained to talk over the events of the day.

The little Shrine is very companionable and homelike, for you can see the familiar Pietà, and it does not seem as if everything is closed for the winter. There was none of that lonesome feeling I sometimes have on visiting the Shrine in the winter and finding the snow drifted up against the stations and around the Calvary.

I was glad to hear that the farmers had a profitable season, and there had been plenty of work all the fall for everyone. I have as fine a specimen of a large red apple as I ever saw, which grew on the tree near the little house occupied by the Fathers last summer. A kind friend picked it for you and gave me to present to you. I hope to have that pleasure very soon.

Regretting that none of my friends were with me to share my pleasure at the Shrine last Sunday, I remain, dear Father,

Ever sincerely yours,

E. S. BROOKS, JR.

Contributions to the Shrine will be published henceforth on the last page of the *PILGRIM*, along with the contributions to the missions. A special offering to the crown this month, a Christmas gift, is a precious pear-shaped ruby offered in gratitude and in reparation, and we commend the donors specially to the prayers of our readers.

During this year the *PILGRIM* will contain many interesting sketches of the shrines of Our Lady, and some chapters on the process by which a servant of God is declared by the Church Blessed and Saint. In this number we begin with some unknown shrines of Mary, and as soon as possible we hope to have sketches of the shrines and sanctuaries devoted to her sorrows.

SOME UNKNOWN SHRINES OF OUR LADY.

I.—THE CHURCH AND IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT CZECZELNIK.

CZECZELNIK, a small town on the river Savranka, was formerly renowned for its commerce in wine and Wallachian honey, but having been burnt by the robber hordes of Cossacks in the year 1768, it fell into decay and never recovered its former importance. On that occasion the church built in 1751 by Prince Lubomirski, was saved from the general conflagration by the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, whose image, renowned for many miraculous favors, is kept there. This image can be seen even to this day on the high altar, surrounded by hundreds of votive offerings, which testify how liberally the queen of heaven imparts her favors to such as have recourse to her with childlike confidence.

The local archives contain no written account of the favors granted before this image. Only the following fact about the history is preserved by tradition of the image. It was found in the house of the parish priest of the place, the Rev. Parzechowski, who was murdered in 1773 by the rebellious Cossacks.

In the year 1747, a certain painter making a pilgrimage from Italy to Czenstochowa (a renowned sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin in Russian Poland) asked hospitality of Ignatius Mroczkowski, clerk of the revenue in the town of Pohrebyszcze. Because he was kindly and hospitably received, he promised his host as a remembrance, to bring from Czenstochowa, a copy made by himself, of the image of the Blessed Virgin, venerated there. This promise he fulfilled in the following year on his return from that celebrated sanctuary. Not long after Mroczkowski, now appointed manager of the estate of Prince Lubomirski, betook himself to Czeczelnik, and dwelt in the palace. He took with him the image of Czenstochowa, but did not set any great value on it. Shortly after, in the year 1750, his son fell sick, and notwithstanding all remedies, and the prayers which he, his wife and his household addressed to God, there remained no hope of recovery. The sickness made such progress that the physicians, called in for a consultation, declared that there was no hope. One of them, knowing the inability of all earthly

remedies, cried out, "Only our Lady of Czenstochowa can cure him." Hearing these words, the mother of the sick boy remembered that she had somewhere in the house an image of our Lady of Czenstochowa. She began to look for it, and having found it, fell on her knees, exclaiming with great faith and confidence: "Oh mother, heavenly queen, intercede with thy most beloved Son, that he may have pity on my son, and cure him of this grievous sickness which afflicts him so badly." Wonderful to relate, after half an hour the sick boy jumps from his bed, looks for his mother and asks her to give him some food. Aware now of the evident miracle of our Lady, he and his mother fall on their knees and give thanks together for the favor granted them.

This miracle became immediately known through the whole country. It was therefore resolved to carry the image to the parish church, where it was placed with solemnity on the high altar, a large crowd of the faithful assisting.

Soon the faithful from far and near began in their various needs to have recourse to our Lady at Czczelnik. The parish priest was not able to attend to all the penitents desirous to cleanse their souls from sin at the sanctuary of Czczelnik, to obtain more surely the needful favors. Hence in the year 1759, two Fathers of the Society of Jesus were sent to his assistance.

Even nowadays many pious pilgrims may be seen coming to thank the Blessed Virgin for restoration to health after all earthly remedies had been used in vain. Let one example suffice. Two years ago, the son of a station-master in Russia fell grievously sick. For a quarter of an hour he had given no sign of life, when his parents recommended him to the protection of our Lady at Czczelnik. Shortly after, he whom they had already given up for dead, revived and was completely cured.

II—THE CHURCH AND IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT ZEGOCIN.

Zegocin is a village in the province of Posen, situated near the frontier of the Polish kingdom. The former Church of Zegocin, built in 1415, was destroyed by fire. In the year 1714 Michael Swinarski, then owner of the village, erected in its stead a magnificent wooden church. On the high altar is seen an ancient image which according to tradition, belonged formerly to the Church of Sega, a neighboring village. It represents the blessed Virgin with the divine Child in her arms and is a copy of the

image at Rome called Our Lady of the Snow. It is adorned with a silver gown and a crown richly set with precious stones. Beneath the figure is a silver moon and around it hang a number of votive offerings. Formerly these votive offerings were more numerous. A large number are still preserved in the treasury of the church, but many were carried off by thieves in 1826.

The honor paid to the image of the Blessed Virgin at Zegocin reaches far into antiquity. It was, however, only in the year 1780 that by the endeavors of the then parish priest Rochenski, ecclesiastical authority declared it a miraculous image. On February 16, 1778, there came to Zegocin a commission, sent for this purpose by the Archbishop of Juesen, Kasimir Ostrowski. It was composed of theological and other learned ecclesiastics, under the leadership of Canon Philip Rybinski. This commission, to be held at Zegocin by the authority of the archbishop, had been announced from the pulpits in all the surrounding parishes, and all those who had experienced any miraculous favor, or had been eye-witnesses to any, were requested to appear before said commission. There appeared eighty witnesses belonging both to the nobility and the common people, who having first approached the sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion and taken an oath, gave their testimony. From the acts of the commission, preserved in the archives of the parish, it appears that several times the countenance of our Lady changed color miraculously. At times it was white like alabaster; and again it shone with a supernatural light.

From the various miraculous favors to which these witnesses bore testimony we select the following: The daughter of Wojsciech Rudinski, being suddenly seized with sickness during the night, gave no sign of life. Her mother, seeing that the most powerful remedies failed to restore her to consciousness, placed her under the protection of the Blessed Virgin at Zegocin. She recited the litany of our Lady and promised to have a Mass read at Zegocin. An hour later the girl came to herself and was entirely cured. Marian Ciesielski had a sore foot which for a whole year prevented her from leaving her bed. Having offered herself to our Lady of Zegocin, and being carried to the church before her image, she assisted at Mass and returned home perfectly cured. John Szarzynski, a nobleman suffering for a week from an ulcer in the throat and a great pain in the left ear, was restored to health as soon as he had recourse to the help of the

Blessed Virgin and promised to go on foot to visit her image at Zegocin. Sebastian Bedmarz, after having received the last sacraments, was cured after a Mass said for his intention at Zegocin. Several persons were freed from blindness, others exposed to great trials or dangers found instant help after having recourse to the Blessed Virgin at Zegocin.

On the representation of the commission the Archbishop Ostrowski by a decree given in the year 1778 confirmed the truthfulness of these miraculous favors, and declared the image miraculous. He empowered the parish priest, for the future, to examine under oath all new miracles granted by the Blessed Virgin at that place and to record them in a special book. In these annals of the parish mention is made of thirty-nine other miraculous favors obtained up to the year 1790.

These various miracles have rendered Zegocin so famous that even now the faithful for many miles around hasten to this place to pour out before the image of our Lady the grief of their hearts and implore her help. Some confidently affirm that whatever they ask of our Lady they never ask in vain. On the greater festivals of the Blessed Virgin crowds of pious worshippers come to the church of Zegocin from many places. By a special favor of the Holy See a plenary indulgence may be gained every day during the year in the Church of Zegocin on the usual conditions.

MORAD.

BY CHARLES J. MULLALY, S.J.

(*Concluded.*)

THE aged Arab priest of Rabbath Ammon, having finished the evening sacrifice, was standing at the door of the Temple, silently gazing at the heights of Mt. Pisgah. His hair, which was long and white, streamed over his bent shoulders. His features, haggard and careworn, and his beard, long and unkempt, told that many a year had passed, since, as a child, he had entered the service of the temple. As he stood silently musing on the distant landscape, he was aroused from his reverie by a light step on the stone flagging surrounding the Temple. Turning he beheld a dark-haired Arab child approaching him.

“Who are you, child, and what seek you from the god at

this hour?" asked the priest, struck by the boy's tired appearance.

"I am Morad, the child of Halah, of the tribe of Caleb. I seek the Sibyl to learn of my mother who was captured by the Pilanales."

"You seek the Sibyl!" exclaimed the priest.

"Yes; Senoral, the brother of the great Shaba, sent me; Senoral who consulted her, thirty-five years ago, when our tribe went to war. May I see her? I wish to find my mother. My father is dead and I have no one to care for me except Senoral."

"Child," said the priest, "you seek here what cannot be learned. It is thirty years since the Sibyl spoke the word of the gods. It is twenty-eight since she died. Thirty years ago a cavalcade passed though the desert on its way to Judea, seeking, they said, the King of the West, the new-born Babe of the Jews. They had no guides, and asked no direction, but pointed to a moving star in the heaven, which, they declared, was leading them to the new-born King. From the hour they reached Rabbath Ammon the Sibyl ceased her prophecies. As they passed the Temple, she gave a fearful scream, crying out 'There! It is fulfilled! It is fulfilled! His reign begins; mine is at an end!' From that moment she never spoke, but remained perfectly dumb until her death, which occurred two years afterwards. Child, it is strange that the brother of Shaba did not hear of this. Did no news ever reach the Calebs of the death of the Sibyl?"

"No! No!" cried the child, bursting into tears and throwing himself upon the stone pavement of the Temple. "O mother, mother!" he cried, "I shall never find you! you must die a slave! Mother, mother! what will Senoral say? The Sibyl dead!"

Moved by the piteous cries, the priest raised the sobbing child in his arms and comforted him. "Weep not, my little one, there is yet a way to find your mother, even though the Sibyl is dead. In Judea, across the Jordan, there is a great Prophet. He, child, can tell you all you wish to know of your mother. It is said he is the future king, the great Mes-

siah of the Jews. Stay with me to-night and to-morrow, and on the following day you can start for the Jordan. Come, remain with me and rest."

"No, no!" said the boy, brushing away his tears. "I will go on to-night. I must learn of mother."

"But you are too tired and exhausted. You will faint in the Desert. Stay with me, for you do not know the way. Will you not remain with me?"

"No, no! I know the way; it is off there, where the sun is setting—across the mountains. I will run until the moon gets high, and then, if I am very tired, I will lie down and sleep until the sun comes again. No, I must find mother, so that Senoral may ransom her."

"It will take two days for a child like you to reach the Jordan," said the priest. "Do not go to-night. You are too tired; besides, what will you do for food?"

"I shall eat the wild honey; that will keep me until I reach the Prophet. I am not tired, sir, because I'm seeking mother."

"Why do you wish to go on to-night? You will certainly perish; for see, child, a storm is even now gathering in the mountains."

"O, sir, you do not know what it is for a child to be without a mother. My playmates are always telling me how good their mothers are, but I, who have no mother, must go back to the tent and cry while they are happy. I have no one to care for me except old Senoral, and he will soon die, and then I shall be alone. If I perish in the Desert, no one will grieve for me but Senoral. I do not fear the storm. I must find the Prophet; he can tell me where mother is."

"If you stay with me to-night, in the morning I will lead you part of the way. Come, stay with me; the night will be too cloudy for you to go alone. You will lose the path in the darkness and wander far in the Desert. Look, the storm is in the Desert now! Ah, ye gods! Child, see the flashes of lightning! No, I must not, I will not let you go to-night! Old as I am, I would never attempt the path on such a night as this. Wait! I will see what can be done," cried the

priest, hurrying into the Temple as a loud crash of thunder told that the storm was beginning to rage around the sacred building.

A few drops of rain now began to fall, and the surrounding country, a few minutes before so fair, now lay hidden in the dense darkness. A sudden burst of wind sent the huge door of the Temple creaking on its hinges. The aged priest quickly returned to open it. "Come, child, come!" he exclaimed, but his command was lost amid the roar of the storm—Morad had disappeared in the darkness.

* * * * *

The shadows of evening were fast falling over the gloomy Desert of the Jordan. Tired and weary for want of proper food, little Morad slowly trudged on over the wild waste. Several times he fell from exhaustion, but, with the resolute spirit of his race, he arose and slowly pushed on to the low, dark hills in the distance.

"Mother! Mother! if I can only find you! It is three hours since I crossed the Jordan. At the river, the kind Jew, who many said was the Prophet, told me that the great, the true Prophet was here. He said I could not miss him, since he has been in the Desert for forty days. Oh, if I had only remained with him and rested, I should not be so tired! He was so kind! I wish now that I had stayed! Master, Master, where are you?" cried the child feebly, as his body grew weaker."

Poor boy, his courage was greater than his strength. He sank slowly to the ground. His eyes closed; his head fell back, and he lay silent and motionless upon the warm sand.

As he lay there, dark, heavy clouds seemed to pass before his eyes. Then the clouds parted and he was standing on a hill overlooking a cold, dreary, moonlit valley. Far off he could see the bright watchfire of a shepherd-camp. Then he thought he heard sweet voices chanting and joyfully singing in the midnight air.

Suddenly the scene changed. He was kneeling, in a cold cavern, beside a manger in which was lying a beautiful babe,

tenderly watched over by a youthful-looking mother, who turning smiled as she saw him kneeling on the damp ground. The cavern seemed to be in a blaze of light and unseen persons were singing songs in praise of the future deeds of the infant. As he remained gazing on the features of the babe, a voice of one unseen whispered in his ear.

"This is He who shall lead you to your mother."

As he knelt, the cavern slowly faded from his sight and darkness came again. Suddenly a golden stream of light shot down from the heavens. The darkness vanished, and behold! lofty mountains rose up before him. He seemed to be ascending the mountains, for he could hear the noisy ripple of the mountain brooks and the sweet carols of the birds in the trees. As he ascended, he saw in the golden light of the setting sun a beautiful child, with arms outstretched as if to welcome him. He stopped in wonder and gazed in admiration at the fair figure before him. "Come," the child sweetly said, "I will lead you to your mother."

The child, the mountains vanished. Darkness, even denser than before, seemed to lie before him. Slowly his senses returned. As he opened his eyes and saw the stars faintly shining and the moon high in the heavens, hid by dark clouds, he knew that it was far into the night.

"Master, Master," he faintly called, "where is Mother? Lead me to her."

There was no answer; only that melancholy chirping of the locust, which makes the lonesomeness of the desert even more lonesome.

"Master! Master! O Senoral, where is the Master, the Prophet? Where is mother?"

There was a step beside the dying boy. As the moon stole from behind the clouds, it showed the figure of a man kneeling beside him. The child, as he beheld the features of the stranger, uttered a feeble cry of joy. "Thou—the mountain child who bade me come!" The figure smiled so kindly that the heart of the Arab boy throbbed within his breast.

"Child, what wouldst thou have of me?" asked the stranger, leaning over the dying boy and taking him in his arms. "Speak, Morad, be not afraid."

"Master, I seek mother, I would find her."

"Wouldst thou be with her?"

"Yes, Master, yes! let me go to her."

"Go, be it done as thou desirest. Join her who kept so faithfully the word she learnt in youth."

Morad's face suddenly lit up. "Master, Master, she calls—I see her—there—there! Mother, yes, mother, I'm coming!" He turned, and, smiling, looked lovingly into the eyes of the stranger. Slowly his little head sank upon his breast; his eyes gently closed, and the weary child was at rest—at rest forever with his mother, for he lay dead in Jesus' arms.

THE END.

SIMI AND THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER the shadow of the English flag which floats proudly over the Rock of Gibraltar, there lived during the early years of the present century, a noble, wealthy Jew named Jacob Coens. He was of the tribe of Levi, besides being descended from an ancient Spanish family, and therefore entitled to the high post of Rabbi in the Synagogue.

Though he hated Christians almost fanatically he was otherwise a just man, upright of heart, kind to the poor, and a rigid observer of the Mosaic Law. And he was a devoted husband. His young wife Esther Levi was very beautiful, and a great lover of the Law, and gifted in many ways. This Jewish couple lived in perfect harmony, and both looked forward to the time when God would bless their union by sending a child to complete their bliss.

The child was sent, but at the price of the mother's life. A few moments before Esther expired she asked to see her baby. Claspng it in her arms and imprinting a first and last kiss on its little forehead she exclaimed :

"God of my fathers, if my child is not going to live to be a good woman, may she come with me now!"

Jacob's grief for his young wife was deep and true. Had it

not been for the little creature left by her to his care he would have sunk under his great sorrow. In the lone years which followed Esther's death the beautiful child sent from heaven to be his consolation, became all the world to him. All his hopes were centered in her ; he guarded her with the jealous care of a miser over his gold and he resolved to devote himself to her education when she should be of an age to learn. As Simi, for such was her name, advanced in age, Jacob saw all her mother's charms of mind and body reproduced in the child. At seven years of age, she was a fascinating little thing ; she possessed the large dark eyes and lustrous black hair, as well as the richly tinted olive complexion of her mother, who was a perfect type of Hebrew beauty.

As her father observed her intelligence develop with unusual precocity, his vigilance became closer still. Above all he strove to guard her from all contact with Christians, yet strange to say he sent her to be nursed by a good Christian woman, a Spaniard. When barely four years old he had taken her from the nurse and in order to make the child forget everything she had seen or heard in connection with the Christian faith, he forbade all intercourse with Spaniards and obliged the little one to speak in English and with none but English people. But who can hinder Divine grace from entering hearts ? Jacob had not calculated that bolted windows and closed doors were as open air to the Spirit "Who breatheth where He will." In Simi's little mind there still lingered a hazy, indistinct remembrance of her baby days. Sometimes the distant sound of an organ, the perfume of incense, the caresses of her nurse, all mingled together and floated through her thoughts with more or less vividness ; and then with an unconscious motion, her little hand would wander instinctively to her forehead and she would sign herself with the cross.

Where and how had she learned to do this ? She could not remember, but she knew that once, when she did so in her father's presence, his usually smiling face grew dark with an angry frown, and chiding her, he sharply told her never to do it again. It was wrong.

“Wrong?” thought the child, “and why?” She did not know, and her father would not tell her. Then again there surged in her memory the form of a woman who caressed and called her daughter, one who loved her, ah, so tenderly. It was long since she had seen that woman. Who was she? Where could she be? She asked her father, and again she was scolded and told it was wrong to ask such questions. Thus the poor little child was silenced and thrown back into herself. She had no one to speak to, no one to solve those mysterious thoughts which filled her mind with the sweetest visions of bygone days. Never again did she mention them to her father. She hid them away in her heart, fearing he would condemn them all as sinful, should she reveal her recollections or her fancies.

One evening she never forgot. Seated on her father's knee she listened to his expounding of the Hebrew law,—how to love God and one's fellow-men, to help the poor, respect parents and comfort the sorrowing. The words, good as they were, sounded dry and hard from her father's lips, while the vision of something sweeter and more beautiful came back to her memory;—but from where? A longing, far-off look stole into her beautiful eyes, and, withdrawing the hand with which she had been gently stroking her father's beard, she half unconsciously signed her forehead and lips with the holy sign of the cross. A sharp cry and a fierce blow from her father quickly recalled her, trembling and tearful, to the cruel reality. Poor little Simi had begun to suffer for the Faith after which she yearned without knowing anything of it or whence it took its teaching.

We have said that Jacob possessed many good qualities. Desiring his daughter to learn generosity towards the poor, he now placed in her little hands the alms he wished to dispense to them.

Thus it was that Simi at last found a key to those mysterious recollections which always haunted her mind.

One bitterly cold, rainy day, she saw a miserably clad, poor old woman approaching the door to ask for alms. Lightly and gracefully as a bird Simi flew down the stairs to the principal door and handed the old creature a piece of bread.

"How beautiful you are, my daughter! May God and the Virgin reward you and keep you always sweet and good," exclaimed the beggar gratefully.

"The Virgin!" Simi's heart gave a bound of joy. The word awakened within her those slumbering thoughts which would not, could not die.

"The Virgin?" thought the child. "I have heard some one speak of the Virgin, I know not whom, or when, or where. But it makes me think of something sweet and lovely, something like having a mother; of a lady clothed in white and blue, her hands folded on her breast and her eyes fixed on heaven." Simi could not understand how at the word *Virgin*, this forgotten picture rose up before her mental vision.

The embarrassed and confused expression of the child's sweet face struck the poor woman, who stood gazing at her in some surprise.

"Jesus! you seem sad, my child!" she exclaimed at length.

"Jesus!" Another heart bound, another mental picture for Simi. The sweet name brought back with the swiftness of a lightning flash the form of a beautiful Child in a Lady's arms, one little arm thrown round her neck and His right hand holding a ball surmounted by a cross, while rays of light surrounded the Lady and the smiling Child.

Simi questioned the old woman, eagerly, earnestly; but, the beggar not understanding a word she said,—for she spoke in English,—made the sign of the cross and exclaimed:

"Ave, Maria Purissima! the child is not a Christian! What a pity, and you are so pretty and good, my daughter!"

Simi fixed her large dark eyes on the old woman. Had she read her thoughts? Why did she pronounce those three names, "Jesus, Maria, Virgin," which had such a charm for her; and those signs with her fingers which her father so detested? Was this woman a witch or an apparition,—a thought-reader? Then she seemed to lament that Simi was not a Christian, that name which her father always pronounced with horror.

With an extraordinary effort the child tried to recall some Spanish words and with difficulty began to question the woman.

"What do you mean by the Virgin?"

"The Virgin, my daughter, is our holy Mother."

"What! You are so old and have still a mother!"

The old woman smiled at the innocent question and replied :

"She is the mother of God and of all Christians."

"Ah, the Christians all have a mother and I have none!"

"My child, the Virgin is Mother of all mankind."

"Of everyone, *everyone*?"

"Of all without exception."

"And do the Christians see her?"

"They see her pictures here, but they shall see herself in heaven, if they are good."

"I wish to see her too," said Simi wistfully.

"Then become a Christian, dear."

"A Christian! My father says that is something bad."

"My beautiful child, to be a Christian, means to love and serve Jesus and Mary."

An energetic call from Jacob interrupted the interview. Suspecting what detained Simi so long he had gone to the head of the stairs and overheard some of the conversation. The child hurried away at his call and trembled as she ascended the steps. Never had he worn such a dark, angry frown and never did he reprove her so severely for anything as for listening to the *sinful* words of the old woman.

The child heard him in silence, but her heart whispered it was *not* a sin to wish to have a mother.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE MISSIONS.

ULLAL, MANGALORE,
INDIA, Sept. 24, 1899.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER.

Will you kindly publish the following account of my church and the people entrusted to my care? This letter will make known to you what pressing need compels me to issue this public appeal, and I have full confidence that you will take the trouble of communicating it to the generous readers of your magazine. Your readers, though long journeys distant from us and of quite another nation and race, will nevertheless excuse my boldness. We are all Catholics and our holy religion, knowing no distinction of race or nation, gathers the whole universe into her fold. Nay more, the very fact that we are widely separated from them and scattered here among the enemies of our faith must lend new weight to our petition and stir their generosity to its depths. Trusting that your generous and enlightened readers, justly celebrated for their kindness to the poor, will heartily respond to this my earnest appeal, made in the name and for the love of our dear mother, our Lady of Mercy, I am,

REV. J. L. MENEZES,
Vicar of Ullal.

THE CHURCH AT ULLAL, SOUTH CANARA, INDIA.

Of the very few ancient churches in India, the result of Portuguese endeavors to propagate Christianity in these parts, the Church of our Lady of Mercy, standing among the hills of Ullal, deserves special attention. Ullal was once the field of labor of the venerable Father Joseph Vaz, the well-known apostle of Ceylon. Tradition says that once some malcontents in his flock, desirous to kill him, took him up a hill in the neighborhood to carry out their murderous purpose. But as the saintly Father knelt down to pray a fountain bubbled up on the spot. His enemies' eyes were opened by the miracle and they allowed their intended victim to return home without injury. The fountain can still be seen on the very spot, some six miles from the church, where the venerable servant of God knelt to pray more than two hundred years ago. The Church of Our Lady of Mercy at Ullal was built more than two hundred and fifty years ago, chiefly through the generosity of the crown of Portugal. It was totally

stroyed by Tippo Sultan, the arch-enemy of Christianity in Southern India. Its timber was used to rear a mosque close by. This tyrant in the course of his conquests led 80,000 Christians of Canara into captivity. By his death at Seringapatam, May 4, 1799, when the town and citadel fell into the hands of the English, such of that vast multitude as survived the fury and oppression of their persecutors, were enabled to meet together and put a temporary roof over the walls of their ruined church. This roof was renewed some thirty years ago; but the old walls are quite unequal to the weight laid on them and are already cracked in several places. The sanctuary, the special object of Moslem violence, was afterwards rebuilt with mud walls. A small rectory with mud walls and a thatched roof was built alongside the sanctuary. The building is now fully a hundred years old and naturally enough the walls are woefully insecure. The crumbling walls of the rectory necessitated the building of a new house for the priest and the charity of Christians resident in other parts of the district made this possible a few years ago. The old house was pulled down last year. Unfortunately the main wall of the sanctuary, heretofore dependent on the walls of the old rectory, has lost its support and is dangerously near collapse. It is awful to contemplate the danger surrounding men, women and children gathered into this tottering edifice for Mass. Besides, the space within the church, built some two hundred and fifty years ago to provide for the small congregation of that time, is entirely inadequate for present needs. The church, scarcely large enough to hold six hundred worshippers, has now to accommodate three thousand.

A few words about the Christian community of this parish may not be out of place. The Catholic population of three thousand souls is scattered over twenty different villages, some of them twenty-two miles distant from the church. These villages contain, besides the three thousand Christians, about 25,000 pagans and Mohammedans, a domineering set of tyrants. The Christians are very poor and are all, without exception, the tenants of rich pagan and Mussulman landlords. The ancestors of these Christians, when dragged into captivity, lost all their property. Even the goods and lands of the church were appropriated by neighboring non-Christians, who have ever since kept the Christians in such strict and vigorous subjection that they have been wholly unable to rise from their utter destitution.

Moreover, the Christians of this parish, unlike the Christians of other parishes in the diocese, belong to a very low caste. This is another reason why they are despised by their pagan neighbors, who, because they belong to a higher caste, treat the Christians with contempt and grind them into the dust. The church of these poor Christians, though it is the house of God, though His Infinite Majesty deigns to remain in it night and day to hear the petitions of His children, is nevertheless, in comparison with the surrounding pagan temples and Mohammedan mosques, a structure devoid of all beauty and ornament. The pagans and Mohammedans, who already despise these Christians on account of their caste and condition, seeing their place of worship so wretched and undignified, began also to scorn their religion. Thus, our church, instead of producing an impression of the greatness of God and of the beauty of our religion, repels outsiders and hinders the work of conversion, the missionary's chiefest aim. Therefore, dear reader, in behalf of my people, who, though poor and downtrodden, are very dear to the Heart of our Lord: for the love and honor of Him who deigns to dwell in this humble house of prayer; for the love of our Blessed Mother, to whom this poor church is dedicated, I beg your help to renew and beautify things. Help me at least to rebuild the sanctuary which is in imminent danger of a speedy collapse.

N. B.—Donations and contributions for this noble act of charity may be sent directly to me, or they may be handed over to the editor of the *PILGRIM* to be kindly forwarded to the Right Rev. Bishop of Mangalore for the church of Ullal.

REV. J. L. MENEZES,

Vicar of Ullal.

We reprint from the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" the following extracts from a letter of Father Nourrit, S.J., on the Coptic Missions in Egypt. The Father has lived in Egypt for the past twenty years, and has been an eye-witness of what he relates, as well as an indefatigable missionary in the field.

MISSION NOTES.

In compliance with your desire to be informed of the true position of the Copts and their last synod, I send you these few details, gathered from my recollections.

Having arrived here, twenty years since, almost the day after the pontifical act assigned to the Jesuit Fathers, as their special

field for action in Egypt, after an absence of one hundred and fifty years, the formation of a native clergy, and having, since my arrival, been in charge of the Seminary, I am in a position to observe and remember much that permits me to express an opinion on the true position of Coptic Catholics:

At the time of my arrival in 1879, native Christianity was represented, as it is to-day, by the two branches of the Coptic rite: the Eutychian and the Catholic. The first, by far the richer and more numerous, numbering more than half a million adherents, and spread throughout Egypt, from Alexandria to Khartoum, had a patriarch, Amba Kirillos V., two archbishops, those of Jerusalem and Alexandria, and twelve bishops, the farthest distant being the one at Khartoum. These do not include the four bishops which the patriarch, at the request of the king, Ati Joannes, sent to Abyssinia in 1882.

The present patriarch is Amba Kirillos V., the Copt, as he is called. The number of schismatic Coptic bishops and archbishops has increased. The re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy two years ago deeply affected the dissenters. To counterbalance the effect produced by this event and to lessen its importance in the eyes of Coptic Christians, archiepiscopal titles were multiplied, contrary to all the customs of the Alexandrian church, and the title of archbishop given to the four bishops of Beni-Souef, Minieh, Syouth and Queneh.

Internal dissensions and a veritable revolt of the influential laity against the patriarch, since come to pass, had not yet broken out. The Protestants alone, American Methodists established at Syouth and several English sects, here and there converted some of the flock of the Coptic clergy; but these made no resistance. Their indolent patriarch himself made the following remark in my presence: "The Protestants are taking some of my fish, but the sea is vast and enough will always be left."

Even if the words are not very apostolic, they are somewhat picturesque.

The Catholic faction could not hold the same language even if it could have forgotten for an instant that the true mother can never consent to a sacrilegious division; the sentiment of preservation alone sufficed not to allow it to part with any one of its children; it proceeded, in reality, from its very being.

This poor little Church, so cruelly tried during fifteen centuries of persecution, had arrived at that point of decay when it numbered no more than 5000 faithful, 25 priests, and one bishop.

The 5000 faithful were divided into two groups : the one at Cairo ; the other at Tahtah, Guirgueh, and Akmim, about 248 miles south of Cairo. Besides these two, several single families and secondary groups are at Kolossanah, Hammas, Nagado, and Korogos.

Of the 25 priests, many were old and have since died. Only a few were educated at the Propaganda ; most of them were chosen directly from among the model Christians of the country and ordained after a short preparation.

It is true that this clergy was supported by the Franciscans, who, divided among eight houses, carefully tended the small Catholic flock to which they had devoted themselves for nearly two centuries and which had been largely gathered together as a result of their labors.

The bishop, Mgr. Agabios Bichal, third titular bishop since the establishment of the first bishop in the eighteenth century, was remarkable for his erudition and his knowledge of the Coptic language. He encountered difficulties of more than one kind, and to give divided minds time to become calm, he went to Rome where he diligently pursued his favorite studies, the Coptic language and literature.

The administrator of the rite was then a simple priest, Mgr. Morcos, who, under the title of visitor, governed the little Church.

Such was the situation of the Catholic Copts. Few in number, divided among themselves, with a poor clergy, most of whom had been insufficiently trained, they were rather forced to occupy themselves with self-preservation rather than think of apostolic conquests. Compared with its heretic sister, weakened, it is true, by the ignorance of her priests, but still rich and influential, the Catholic Church seemed very powerless ; the minds of greatest foresight, far from thinking of its future conquests, looked upon it as destined for a speedy dissolution.

Meanwhile the period of conquests was not far distant, and we are now living through it. From 3,000 the number of Catholics has increased to nearly 20,000 or 25,000 ; the priests number nearly 50, all well, and some excellently, trained.

How has this result been brought about ? First of all, by the grace of God : the Holy Ghost began to breathe upon this people prejudiced against Catholic truth, and He continues to whisper to them. It is not becoming in me to dwell upon this point, but

I owe it to truth to express my conviction. Three human agencies have conspired to this end: 1st the Coptic seminary; 2d the opening of the house at Minieh; 3rd and above all, the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy.

The young Coptic seminarians who have entered the seminary since 1879 have taken the Latin course at the College of the Holy Family at Cairo. From there they went to Beyrouth to study philosophy and theology for seven years. Most of them have received the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Divinity.

During the interval till 1887 the Jesuit Fathers, feeling that the moment had come for them to extend their efforts beyond the seminary and annual missions in Upper Egypt, resolved to open a house at Minieh, about 155 miles south of Cairo.

Among the population of 24,000 inhabitants there were seven or eight Catholic families attended by an old priest who, having neither church nor chapel, said Mass in a room.

The arrival of the Fathers meant a Church for the faithful first of all, and finally a school for boys, which opened its doors to two hundred children of all conditions. A short time afterwards, a school for girls, conducted by native sisters, called *Mariamettes*, founded in Syria by the Jesuits, completed these works and gave the name Catholic a constantly increasing influence. A Coptic Church has been erected, and Minieh has become the seat of a Catholic bishop.

But this local work has engaged the energies of the Fathers least. Continual preaching, and especially the erection of churches and schools wherever any slight desire for Catholicity is manifested, has been the object of all our care. One single instance, truly incredible, when the small resources of the Mission are taken into consideration, will give an idea of the activity shown. To-day, in Upper Egypt alone, the Mission supports twenty-six schools. (1)

This increase, truly disquieting from a human point of view for a budget as meagre as that of the Mission of Minieh, is explained by the necessity of meeting the Protestant propaganda of the Balmusians and American Methodists of Syouth on all points. These last have been working in Upper Egypt for more than thirty years, and have large resources at their disposal; at our

(1) The Mission supports 26 schools and 40 male and female teachers, divided into two groups.

arrival there were more than a hundred schools and the number has since increased.

The above-mentioned, however, is only a work of preservation for Catholics and one of preparation for future evangelization. The great movement of conversion is due, above all else, to the re-establishment of the patriarchate.

Scarcely four years ago, the Holy Father, desirous of putting an end to the widowhood of the Coptic Church, which had been without a bishop since the death of Mgr. Bichal, selected from among the most brilliant pupils of the Seminary, Mgr. Cyril Macaire, a young priest, twenty-eight years of age, and already celebrated as the author of several controversial publications and a history of the Alexandrian Church, to be elevated to the episcopal dignity and entrusted with the administration of the Coptic Church. His first act was to organize the administration of the patriarchate and clearly to define the line of separation between the two categories of affairs, the temporal and the spiritual, both of which, as an Oriental bishop, claimed his attention.

For temporal or mixed affairs, he established two councils ; a chief council composed of twelve of the most prominent Catholic laymen, and a secondary judiciary council constituting an advisory board to assist the bishop with all questions of a personal nature.

Purely ecclesiastical matters he placed altogether beyond the touch of the laity, thus removing all the difficulties which so often paralyze episcopal administration in the East. All Egypt he divided into five ecclesiastical sections, placing at the head of each a gommos, or archpriest, whom he selected from among his former colleagues at Beyrouth and having, like himself, the title of doctor. This accomplished, he undertook a pastoral journey throughout Egypt, which he made in triumph, and which helped to make the name of Catholic respected among the people.

A year later the Holy Father created two new bishops, selected from former seminarists at Beyrouth and Cairo—Mgr. Maximin Sedfaoui, titular of Hermopolis magna and resident at Minieh, and Mgr. Ignatius Berzi, titular of Thebes and residing at Tah-tah. Finally, in 1899, the Coptic patriarchate of Alexandria was re-established and Mgr. Macaire became its first incumbent.

These last acts definitely mark the era of apostolic conquests. Since then the bishops, actively supported by the Fathers and native clergy, have received more and more frequent demands for

a return to unity. Several villages entire and many in part have asked to become Catholic. Schools and churches have become necessities everywhere, and despite the truly princely aid granted by His Holiness and the Emperor of Austria, the protector of the Copts, it is still surprising how so many churches and schools could have been built. But past resources are exhausted, and necessities continue and multiply. The money question would be disquieting if it were not a principle of missionaries (and the majority of Coptic priests are in reality missionaries) to go ahead without relying too much upon human aid.

Believe me, it is with pleasure that I have written to you on a subject so dear to me and which I should like to make known *urbi et orbi* in order to receive the help and sympathies of the entire world. Of all the Oriental Churches, the Coptic Church seems to be the nearest to union; and, if this desired union is realized, it will not be without a lively feeling of satisfaction that a Catholic, and a missionary, looks forward to the magnificent consequences: the conversion of Abyssinia, the spiritual daughter of the Alexandrian Church, and the conversion of Soudan.

May I, in conclusion, make a short appeal *pro domo mea*, and beg you and your readers to take an interest in our seminarists, whose increase, in the order of divine grace, will be the first cause of the splendid results which we foresee and so much desire?

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 2.

TO MARY, QUEEN.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

SOFT as the light of Paschal moon,
Shining on rippling seas ;
Or music of the summer breeze,
That stirs the sleeping woods at noon ;
Sweet as some loved familiar strain,
That moves the weary heart to tears;
Welcome as, after many years
Of wandering, is our home again :
So is thy beauty, Queen most fair !
Sounds to the music of thy name,
Whose praise let every voice proclaim,
Whose glories every tongue declare.

Yea, fairer than the Paschal moon,
Shining on rippling southern seas ;
And soft as is the whispering breeze,
That stirs the sleeping woods at noon ;
Sweet as are Vesper-hymns, that rise
From convent choirs to God in heaven,
Or distant chiming bells at even,
Telling of peace beyond the skies—
Oh Queen ! Thy beauty is to me,
Thy blessed name more soft, more sweet ;
Behold thy servant at thy feet,
To give himself, his all, to thee.

A JUBILEE CONVERT AND HIS WORK.

FOUNDATION OF THE VILLAGE OF ST. JOSEPH DE SILLERY.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THE winter with its sufferings, which Father Le Jeune had just passed with the Montagnis in the woodlands of the Saguenay and Lake St. John, was not devoid of profit and instruction. "If we can learn their language," he said, "and determine its structure, there will be no longer any need to follow the barbarians." His desire was realized. He became proficient enough in the Algonquin tongue to be able to teach it to his religious, and these, in their turn, aided by their converts among the savages, taught it to the missionaries, who were sent on later on from France. In this way, Father Le Jeune's hard but most useful schooling was of great service to his fellow-religious.

His nomadic life of six months had also given him opportunity to study personally, and to observe on the spot the manners and laws of the savages, their strange customs, their ill-constructed and smoky cabins, their religion, their superstitious ceremonies and their government. All these observations, which are of the greatest interest, he has embodied in lengthy *Relations* from which the historians of New France have helped themselves with unstinted hand, without, however, always acknowledging the source of their information. They probably imagined that the intelligent reader would recognize the fact.

Father Le Jeune, ever a man of keen perceptions and practical turn of mind, came back from this expedition with a fully worked out and definitely arranged plan for the evangelization of the savages. Its first proposition was that the establishment of a mission among the peoples of domestic habits would be of the very highest utility in the propagation of the gospel. Such a people he accounted the Huron tribe. "The Huron Mission and the others among the non-nomadic populations," he said, "are of the very greatest importance

for the service of our Lord. It is from among them that we expect our greatest conversions; it is to them that we must send the largest number of laborers." We shall see later that the missionary had a clear insight into affairs. This first part of his programme was accomplished in every detail.

As to the nomadic tribes, like the Algonquins and Montagnis, the plan of evangelization could not be the same. The establishment of a mission, even in the very heart of the country inhabited by these peoples, seemed to him utterly useless, and any hope of the good that would thereby be effected merely illusory. "One must not hope great things of savages," he writes to his Provincial, "as long as they are nomads. You will instruct them to-day, and to-morrow hunger will take away your hearers to constrain them to seek in stream and wood a means of subsistence. . . . If you wish to follow them, you should have as many religious as there are cabins. Again, at times they will not come to you at all, for they are so occupied in their quest of food among these woods, that they have no leisure, so to speak, to save their souls. Besides, I do not think that out of a hundred religious there are ten who could stand the labor that this pursuit must involve."

And yet his apostolic heart could not bear to leave these tribes bereft of all religious instruction, removed from that divine light which "is come to enlighten every man that comes into this world." To pierce their darkness with the pure rays of revealed truth, their wanderings must be checked. Otherwise one might labor much and make very little advance. Then descending, as was his wont, to details, he thus shaped his thought. The Algonquins and Montagnis must be organized into villages, near the French settlements, sheltered from the attacks of the Iroquois. There, in the midst of cultivated fields, they would raise church and presbytery, build houses for the lodging of the savages and to hold their harvests. These dwellings constructed, two or three of the most promising families disposed to embrace Christianity would be invited to take possession. The priest would instruct them in the truths of faith, and

some active and skilled laborers from Europe would form them to habits of farming. It was Father Le Jeune's expectation that these first colonists would soon attract others, and that thus, in the course of time, flourishing parishes would be created.

The proposal bore the stamp of experience and good sense and met the approval of all who had interested themselves in the Christian colonization of Canada. There was only one difficulty in the way, but this was of so serious a character, that it threw doubt on the possibility of its being carried into execution. The buildings and the necessary clearing of the land could not be done without great expense, and resources were lacking. Richelieu's Company was quite willing to donate the ground, but it refused to furnish money or to pay the workmen. Thus it became impossible for several years to realize the generous scheme of the superior of the Quebec Jesuits.

But when God wishes a work, He raises up at the hour marked by His providential decrees, the man who will give it birth and increase. While Father Le Jeune was seeking aid to undertake his enterprise the Supreme Master of hearts was speaking to His servant, Noel Brûlard de Sillery, Knight Commander of the Order of Malta. De Sillery was distinguished at the Court of King Henry IV. by his high intellectual gifts and his reputation for virtue. Ambassador of Marie de Médicis in Spain and Italy, he had received at Rome the surname of the magnificent and pious Ambassador. He loved show and pomp, but in the midst of his splendid surroundings, this great lord never forgot what he owed to God. Named Minister of State, on his return to Paris, he made no change in his princely habits. De Sillery's residence, says his biographer, was furnished like a Louvre; his table splendid and open to all; he never went out except attended by a host of gentlemen, pages and officers.

The Countess of Trélon, his sister, saw with deepest regret his extravagant expenditures, the magnificence he displayed on all occasions, and she felt it her duty to call his attention to the matter. "My sister," replied her brother, "vanities

pass by my heart. They have there no abiding place. It is true that I am entirely given up to the world, but I hope one day to be entirely God's." That day came with the Jubilee of 1625. He heard an interior voice which bade him withdraw from the world and come near to God. He heeded it, and from that time a radical change was effected in his way of living. His frivolous life gave place to a serious life; his life of activity, distraction and luxury to one of retreat, prayer and monastic simplicity. Under the firm and gentle direction of St. Vincent de Paul, his progress in spiritual paths became more marked. He gave up his magnificent palace to live in a humble house hard by the Monastery of the Visitation in Paris, and there, as he had foretold the Countess of Trélon, he was all for God and God's works. A last great grace was accorded to his heart's longings. By express permission of the Holy See, the Commander of the Order of Malta received the dignity of the priesthood.

On the foundation of the Company of New France, Brûlard de Sillery had been one of the associates in this colonial enterprise. To his mind, however, the principal aim of this Company was to be the evangelization of the savages, and it was for this reason that he devoted a part of his immense fortune to the work. Having learned through the Jesuits and their *Relations* Father Le Jeune's plan for the conversion of the Algonquins and Montagnis, he wished to contribute toward it, and this he did, like all else he undertook, like the great lord that he was. "Seeing," runs the document founding the Residence of St. Joseph, "the profit and usefulness that daily come from the good and praiseworthy ministrations of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in New France, especially in the conversion of the savages, which goes on increasing more and more every day, and the great need these fathers have of aid and succor in a country destitute of all the requirements of human life; moved by a holy desire to contribute to this work of God, and in particular to the settling and gathering in a suitable place the wandering and vagrant savages, which is the most powerful means for their conversion, . . . I have declared my will to be as follows :"

Here is his will : he gives for the establishment of a mission a considerable sum of money ; he directs Father Le Jeune to choose, near Quebec, the most favorable site for the projected work, places at his disposal twenty workmen to build the houses and the chapel and to clear the land, and begs him to assume personal charge of all their labors. The act of donation bears date of 1639, but the Commander de Sillery had given his orders two years previous.

Now there was four miles from Quebec, towards the middle of the stream called at that time Kamiskona Ouangachit, a charming spot well adapted for the purposes of a settlement. It has since been named St. Joseph de Sillery, in memory of its founder. Here in 1637 Father Le Jeune laid the foundation of the Fathers' Residence. The houses for the neophytes were next erected, followed by a hospital, a fort to protect the village, and a chapel under the invocation of St. Michael, the commander's patron saint. The inspirer of the work had well prophesied its future. Two Algonquin families, consisting of about twenty persons, were at once admitted and instructed by Father du Quen. Other savages soon came to join this first nucleus, and within a short time the settlement of Sillery formed a Christian community, whose edifying fervor recalled the early ages of the Church. The parish registers show thirty Algonquin families in 1641, and one hundred and seventy-seven Christian natives in 1645.

The work had but commenced. Yet already in 1640, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, first superioress of the Ursulines in New France, could write to one of her lady friends : "Our poor savages, not satisfied with having themselves baptized, commence to settle down and clear the land. The fervor of the primitive Church seems to have passed into New France to take possession of the hearts of my good neophytes, so that if France but gives them a little aid to build their huts in the small village that is starting up at Sillery, it will soon witness progress of a still higher order. It is wonderful to see the fervor and zeal of the Reverend Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Father Vimont, Superior of the Mission, to give courage to his poor savages, leads them

in person to their work, and labors with them in tilling the ground. He teaches the children to pray to God and to read, finding nothing too menial which concerns God's glory and the good of the people. Reverend Father Le Jeune, who is in charge of the vineyard, continues to work wonders. He preaches every day to the people, and can do with them whatever he wishes, since he is known to all these nations, and is regarded by them as possessed of miraculous power. He is indefatigable beyond all telling in the exercise of his ministry, and is ably seconded by the other fathers, who spare neither health nor life in seeking these poor souls redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ."

Eight days later this venerable Mother wrote to the Superioress of the Ursulines at Tours: "As to our domesticated savages, one could not see souls purer or more zealous in observing the law of God. I am filled with admiration at seeing them submit themselves like children to those who instruct them." This first fervor knew no abatement. "I do not know how to tell you," wrote four years later this same superioress, "all that I know of the fervor of these new saplings. Although we are all sensibly touched by it, we have commenced to be no longer astonished, since we are accustomed to see them; but the French, who come out here and have seen nothing like it in France, weep for joy, gazing on wolves become lambs, wild animals changed into children of God."

On September 10, 1646, she returns to the same subject in more detail. "It is a delightful thing," she says, "to see our good savages of Sillery, and the great care they take that God be served as He ought in their village, that the laws of the Church be inviolably observed and that faults against them be punished to appease God. One of the chief cares of their captains is to see that everything be removed that could give the least occasion for sin, whether in general, or for the individual. You cannot at any time visit the chapel without finding there some savage in prayer with a devotion that challenges admiration. Should anyone be found who is not living up to the requirements of his faith or of Christian mo-

als, he withdraws of his own accord and goes into banishment, knowing well that willing or not he must repent or be driven out in shame from the village."

The movement had been started, and others were not slow in following. In 1640, Father Buteux founded at Three Rivers a settlement modelled on that of Sillery, and in less than a year it counted eighty neophytes. Those who were old enough to receive instruction repaired each morning at daybreak to the chapel of the Immaculate Conception. Here they said their prayers aloud, listened to an instruction, assisted at Mass, sang their hymns, and then started for work. These were the first seeds. They were not long in growing up and producing an abundant harvest. Ten years later, Father Ragueneau wrote to his Provincial, Father Claude de Lingendes: "The Conception Residence at Three Rivers is much exposed to the incursions of the Iroquois, but I can say in all truth that I have never seen more peace, tranquillity and piety amid the clash of arms and the terrors of war. The larger part of the neophytes, who are quite numerous, have taken up their residence here through a motive that one would not expect in barbarians but recently converted to the faith. It is, they say, to fight against the enemy of our faith that we voluntarily expose our lives. If we die in the combat, we believe we die in defense of the Faith."

These two settlements of Sillery and Three Rivers became the centres whence the apostolic fire spread itself among all the peoples to the northeast of the St. Lawrence. The converted savages bore the good news to the forest from the mouth of the river as far as the great lakes. "It is a marvelous sight to witness the fervor of our good neophytes," wrote Mary of the Incarnation in 1643. "They are not content with merely believing in Jesus Christ, but their zeal carries them along in such a manner that they are not satisfied and think that they only half believe, if all do not hold the same faith as themselves. The head of the Abnakionois said to me after his baptism: 'I would not be satisfied with leading my own people and young men to the faith and prayer, but as I

have been in several nations and know their language, I would make use of this advantage to visit them and lead them to believe in God.' " Mother Mary of the Incarnation adds in this same letter: "It is not only the men who are inflamed with this zeal. A Christian woman went to a distant nation for the express purpose of teaching the catechism to its inhabitants, and her efforts have been attended with such great results that she has led them all here to be baptized. It would require an apostle's courage to face the dangers to which she has exposed herself to render this service to our Lord. We often see similar instances of fervor on the part of our good neophytes, who of a truth put to shame those who are born of Christian parents."

These neophytes spread the Gospel among the Betsamites, the Papinachois, the Attikaméques, the Iroquets, the Outaonais, and the Nation of the Island, and in each of these peoples a great number of Indians expressed the wish to receive baptism. As all, however, could not come to Sillery or Three Rivers, they were given instruction and placed on probation before being admitted to the Sacrament.

The Montagnis of the Saguenay, among others, sent a deputation to Sillery to beg the missionary to come to them. "We are far removed from the faith," said the members of the deputation, "but we are desirous that you come to our own country to instruct us. We are resolved to pray, but not to leave our own country to go farther north." The committee added: "It is expedient that the black robe come down to Tadoussac. . . . The neighboring nations would come to live there; they would embrace without opposition the Faith."

ST. PHILOMENA.

BY ALBA.

CANTO I. THE VIGIL.

“MY father, oh! my father dear,
Rest thee one minute now,
And with this brooklet's water clear
My hand shall bathe thy brow.
Fear not the tread of hostile feet,
The bloodhound's yell, the war-drum's beat
Shall break upon our lone retreat
Beneath this cypress bough.

“See! fast each dark and heavy cloud
Is drifting from the moon;
So shall the tempest fierce and loud
Drift from our pathway soon,
And fairer far than yonder light,
The smile of heaven's refulgence bright
Shall turn the darkness of our night
Into a summer noon.”

“Oh! Philomen, my own loved child,
My heart is sick with care.
Will Persecution's fury wild
Never its victims spare?
Must thy unhappy father see
This barren rock, that moaning tree,
Curtain, and couch, and canopy
For thee, his daughter fair?

“Look out, my child, on yonder dell,
And say if yet thine eye
The ruins of our home can tell,
Drawn on the moonlit sky.
Oh palace of our ancient name!
Now is thy glory turn'd to shame!
Like thy poor master's tottering frame,
Thou in the dust must lie.”

"Lament not thus, my father dear,
Though great thy sorrows be,
Yet through the gloom heaven's pathway clear
The eye of faith can see.

Poor are the spoils which in a day
An earthly hand could sweep away.
Treasures more glorious far than they
Our God hath stored for thee.

"Well dost thou know, the Carpenter,
Blest Mary's lowly Son,
Cast not His Eyes save from afar
Palace and prince upon.
But to the mountain bleak and drear,
The houseless Saviour might draw near,
And with His Sacred Presence cheer
A couch that was His Own."

"True are thy words, sweet Philomen,
And comfort thus I take;
Yet, if my griefs no outlet gain,
This aged heart will break.
Why must the noblest of the land
'Neath Persecution's bloody hand
Be ever crushed? Shall sword and flame
Ever pursue the Christian Name?

"Oh foul oppression! To the skies
Your voice for signal vengeance cries;
Yea, justice from an earthly throne
Might follow, were your blackness known.
Come Philomena—daughter, come;
Why do we linger on the way?
Is not the toilsome path to Rome
Illumined by a hopeful ray?
Arise, my child, to-morrow's sun
Must see our journey well begun.
Nay, speak not to restrain me, sweet;
What hindrances there be,
Oh! name them not, if at thy feet
My corpse thou would'st not see."

“ Yet, father, rest thee now, I pray,
Awhile beneath this shade;
And then, when break the beams of day,
Be it as thou hast said.
Thee hath love these three nights kept
Watching, while thy daughter slept ;
Be it mine, the watcher's turn
Till the early dawn return.
'Tis not with exhausted strength
Thou canst face that journey's length.
Sweetly will the moonbeams shed
Light around thy roofless bed.
Fear not I will fail to wake thee
Should the threat of foes o'ertake thee.
Safely rest thee, father dear,
While thy daughter watches near.”

Oh ! fitfully the night-wind sighed
Around the slumberer's head,
Stirring the mantle long and wide
Which, from her own dear form untied,
Above him there, from side to side
His daughter's hand had spread.
Ah, melancholy watcher ! say,
What keen regrets, what deep dismay
Speak through thy mournful eye,
As oft thou turnest round thy head
To catch the distant foeman's tread,
Or list the bloodhound's cry ?
What thought of vanished splendor brings
Its sad, regretful whisperings ?
What mental contrast drawn between
Thy silken couch's brodered sheen
And thy lone vigil of to-night ?
Those fairy halls whose golden light
At eve o'er gems and flower-wreaths shone,
And forms as lovely as thine own,
And this sad task of anxious care

Upon the mountain bleak and bare ?—
Not on the splendors of the past
A tearful glance doth mem'ry cast ;
No vain repinings darkly roll
Their tide o'er Philomena's soul.
The gems upon her brow that glowed,
The worshippers that round her bowed,
The marble palace of her sires
Now blackened by devouring fires,
The native land she soon must leave,
Nor sigh, nor thought from her receive.

What can she lose of rich or fair
That with her Lord she will compare ?
What bond so dear that for His sake
Its quivering links she will not break ?
Yet does her heart with terror thrill,
And through each vein the blood flows chill,
As o'er and o'er she sadly ponders
The hopeless journey of to-morrow.
"Alas ! my sire, thy reason wanders,
Whelm'd by a mighty load of sorrow.
How could'st thou, else, resolve to bring
Thy wrongs before a Pagan king,
To whom no sweeter sound is known
Than a poor Christian's dying groan ?
The Cæsar fierce ! The Christian's scourge !
How shall two houseless beggars dare,
Without a friend their suit to urge,
To offer at his throne a prayer ?
Will the proud emperor descend
One momentary glance to lend ?
Rather, my father, he will make
Of thee and mourning Philomena
A bloody offering at the stake,
A pageant in the dread arena,
Oh ! that our Lord would, of His grace,
Blot from thy memory

This hopeless errand's every trace !
Or, if it so must be,
Then, to His Will let mine give place.
I bow to His decree."

While musing thus, with anxious heart,
Her eyes glance keenly round,
And sharp her ear is on th' alert
To catch the faintest sound.
But nought disturbs, no sound, nor sight,
The heavy stillness of the night,
Saving the streamlet's waters bright,
That o'er their rock-bed bound.

She casts upon the slumberer nigh
One sad, one loving look ;
Then scans once more, with faithful eye,
Pathway, and mound, and nook.
She hears—O God!—the tread of feet!
Hark! They approach her lone retreat!
Where shall she turn to? Whither flee?
It is a foe—no friend has she!
One vain attempt she strives to make
Her slumbering parent to awake—
The accents on her lips have died,
Her hand drops powerless by her side;
Spell-bound, she sits as in a trance,
Waiting that footstep's dread advance.
Nearer it draws. Now, through the gloom
She sees a form appear ;
Not as on hostile errand come,
With buckler and with spear ;
Weary his step ; and poorer, far,
Than e'en her own, the garments are,
Which round his drooping figure cling ;
While his pale countenance displays
To Philomena's awe-struck gaze
Deep shades of soul-felt suffering.

Nearer he comes and yet more near,
While throbbings of unearthly fear
The trembling maiden's bosom fill.

Again she strives to speak,—again
To rouse her parent, but in vain.—

Is it a mist upon the hill
That shrouds all objects from her eye
Saving that form approaching nigh ?
What holy, sweet, mysterious feeling
Comes softly o'er her spirit stealing ?

What influence her soul hath crost,
That thus, uprising from her seat,
And bending as at regal feet
Before that Form—the hour, the spot,
Father and vigil all forgot—

She kneels, in contemplation lost ?

Maiden ! let thy soul's devotion
In a tide of transport pour,
All unchecked, thy Lord before !
Though thy heart's intense emotion
On thy lip hath placed a seal,
Yet the rapture thou dost feel
Finds its meetest utterance
In that mute, ecstatic trance.

Oh happy maid ! Oh glorious night !
Was summer sunshine e'er so bright ?
Was sceptred monarch ever graced
The joy of angels thus to taste ?
Were thunders through the sky to roll,
Thy deep tranquillity of soul
Would undisturbed remain ;
Though on the night-wind fiercely rose
The conflict of unnumber'd foes,
'Twould mock the tumult vain.
Yet can that Voice, so sweet, so low
Deep through thine inmost bosom go ;

That gentle Hand upon thee laid,
One whisper by those dear Lips spoken,
And, while the words scarce yet are said,
The spell is in an instant broken.
“ Daughter, look up.” At once the maid
All-trembling the command obeyed.
Now chang’d the Vision! He is there,
Not the pale wanderer crushed with care,
But all in glory glistening bright,
Bathed in a flood of radiance white,
Through which a thousand cherubs shine,
Wreathing around the Form Divine,
Whose brightness, like the noon-day sun,
Illumines all it rests upon.

“ Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Follow where thy sire shall lead thee.
An ineffable reward,
Purchased thus have I decreed thee.

“ Fear not when thy pathway lowers,
On each side beset with danger;
Fear not when Rome’s marble towers
Meet thine eyes, poor helpless stranger.

“ Lo ! a crown supremely fair
Rests therein, thy brow to grace it.
Lo ! a spouse shall meet thee there,
On that brow elect to place it.

“ Follow, then, predestined Bride,
Though unnumbered those who hate thee;
By the Tiber’s rolling tide
Regal triumphs shall await thee.”

SIMI AND THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER II.

The Mysterious Handkerchief.

AS time went on, Jacob Coen's vigilance over his child became more strict, and his anxiety to shield her from all contact with Christians reached an inconceivable degree. He himself could not always remain at home to watch over her, for his office of High Priest occupied much of his time in the Synagogue. Besides, there were countless little domestic duties to be attended to, which only a woman could understand, and at the same time attend to the wants of a young child like Simi.

Ought he to marry? The thought no sooner occurred to him than he rejected it with horror. He could not bear to think of his little Simi under the care of a possibly cruel stepmother. He must search out a good confidential servant, and give her complete charge of the house and child; a servant who would guard her faithfully during his absence.

It was no easy matter to find such a one in Gibraltar, for the Jewish families there were all rather rich, and none of the girls cared to go out in service. However, after much searching he succeeded in procuring one, but no sooner had she and the child become attached to each other than she was dismissed and another sought for. The next undid the work of the previous maid, and was discharged immediately; and so one followed the other in quick succession. Jacob found it more difficult each time to get a new servant, and each one who left increased the difficulty by spreading the report that he was an unbearable master. Nothing but disorder and discomfort reigned in his once orderly house. The child was neglected and he himself miserable.

Again the thought of marriage came before his mind, again the same struggle between the fanatic and the father; but once more paternal love triumphed and he resolved to engage

as servant a young Christian girl whom chance had thrown in his way.

Dolores, for such was her name, was barely eighteen years of age, timid, modest, and bearing on her pallid face the unmistakable signs of suffering and want.

She had lost her parents when only twelve years of age, and, left alone in the world, she knew not where to go, or what to do to gain a living. Charitable people had sheltered her now and again, but she was generally obliged to beg for her daily bread. She would have been beautiful but for the sad ravages made on her face by suffering; her brilliant dark eyes were intelligent and had that peculiarly soft expression which grief borne with Christian resignation gives. Jacob, with the astuteness of his race, very soon discovered the girl's extreme timidity, and determined to avail himself of it. It was exactly the quality he wished to find in his servant. In being obliged to take a Christian into service he was rejoiced to get one who would tremble in his presence, obey his orders to the letter, and who would never dare to speak to his child on the subject of Christianity or anything relating to it. Under these conditions, accompanied by terrible threats, he offered the young girl a place in his house and his protection, which she most willingly accepted, being convinced it was all arranged by divine Providence.

Scarcely had Dolores entered on her duties when the house began to show the result of her labors. Whatever she put her hand to was well done. The Jew had soon the satisfaction of seeing his home in perfect order and everything around him shining like silver. Simi always looked well cared for and properly dressed, while Dolores herself, though very cheerful, continued still to be the timid girl who trembled in his presence, just as she used to when begging alms from him long ago. Nevertheless, he took occasion now and again to recall his conditions to her memory and renew his threats, should she dare to disobey him.

Dolores was naturally of a very sweet, affectionate disposition; and the fact of her having had no one to love since the death of her parents, made her now lavish the wealth of

her affection on little Simi, and Simi in return yielded her whole heart to Dolores.

The child, who all her short life had been surrounded and hemmed in by mysteries, hoped that Dolores could clear them up and give her some light. She asked about the Blessed Virgin, and the meaning of words and phrases which now and then she had accidentally heard. But Dolores closed her lips and kept silence, or gave her one of those long wistful looks so peculiar to her, sometimes even turned her face away to hide a tear.

Poor Simi in seeking the solution of one mystery only stumbled on another.

Why should Dolores weep when she asked her these questions? They could not be sins, for she never said so, therefore *they* could not be the cause of her grief.

In thinking over these things she remembered that sometimes, while caressing her, Dolores had used some half-suppressed words of endearment in which the holy names were mentioned. Once it happened in Jacob's presence and Simi noticed that not only did she suppress the words she had half-formed, but ceased her caress and hung her head in trembling fear at the terrible frown on her father's face.

Could these broken aspirations be the same as she had heard the old beggar woman utter not so very long ago? And how sweet they had sounded. Could those rapid movements of the fingers which she surprised Dolores making so often, be those dreadful signs her father had so severely reprehended herself for having made? In a word, could Dolores possibly be a Christian? She remembered now that she never saw her in the synagogue, though she knew she prayed much in private.

In this state of perplexity and bewilderment of mind the poor child passed the next few years of her life. At ten, Simi was the wonder of her Jewish friends by reason of her rare intelligence and precocious mind. She was no longer a child except in years. The constant brooding over the mysterious recollections of her early childhood, and the necessity of keeping these thoughts hidden away in the depths of her

heart, developed in her a habit of reflection, and a delicacy of sentiment far beyond her years. Something supernatural was struggling for life within that little Jewish child's heart. Was it the working of that divine grace, which, according to Holy Writ, "gives understanding to little ones?"

Although Dolores was now much more cautious than heretofore and rarely made those half-uttered exclamations, or the incomprehensible signs with her hand, Simi still found her conduct mysterious at times.

More than once she had surprised her in the act of kissing a small white object which she hurriedly thrust into a curiously carved little box on Simi's approach. With the curiosity so natural to children, especially if there is a touch of mystery in the thing, Simi determined to find out all about the white object and the case that held it. She would watch her opportunity and wait. One day a chance was thrown in her way and she promptly took advantage of it. Her father was engaged in the synagogue that afternoon, and Dolores had gone on an errand to the town, leaving the key of her room door carelessly in the lock.

On finding herself alone, Simi, urged by an irresistible impulse, though not without certain twinges of conscience, stole into the room. She went on tiptoe, a finger on her lips as if imposing silence on herself. There, lying on a chair beside the bed, she found the tempting little box.

Seizing it eagerly, while she glanced towards the door, she raised the lid. The white object which lay within was only a handkerchief! But surely it was not, could not be an ordinary handkerchief. Some mystery must be concealed within its folds. Perhaps she now held in her hand a key to all the secrets which Dolores knew and would not explain to her. Simi could almost hear her heart throb as she unfolded the handkerchief and examined it with eagerness. It was a very simple one with a narrow black border. What was this in the corner? A heart pierced by seven swords, with a few drops of blood falling from the wounds, and simply embroidered in red. What meant this symbol? Simi did not know, but she felt instinctively she had now a clew which would

help to guide her through the maze. Taking possession of the handkerchief, she carried it away to her room, quite resolved not to restore it till Dolores had explained the meaning of the emblem.

Simi's room was one of the brightest in the house. Her father had furnished it luxuriously so that her partial imprisonment might feel less dreary—for she rarely went out. It was adorned with countless knick-knacks which Dolores kept in perfect order and neatness for her young mistress. The table was of richly carved walnut-wood. A handsome carpet covered the floor and large vases of artificial flowers stood around the room. On an antique book-stand of guaiacum wood, Simi's books were ranged in order, and the walls were decorated with pictures from the Old Testament which were of rare value and said to be the work of celebrated artists.

The large window looked over the Bay towards the Straits, and from its flower-wreathed balcony, Simi loved to watch the sun setting in all his splendor beyond the blue waves of the Mediterranean. It was a sight which had a never-failing charm for the thoughtful little girl, it raised her heart to God, and, without knowing how or wherefore, brought back all the old sweet thoughts of her early childhood.

On that memorable afternoon when she fled back to her room with Dolores' secret in her keeping, she threw herself into a comfortable little easy-chair and took a book to pass the time till the maid returned. The book did not seem to please her, and she read with an evident aversion to the subject.

"Yes," she murmured to herself, "I know it is good to love God, to honor our parents, to give alms, but here they only speak of a terrible God who darts forth lightning and thunderbolts, and I want to know Him more accessible, more loving. Here they teach hatred of Christians,—I do not like to hate anyone; I want to love everybody in the world. Here are a hardness and a dryness which do not satisfy the craving of my heart, because I have known of something sweeter—I am longing for something, but I do not know what it is—I would give my life to know! Dolores

must know, but she will tell me nothing. Then, my father has forbidden her to speak of such things to me—" and here the child lost herself in vague conjectures and there arose within her yearning heart a terrible contest between the respect due to parental authority and that secret, irresistible impulse which urged her to seek the truth.

The mental struggle was at its highest pitch when Dolores appeared at the door, pale and tearful.

Simi guessed in a moment the cause of her tears and her own cheeks grew crimson. The servant, seeing the confusion of her little mistress, trying to hide her own anxiety behind a smile, said :

"Now Simi, dear, don't be naughty ; give me back my handkerchief!" The child could not deny the innocent theft; but, approaching Dolores with a coaxing smile on her lips and the handkerchief held firmly in her hand, she said :

"I will not give it to you, unless you tell me what this symbol means !"

"Simi, dear, curiosity is a great defect in a little girl."

"Dolores, for God's sake, Dolores! by all you love, relieve me from this anxiety which devours me. I see mysteries on all sides, I want to solve them. I hear a voice within my heart which tells me you can do it if you will, and that here, on this very handkerchief, there is something of that which I seek and desire to know!" And here Simi burst into a torrent of tears.

"Child, if you go on like this, I shall think you are going mad!" exclaimed Dolores, endeavoring to laugh off the child's agitation.

"No, Dolores ; this bit of linen and this emblem signify something sacred in your eyes, I know they do!"

"May I not have a friend who gave it to me as a present ; one of whom you know nothing, you inquisitive little creature?"

"Don't smile, Dolores, for your eyes give the lie to your lips. You love this bit of linen with the love one gives to holy things. Do not deny it, Dolores; I have seen you kiss it while tears stood in your eyes just as they do now. Can you deny that?"

Simi was not far out in saying that Dolores' eyes made the smile on her lips seem false, for the poor girl was trying in vain to keep back the tears which would well forth in pity for her little mistress. Simi seized the hand with which she tried to hide her face, and as she did so, met one of those sweet, timid glances she knew so well.

"I am weeping, it is true, I will not deny it. Do you know that little handkerchief is the only thing I possess which belonged to my own dear mother?"

"A souvenir of your mother? Oh, Dolores, keep it. How sweet it must be to think of your mother! I never knew mine, Dolores!" said the poor child. Throwing her arms around the girl's neck and laying her head on that faithful friend's shoulder, she gave way to a passionate fit of weeping. Twice Dolores essayed to speak, but the words seemed to die on her lips. Finally she murmured in a half whisper:

"Simi, if only you——" and pausing she gave a frightened glance around the room.

"What were you about to say, Dolores?" questioned Simi anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing. I cannot tell you anything, dearest Simi!"

"Yes, Dolores, you *shall* tell me! You must take me out of this intolerable uncertainty. That emblem is a Christian symbol. *Are you* a Christian, Dolores?"

"For the love of God, Simi, speak low!"

"You *are* a Christian," continued the child in a subdued voice, "and I want to know what it means to be one. Because if it is anything like what I feel here, deep down in my heart, a confusion of the sweetest memories, if that means being a Christian, I will be one also. And oh, Dolores! I have heard the Blessed Virgin spoken of; I have heard it said that she is the mother of all mankind, and her name fills my soul with beautiful, indescribable thoughts which attract me to her in spite of myself! Speak to me about her, tell me that I, who have never known a mother's love, may hope one day to address her with that beautiful title '*Madre mia.*' I long to say those words, they seem to me a foretaste of

heaven, and when I hear them uttered by some poor beggar in rags, I would willingly change places with her. Dolores, for the love of God speak to me of the Blessed Virgin!"

"But Simi, your father?" exclaimed the girl.

"My father! Oh my God," answered Simi, turning pale at the thought of his ire.

Throwing herself into a low chair she covered her face with her hands and wept silently, while Dolores stood before her motionless, shedding tears of the deepest compassion.

Finally the child stood up and taking the maid's hand within her own, said with a voice choked with emotion.

"One word, Dolores—if you say *no*, I will not question you further; but by all you hold dear, for the love of your mother's memory—tell me the truth. *Are you a Christian?*"

The servant hesitated a moment.

"For God's sake, for the Blessed Virgin's; as you love them, answer me!"

"Can you keep a secret? What if your father—?"

"I can, I assure you by all I hold dearest!"

"I am a Christian, Simi!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the child, radiant with joy. "Then it is not true that Christians are bad. I know it, you are so good, Dolores! Now speak to me about the Blessed Virgin, I implore of you!"

"But my child, remember your father!"

"My father! you are right. I ought to obey him."

Sobbing violently, Simi sank into her chair. The struggle rending her little heart was terrible.

"My God, I cannot endure this silence any longer! If this craving for light comes from Thee, give me courage and strength to resist my father!"

Raising her eyes to Dolores she observed her lips moving.

"You are praying, Dolores?"

"I am praying for you, my Simi."

"Ah, pray much for me, dear Dolores; beg of God to pity me. Tell me, Dolores, do you love the Blessed Virgin very much?"

"With all my heart, dear!"

"As if she were *really* your mother?"

"She has always been a true one to me, especially since my own dear mother's death."

"How happy you are, dear Dolores! Would that I too could call her mother!"

Dolores was deeply touched by Simi's grief, and full of compassion. Taking the emblem of the dolors she gave it to the girl to kiss, saying as she did so.

"She is all kindness, she *must* hear your requests."

"Is this something relating to the Blessed Virgin?"

"It is the emblem of our Lady of Dolors, mother of the afflicted."

Simi pressed the emblem fervently to her lips and exclaimed:

"Ah, then she is mine surely! Dear Mother of my heart! Dolores, pardon me for asking you so many questions, but I do not quite understand what you mean by saying this is the symbol of our Lady of Dolors; pray explain it to me."

"The emblem almost explains itself. You see those seven swords? They represent the great sorrows our Blessed Lady suffered for us."

"For *us*? For me also?"

"For you also, yes."

"Dolores, tell me more!"

"Listen, Simi, dearest. Seeing how good you are always, I have grieved much over you for not having the happiness of being a Christian. Bound by your father never to speak on the subject, or to answer any questions you might ask, I was obliged to keep silence. I could do nothing but pray and weep in secret that God and our Lady might help you."

"How good you are, Dolores!"

"But now I feel that He calls you—that our Lady wants you to be her child."

"Dolores, don't! I shall die of joy!"

"Do you not feel as if something were stealing your heart, as it were, in spite of yourself; something attracting you, which, even if you willed it, you could not resist?"

"Yes, I have struggled my best to resist asking for light

and have tried to obey my father ; but I feel I cannot resist any longer !”

“It is the voice of God that is calling you, and you must obey it in preference to your father. And I, whom God has placed at your side, ought now to employ all the means in my power to instruct you and prepare the way for further knowledge. Simi, the hour has come to hearken to the voice of God—to take refuge under our Lady’s mantle !”

“Ah ! and does she desire to receive me as her child ?”

“She is most merciful, she receives all who approach her.”

“Oh, my sister !” exclaimed Simi, rapturously embracing Dolores.

“Simi, you must now be prepared for terrible trials, perhaps for painful sacrifices. You are no longer a child who do not understand your situation, and you shall have to be most prudent. Your father must know absolutely nothing of this, till the time comes when concealment is impossible.”

“You are right, Dolores. I will do my best to keep all knowledge of my thoughts from my father.”

“Now, we shall speak no more on the subject to-day. To-morrow, please God, I shall tell you more. You are now very much agitated and ought to try and grow calm before your father’s return. Good-bye till to-morrow, Simi.”

“Call me *sister*, it is such a sweet name, Dolores !”

“We Christians are all sisters. Adios, my sister.”

Dolores withdrew and Simi stepped out on the balcony to breathe the fresh balmy breeze and cool her burning cheeks. The evening was a beautiful one, and the sea seemed like a vast sheet of burnished gold as the sun sank majestically behind Tarifa. Simi’s eyes followed it with a wistful gaze, murmuring to herself as the last rim of its disc disappeared :

“Come back quickly.”

(To be continued.)

SOME UNKNOWN SHRINES OF OUR LADY.

III.—THE IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT BRZEZNA.

ON a high hill near Brzezna, there is a monastery of the Fathers of St. Bernard, founded in the year 1683, by Jerome Sienawski, the Voidode of Volnia, who thus wished to reward these religious on account of the labor which some of their members undertook in fulfilling the heavy duties of military chaplains. Prevented by death, he could not finish the work. His son, Michael Adam Sienowski, accomplished it, and John Skarbek, the archbishop of Lworoski, introduced the monks with great solemnity, and consecrated the church on the 8th of August, 1720. The foundation was sufficient to maintain eight priests and four lay brothers, for whose sustenance he gave them a farm and moreover the tithes of the large estates of Sienowski. But when the estates passed into other hands, and its owners no longer resided on it, the revenues of the monastery were dependent on the good will of the agents, and hence the monastery began to decay, the altars and the organ fell into ruins, and the funds for the necessary repairs were nowhere to be found. Thus stood the case in the year 1808.

At the same time the Fathers had a small monastery at Fraga, which they intended to abandon. In the small church of this monastery there was an image of the Blessed Virgin, long renowned on account of the graces obtained there. Hither the faithful flocked from afar, principally on the feasts of our Lady, and to them were granted many favors. The Fathers resolved to transport the altar with the image, as also two other altars, to Brzezna, and for this purpose they obtained a written permission from the government. But this transfer was not an easy task. For the inhabitants would by no means consent to be deprived of the image to which their hearts were attached, and through which they had received so many favors. The schismatic priest of the town opposed it; he wished to transport the image to his own church. The

landlord of the town, Victor Baworowski, also refused to give his consent. Hence a strict watch was kept, day and night, over the image. But in spite of this, one of the lay brothers succeeded in removing the image by night, and brought it to Brzezna. From the town a solemn procession led by the Fathers came forth to receive it, and it was carried with hymns to the church. But this did not terminate the affair. The inhabitants of Fraga endeavored by all means to recover the image; they brought a suit against the Fathers before the Court, accusing them of stealing by night the image of the Blessed Virgin from which, they said, our ancestors as well as many foreigners, obtained so many miraculous favors in sickness and other necessities. "It concerns us very much," they further urged, "for though the Fathers obtained permission to take away from Fraga the sacred image, it should not have been carried away by night, since it well deserved to be brought to its destination with an escort of the clergy and the people." A similar suit was carried before the Consistory. But their endeavors were fruitless.

At that time the devotion to the sacred image was enkindled in the town of Brzezna. As Father Radlinski, the Provincial of the monks, mentioned in writing to the Consistory, not only the inhabitants of the town, but persons from the remotest parts of Russia, Poland and Germany, began in great numbers to draw near to the Blessed Virgin through her image, and this not only on feast days, but also on weekdays, so that in a short time the offerings placed before the image were sufficient for the needed repairs of the church. Nor were manifest favors wanting. The above named Father Radlinski, among others, mentions the son of the Commissary of Lawicki, a boy seven years of age. The child suffered from acute rheumatism, and had been given up by the physicians, because for five days and nights he could not sleep on account of the pain. Offered by his mother to the protection of Mary before her image, he was immediately cured.

Thus the image remained at Brzezna, and still draws thither many of the faithful whose fervent prayers always gain the help of Mary.

SHRINE NOTES.

The more one reads of Parkman and other similar compilers from the Jesuit *Relations*, the more one is forced to regret that there is no English translation of the *Relations* as they were originally written, since they must forever be the most authoritative historical documents concerning the times and places about which they were written. It is true that the "Jesuit *Relations* and Allied Documents," edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites embraces the entire series of the *Relations*, but unfortunately the edition of this publication is not only limited in number but also so extensive, making at least sixty volumes, that but few can have the advantage of possessing it, or at least the frequent and exclusive access to it necessary for a study of all it contains. The chapters we have been giving from Rochemonteix's studies in the *Relations* show how interesting and edifying a history they make, and we propose in the future to give directly from the original *Relations* such chapters as pertain to the objects for which the PILGRIM is issued, together with the results of the researches made by such authorities as Dr. O'Callaghan, Gilmary Shea, Père Rochemonteix, and others noted for their labors in this sphere.

* * *

"Father Jogues" was the subject of a lecture delivered before the American Catholic Historical Society, of Philadelphia, by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., Friday evening, January 19. His Grace Archbishop Ryan was present, together with a large audience made up of the members of the society and their friends.

* * *

Our readers will be interested in the following extracts from letters received lately from the clients of Our Lady's Shrine at Auriesville:

"Enclosed please find a thank offering for a cure obtained through the intercession of Father Isaac Jogues."

"The enclosed is for the Shrine and the cause of the martyrs. Please pray to our Blessed Lady to obtain for me from God the blessing of having my hearing restored."

"Please find enclosed a little offering for the crown of Our Lady as a Christmas offering. I got it myself as a Christmas present. I have more happiness in sending it for the crown than in spending it on myself."

"Having trouble with my eyes, and being so circumstanced as to be obliged to use them constantly, I made a novena in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs and good Father Jogues, promising an offering which I now enclose, as, since making the novena I have been better."

"I enclose a little list of subscribers for the *PILGRIM and Messenger*. The majority of these are persons who seem to know little of the good work, and I thought, if I would subscribe for them this year, they might become interested, and also try to interest others by the end of the year and in this way some good might be done." The list was for thirty-five subscriptions.

"I feel it my duty to let you know of a great favor granted to me through Catherine Tegakwitha. I had been out of employment for over a year, and had failed in every way to secure a position. My brother suggested a novena to Catherine Tegakwitha. While making it, I got a situation, but, as it did not suit me, I began another and was successful. Father, my brother will have the lamp finished for the grotto January 27. It hangs three feet long, and the bowl is five inches in diameter."

MISSION NOTES.

—In *Missions Belges*, these edifying extracts from the diary of a Sister of Charity occur. Sister Mary Rodriguez is her name.

GALLE, THURSDAY, August 10, 1899.—A rare gift! Thanks to the kindness of friends in Europe, two fine statues of St. Francis Xavier and St. Ignatius are just come. Monsignor Van Reeth has blessed them with solemn ceremony, and the natives are out in force to do them becoming homage. Homage is the word; for the good people pass in long procession before the statues, to devoutly touch them with their hands, and then reverently cross their eyes, their lips and their foreheads. St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier are too fond of their children in India not to be moved at sight of their piety. Our single prayer is that devotion to these two great saints may bear abundant fruit, and win heaven's choicest blessings for charitable friends in Belgium.

WEDNESDAY, August 16.—Our two little Protestants baptized, Flora and Ida Fausz. On her way from the church, the elder remarked, "Oh! if we could only die now, we should go straight to heaven!"

SUNDAY, October 1.—Feast of the Holy Rosary and twenty-fifth anniversary of the consecration of the Cathedral. For several weeks, preparations were on foot to make the celebration worthy of the event. Ceremonies opened last evening with the singing of Pontifical Vespers. The spectacle was certainly grand and magnificent, with the cross of silver at the head of the procession, followed by a long line of acolytes, the clergy and last of all the bishop, clad in rich vestments. When the procession reached the top of the hill, Bengal lights added a holiday aspect to the scene. To-day, Pontifical High Mass, with the aid of the "Musical Band." By dint of frequent rehearsals in our Cingalese school-house, the musicians were gotten ready for brilliant execution. The church was crowded with Catholics, Protestants, Buddhists, Mohammedans. There they were, many of them, of course, curious sight-seers, with their mouths wide open, all eyes and all ears. They heard to their heart's content rich sonorous voices, trombones, clarionets, flutes and *omne genus musicorum*. The storm of sound, however, was not appalling. For my own part, I must say that, after a long siege of acute suffering from the demoniac clamor of the Buddhist parades, I listened with genuine pleasure and no small emotion to this half-European orchestra.

TUESDAY, October 10.—Hurra! A telegram announces that our new Sisters from Belgium arrive on the morrow. Now for a festal welcome! Get to work, ye decorators! We were just beginning to think our house gaily enough attired, when some of our little girls ran to us to say, "Sisters, over at the priests' house things are prettier. Allow us, please, to hang more flags and garlands." And off they went in search of more banners and more green branches. Thanks to their pious rivalry, our house is transformed into a fairy-scene.

WEDNESDAY, October 11.—Is the caravan come? Is it? Why yes! Here they are! At last we have our dear Sisters from Gand. What joy! Our travellers look fresh and strong after their long journey. They are not too tired to assist this evening at an entertainment prepared for them by our children. Afterwards, to give the Sisters an idea of their musical ability, we invite the orphans to render a Cingalese song. In very fitting verses they celebrate the praises of the Sisters, old and new, and express in their own lively fashion all the tender feelings of their fond hearts.

—Father Butaye closed a late letter from the Congo with this narrative. Not long ago some of our boys went to fish on the Banks of the Inkissi, about half a mile away. Returned home, the catechists, John and Risasi, very serious fellows, one would think from their size and important position, came all excitement to tell me that they had barely escaped being eaten by a crocodile. "Did the crocodile jump out of the water to devour you?" I asked with some surprise. "O, no!" said they, "we met him on the pathway." "This crocodile, then, was out for a walk," I remarked laughing. "It was no crocodile of the common sort," they answered, "it was a man-crocodile, a bogie-man who can put on that shape." I went off into a good laugh, and gave them a sound scolding for their folly. But, to no purpose. Our people are strong in the belief that the natives, by means of their deities or the devil, often change themselves into crocodiles to harm their neighbors or even to eat them. The boys, therefore, had met an individual of the uncanny stamp. They had followed him and watched him closely, as long as they walked near the water; and began to breathe easily, only when they found themselves at a safe distance from the river. A man, they say, can undergo this miracle of change only in the water. If memory serves me right, I sometimes, when yet a boy, heard old women of our neighborhood tell the same merry story of mischievous rats.

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THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

XVI. YEAR.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 3.

A MODEL CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

TADOUSSAC, a charming bay, situated at the confluence of the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence, was the rendez-vous of the European ships that came to Canada to enter into trade with the savages. "Its history, for more than two centuries," says Arthur Buies, "presents nothing else than the record of the missions carried on there, first by the Jesuits from 1640 to 1782, and then by the secular priests who succeeded them, on their departure at the end of that period." In 1640 there was in "that gracefully hollowed-out oval roadstead" only one French house which served for the reception of the cargoes just landed from the vessels. In the spring, the savages came from all quarters, loaded down with skins and set up their tents and huts around this trading post. Among them could be seen Montagnais, Algonquins, Betsamites and Papinachois. They remained as long as the trading lasted, and this business completed, the merchants return home, and the savages retrace their steps to their villages or their forests.

Father du Quen came down to Tadoussac in the month of May, 1640. The gospel seed had been copiously planted; it was now ripe for the harvest. The savages received the Father with joy. They hastily fixed up a bark hut resting upon five or six poles, and in it, at once presbytery and chapel, the Father taught, baptized, and offered the Holy Sacrifice. The mission lasted one month and baptism was

conferred on fifty of the savages. Three years later, Mother Mary of the Incarnation writes to her son, in France: "At Tadoussac, we have seen this year of wonders, a great number of savages undertaking a journey of over twenty days to come here to be instructed and to be baptized. Their sentiments are so religious and their conduct so Christian that they put us to shame, and surpass us in piety. They are the fruits of the zeal of our good Christians living in the settlements, who go in all directions to gain souls to Jesus Christ. All these nations come from the north."

The neophytes recite the beads and sing hymns in the hut erected by the missionary. Several huts unite in common prayer, morning and evening. The cross had been planted on the shore of the bay, near the huts of the savages. Father Buteux, who replaced Father du Quen, wished it raised upon a hill, in full view of all, as a sign of its conquest and rule. A captain took it on his strong shoulders and bore it to the spot designated, followed by a crowd of savages whose noisy yet respectful acclaim manifested their joy and ardent faith. The mission was afterwards called Holy Cross, and the missionary passed the whole of the summer and autumn with his neophytes. The captains are the first to ask for baptism, and several of them have become real apostles. "During the last six months," writes Mary of the Incarnation, "Charles (a Montagnais captain), has given more sermons than a hundred preachers would have delivered in several years. He guards the missionary in the fear that some enemy of the Faith would attack him. 'My Father,' he said, 'I carry my pistol to protect you, and I will follow you everywhere, for there are wicked men who do not wish you well.'"

In 1648, a large frame-work chapel and dwelling room were erected. Four times each day the chapel was filled with catechumens and neophytes, and God's praises were sung in French, Huron, Algonquin, Montagnais, and Miscoenne. One summer, there were nearly nine hundred savages at Tadoussac. When Mgr. de Laval made his pastoral visitation in 1668, he was welcomed by hundreds of Christians of different tribes and varied customs, and he administered con-

firmation to 149 persons. On his return to Quebec he did not conceal "the satisfaction he felt in seeing with his own eyes the vigorous Christianity and piety reigning among these poor savages."

The movement toward conversion, inaugurated at Sillery and continued at Three Rivers and Tadoussac, made itself equally felt at Quebec. In 1641, Mother Mary of the Incarnation writes to the superioress of the Ursulines of Tours: "We live in a quarter where the Montaignais, Algonquins, Abnaquiouois and those of the Saguenay have come to dwell, as all wished to believe in and obey God." The following year, she tells the same superioress, that her religious had this year more than they can do, so many visits have they received from the savages, coming to the convent grille to ask nourishment for soul and body." The number of such visitors averaged more than eight hundred a year. They were taught the truths of faith and their prayers, and after Mass they were served a banquet of peas or of Indian corn sagamite with prunes. The sacrament of Baptism was administered either in the Jesuit chapel or in the Community chapel of the Ursulines. One of the most interesting of the tribes which afforded to the religious the most consolation, was that of the Attikamégues or White Fishes.

Simple, good, frank, peaceful, the Attikamégues were no lovers of war, which they waged only against wild animals. They were however, most superstitious, and blindly obeyed their sorcerers. In 1642, some of them came to Three Rivers and Quebec. A secret longing seemed to be drawing them towards God. These were instructed and baptized at Three Rivers by Father Buteux. Others passed whole days at the grille of the Quebec Ursulines, and after long preparation, their tears mingled with the holy water that flowed from their brows. Their captain, Paul Ouetamomat, a valiant hunter and upright man, followed the example of his compatriots. The conversion of these savages was sincere. Never did neophytes bear aloft the banner of faith with more simplicity and piety.

Returning to their own homes, they entered upon an

active propaganda, admirable in its fruitfulness. Many of the Attikamégues, urged forward by an irresistible attraction, threw themselves at the feet of the Cross. Some came to Three Rivers to receive the regenerating waters of Baptism. Others unable to undertake so long and painful a journey, waited for the visit of the missionary.

The Christian life of these new converts should be known. One cannot read of it in the *Relations*, without recalling the words of the Bishop of Buenos-Ayres to Philip V.: "Sire, in these numerous peoples, made up of Indians, naturally drawn towards vice of all kind, there reigns so great innocence, that I do not believe that a single mortal sin is committed there." It would be imprudent to pass the same judgment on the Attimakéques, but among them there had certainly arisen from the depths of the forest, at the word of God, a new Gospel Republic. Having no priest, they adopted for themselves a rule of life which they observed with a readiness and scrupulousness truly astonishing. At sunrise and sunset, they assembled for prayer. They had two principal assemblies in different places. The prayers lasted a full quarter of an hour. A savage, in the middle of the hut serving for chapel, crucifix in hand, recited them in a loud voice, while the others, kneeling, followed with all attention, their hands joined together, and their beads interlaced between their fingers. After prayers came the singing of hymns. "This they did," says the missionary, "slowly, without affectation, and in accents at once simple, naive, and full of devotion."

On Sundays and feast days, the chief or the oldest of the tribe reminded all, at the first glimmer of day, of the following regulations; all work is prohibited; prayer and good works are of obligation; it is forbidden to eat, drink, or smoke before morning prayers. It was however permitted to go and see if there were any fish in the nets they had cast the night before. These announcements made, they set about arranging the chapel, by adorning it with branches of fir. They then made their toilet. They smeared their faces with different colors, white, black and red; they threw over their shoulders their most beautiful robes, of beaver, otter, lynx, or black squirrel

skins. They fastened feathers to tufts of their hair. Everything is made to contribute, quills of porcupines dyed red, large bracelets, necklaces and crowns of porcelain, savage ornaments and those they had obtained from the Europeans.

The bell sounds. They enter the chapel in silence. It is a hut made from the bark of sweet-smelling pine, in the form of a bower, and having at its farther end a large facsimile of an altar. It is adorned throughout with blue coverings to which are affixed a crucifix and some paper pictures. The Christians, kneeling, begin their usual daily prayers, at which the pagans may assist. The prayers ended, the chief turns towards these last. "You who are not baptized," he says, "will leave; the prayers we are about to say are only for the Christians."

They then chant some canticles, the hymn to the Blessed Sacrament, the Ave Maris Stella. They recite the Rosary, singing the last Hail Mary of each decade, and thus prolong their reunion for nearly two hours. In the evening, the same exercises are repeated. Each meeting is terminated by some words of advice and admonition from the chief, recommending good conduct, reserve, flight of evil and the practice of virtue. The chiefs exercise special vigilance over the young. "Remember," they often repeat to them, "that you must die and that you must hold yourself in readiness for that moment, upon which a whole eternity of weal or woe depends, according as you will have served God or obeyed the devil."

Women, husbands, children, all turn catechists or preachers, and around this new kind of missionaries may be seen standing chiefs and old men of eighty or a hundred years, who have never seen a European, who have never held converse with a black robe. They listen with emotion to the new doctrine, they accept it with the submission of children. "One would say," writes Father Buteux, "that God had preserved them like a Saint Simeon or the holy prophetess Anna to obtain the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

When the Christians had prepared the pagans for baptism, they dispatched to Three Rivers a true Israelite, by name

Antoine, to beg the black robe to come up to them. This was in 1650. He addressed himself to Father Buteux, their best friend and dear father, who had sown in the souls of the first neophytes the divine seed of faith. The Father could not accede to their request that year, owing to his numerous occupations. Great was the desolation of the messenger. Between his tears he allowed to escape his lips these words of tender reproach: "What will those say who await you with impatience, and who are so desirous of going to confession? What will my children do who have not yet received baptism? Must we then be separated after death? Must some be happy while others are unhappy? If I had been able to carry my whole family here on my shoulders I should have done so; but the roads are frightful. If the others who are unable to surmount these difficulties die without baptism, whose fault will it be?" The following year there were the same petitions, the same tears. Father Buteux could not longer resist. This religious bore within a weak and sickly body a soul as zealous as it was courageous. At the time of his departure from France, in 1634, his health was so seriously impaired that it was asked if he could stand the voyage. In Canada he exercised no care of himself. He slept on the ground, passed the greater part of the night in prayer, and fasted frequently. Age and the fatigues of his apostolate contributed still more to undermine the little strength that was left him. Under these conditions, a journey to the country of the Attimakgéues over the snow, at the opening of spring, seemed to all imprudent and impossible. But the Apostle does not see difficulties, but happy occasions of sufferings and merits where others only discover impossibilities. As to the spirit of prudence, it is a quantity to be neglected in his life of quest for souls.

Father Buteux set out on the 27th of March with M. de Normanville, two Frenchmen, a band of savages and some soldiers. The weather was beautiful, the sun warm, the snow melting but the roads impassable. The travellers arrived at the first assembly of the Attikamèques only on Ascension Day. The *Relations* represent our missionary walk-

ing on snow shoes and dragging his sled, crossing streams and forests, slipping painfully down the mountains, descending precipices, fatigued, broken in strength, and yet always advancing, without other provisions than his confidence in God. "I had enough with my little personal effects; the road, the fatigue, my fast, which I did not wish to break during Passiontide, did not permit me to burden myself with provisions."

The naive fervor of the Attimakèques quickly made him forget his fatigue and privations. The two assemblies received him as they would the Messiah, and he moved about, doing good, baptizing, hearing confessions, preaching the Kingdom of God. After one of his apostolic tours, he wrote: "What confusion for me to see how these poor barbarians, without a priest, without Mass, without any aids, maintained themselves in such purity and fervor." At another time he wrote: "This country is good soil where the seed of faith renders fruit a hundredfold. . . . I hope next spring to make this same journey, and to push forward as far as the sea in the north to find there new peoples and entire nations, where the light of faith has not yet penetrated."

The following year he started to carry out his purpose. On April 3, the eve of his departure, he writes to his superior, Father Ragueneau: "May God will that we set out for the last time, and that heaven be the terminus of my journey! *Haec spes reposita est in sinu meo.* (This hope is laid up in my breast.) . . . My heart tells me that the time of my happiness is at hand."

These words conveyed a desire and a presentiment; the desire of martyrdom, the presentiment of his approaching death. Martyrdom had always been the object of his longings, and after his entrance into the Society of Jesus, his life of heroic suffering had been a preparation for this supreme grace. His last letter seems a foretaste of this so long-desired happiness.

Setting out with a large band of Attimakéques, hunger forced them to separate after a month of travel. He continued on his way, accompanied by a Frenchman and a Huron.

The journey was most painful. The snow had melted, and the rivers were coursing freely in their beds. The three travellers, prevented by the thaw from using their snow shoes, built a bark canoe and rowed up the Saint-Maurice. The river was filled with cataracts and rapids, and at every moment they had to break off sailing to carry their boat across a portage. On May 10 they had twice carried canoe and baggage on their shoulders, and they were just crossing a third portage, in a forest between steep bluffs, when they were attacked by fourteen Iroquois. These savages had traversed on snow shoes the immense distance which separated them from the White Fishes, and putting themselves directly in the path of the travellers, were waiting for them, concealed behind some trees. The Huron was seized and bound, the Frenchman killed, and Father Buteux, struck by two bullets, was finally dispatched with a hatchet, and his body stripped and thrown into the river. The Huron, having broken his bonds and escaped, brought this news to Three Rivers on June 8.

Regret was general throughout the Colony. It is an incredible loss for the Mission, writes Mother Mary of the Incarnation. She was only echoing the thought of all.

Born at Abbeville, April 11, 1600, and entering the Jesuit Novitiate at Rouen October 2, 1620, Father Buteux had labored more than eighteen years for the salvation of the Montagnais, the Algonquins, and the Attimakéques. Father Ragueneau concludes his eulogium with this remark: "He converted to the faith very many savage nations, for whom he had always the tenderness of a father, and who always had for him the love of true children."

ST. PHILOMENA.

BY ALBA.

(*Continued.*)

LIKE dew upon the fading rose
Each accent of the Saviour flows
O'er Philomena's heart,
And freshened life, and deep repose
Those accents blest impart.
Where is the drear, the darkling path
That at His word she will not trace?
In midnight's gloom, in tempest's wrath,
In perils by the land or sea,
The memory of this moment's grace
Her priceless amulet shall be.
Look up, sweet maiden; look thy last;
Is not the Vision fading fast?
Already to thy sight is lost
The Form Divine; the angel host
Whose beauty, like the stars at night,
Begemmed that halo's silvery light
Hath vanished too. Now all is gone,
And on th' horizon grey
Glimmer the tints of early dawn,
The harbingers of day.

CANTO II. THE PALACE.

Oh! many a night, and many a day
Have rolled their suns and moons away,
And morns have dawned, and evenings died
Since on the lonely mountain-side
Her vigil Philomena kept
In transport, while her father slept.
Where shall we find the maiden now?

Again upon the midnight brow
Of lone and barren hill?
Or doth she brave the blaze of day
Upon some stately Roman way?
Or tread, with slow and weary feet,
Th' inhospitable city's street,
Wherein her destiny to meet,
Her mission to fulfil?

'Twas evening. From the western sun,
In golden garments all arrayed,
A brilliant farewell rested on
The Tiber's waters, and o'erlaid
With kisses bright each colonnade
And arch, and tower, and palace-home,
The glory of Imperial Rome;
While each majestic, lordly pile
Put on, in turn, its brightest smile,
As if with welcome meet to grace
The parting planet's warm embrace.
How beautiful to mortal eyes
Those towers irradiated rise
On hill, and slope, and by the river
Whose wavelets in the sunset quiver!
Yet splendors which are but the veil
That hides Corruption's livid face
To charm the thoughtful heart must fail.
Beneath the grandeur and the grace
She sees the shudder, hears the wail
That mark it Bloodshed's dwelling-place.

Lo! yonder, by the river's shore
A palace fair doth stand,
Within, without, bedecked all o'er
With treasures from each costly store
That wealth from distant lands e'er bore
At Luxury's command.

See ! though its walls a despot's be,
Fair sunbeam, we will steal with thee
The richly curtained window through,
And gaze upon each fairy hue
Whose tints, o'erspread by one deep flush,
Beneath thy glowing aspects blush.
The gilded ceilings radiant are
With tints of scarlet cinnabar,
While curtains of the Tyrian dye,
Heavy with rich embroidery,
Half-shade the pillared windows o'er,
And sweep the tessellated floor.
Amid their folds, each form of grace
The Grecian chisel loved to trace,
Peeps forth in snow-white loveliness,
Or holds within the mimic hand

Bright lamps of silver richly wrought ;
Vases from fair Etruria's land,

With buds of sweetest perfume fraught,
Around, in silent homage stand,
Like messengers from Fairyland,
Commissioned from its bowers to bring
An odoriferous offering
To one who sits all silent there,
With downcast eye, and troubled air.

Not in the garments rich and gay
Meet for that hall of luxury
Is she, its beautiful inmate,
Attired in fair patrician state.
Rich silks are there, and jewelled braids,
Among the group of wond'ring maids
Who stand respectfully apart,
Yet whispering low, as oft they dart
Inquiring glances upon one,
A stranger from a distant land,
Whom, at their despot king's command,
Their pride must stoop to wait upon.

But she—the spoils of Shiraz rare
Shrine not her figure young and fair ;
Her waving locks no pearls bedeck ;
No diamonds cluster round her neck ;
Her humble robe embroid'ry scorns,
No golden spangle-work adorns
With starry sheen the long, white veil
That shades her countenance so pale.
Yet is she fair—oh ! beautiful

As some pure, stainless lily flower
Upon whose leaves is basking full

The beauty of the moonlight hour.
Yes, she is fair. The brightest dame
Whose loveliness the lips of Fame
Proclaim throughout the empire wide,
Might veil her face that maid beside.
It was not that her head was borne
With lofty air, or glance of scorn ;
'Twas that humility's sweet grace
Had of such mien assumed the place ;
Nor was it that her brow of snow
More spotless was than theirs—ah ! no ;
'Twas the inspired, the trance-like look,
Which made it like some holy book
Upon whose page lay all unfurled
The secrets of the Unseen World.
Oh ! she is fair ! No glistening eye
Of wild gazelle with hers could vie.
It was not in the languid ray
Or azure hue its glory lay ;
But through its darkling depths there shone
A light to earthly eyes unknown—
A beam to angel aspects given,
Enkindled by the Fire of Heaven.
Oh ! she was fair ! What frozen glance
Could rest upon that countenance
And love it not ? Could mortal ear
That voice's gentle music hear,

And not be ravished by the sound ?
Proud monarch of the empire's bound,
Reply, for 'tis by thy command
She now is here, amid that band
Of fair attendants wond'ring, all,
What madness doth their king enthrall,
And glancing with suspicious air
Upon their new-made mistress there.

Poor Philomena ! not alone
In their proud breasts suspicions rise ;
An anxious boding fills thine own ;
For though thy steadfast faith relies
With confidence upon the Hand
Which will thy destiny control,
The breath of Grief thy brow hath fanned,
The grasp of sorrow wrung thy soul.
Thou hast stood, a stranger poor,
At the World's unpitying door ;
Thou hast knelt, a suppliant sweet,
At the Pagan Cæsar's feet,
For thy father old and weak
Justice and redress to seek.
Thou did'st hear, with anguish mute,
The tyrant scorn thy father's suit ;
While he, that father old and grey,
Long, long by aching sorrows worn,
And now, of this his last hope shorn,
Fell, as by unseen brand down-borne,
And passed from Earth away !

Alas, poor maid ! When consciousness
Returned, with memory's clouds to grieve thee,
Yet with the light of faith to bless,
How did the aspect of thy doom,
Though cleared from every trace of gloom,
Serve with its splendors to relieve thee ?
Inmate of that luxurious hall,

And tended by those beauteous strangers,
Still does thy fancy paint them all
But veils to cover nameless dangers.
Though of thy sire, alas ! bereft,
Though human hands that bond could sever,
Faith, still, and Hope to thee are left.
Cling to these bulwarks now, if ever !
Cling, Philomena, to thy Lord,
Nor think thy sufferings vainly plead.
Whate'er thy doom, 'tis His award,
In mercy and in love decreed.
Woe's heavy rod o'erruled by God
Is but a wand Heaven's path to show,
Even as each thorn for Jesus worn
Brighter than all Earth's gems doth glow.

Hearken ! the marble vestibule
Re-echoes loud a heavy tread !
But Philomena's heart is full ;
She hears it not, nor turns her head
Until within the portal wide
(The purple curtain drawn aside)
He doth advance in regal state
Upon whose word depends her fate.
The circlet round his temples bound,
The mantle sweeping to the ground,
The cincture richly gemmed, which holds
Restrained his tunic's silken folds,
The sandals braced with golden band,
The jewelled rings on arm and hand—
Yes ! 'Tis the Emperor—'tis he !
What wants he, Philomen, with thee ?
And why does his imperious brow
Wear a more gentle aspect now ?
Wherefore across that face of gloom
Do gleams of tenderness now steal
Like sunbeams o'er a blackening tomb—
If tenderness that soul can feel ?

He will not leave thee in suspense—
Grace, and the Faith be thy defence !

“ Oh ! beauteous maiden, dry thy tears,
Suppress thy sighs, dismiss thy fears.
Hath grief's rude chalice been thy lot ?
'Tis passed for ever ; heed it not.
Of Roma's lord the chosen bride,
All earth to thee shall homage pay ;
And at thy feet, and by thy side
That lord himself shall own thy sway.”

The monarch paused ; while sore amaze
The maiden's modest face betrays,
As from the Cæsar's ardent gaze
She turns her eyes away
To seek a memory cherish'd still—
The vision on the moonlit hill.—
Can this unlooked-for offering fill
That vision's prophecy ?
A moment does her troubled spirit
Commune all silently,
While painful recollections stir it
As tempests toss the sea.
“ Ah ! surely, it could never be,
Rome's diadem be meant for me !
Such as its splendors are, they lie
Beneath a crust of bloody dye.
And surely, gems of earthly shine
Could never by His lips divine
Be called supremely fair ! Ah ! no ;
Far other gems my crown must show.
And oh ! my father, shall I dare
To wed thy ruthless murderer—
The pagan fierce whose impious hand
Would sweep our altars from the land ?
No ; sooner would thy daughter sleep
Beneath that river cold and deep,

Than thus before the face of day
Her father and her faith betray ! ”

“Monarch,” she said, “your words recall.

Your gilded promises revoke.

On Philomena’s heart they fall

Like dew-drops on the flinty rock.

When I had wealth and luxury,

When many my commands obeyed,

Those flimsy grandeurs were to me,

When with the soul’s true pleasures tried,

As cobwebs in the balance weighed

The mighty Apenine beside.

And now, shall these temptations vain

A harbor in my bosom gain ?

When all the loves, so dearly cherished,

That lighted up my earthly home,

And made it home to me, have perished,

Shall my poor heart become

Degraded thus to seek its joys

’Mid treacherous shadows—painted toys

Contemned before? No! Rather let

My spirit rise still higher yet,

And soar above even those dear ties

Which made this world a Paradise.

My heart, from Earth’s affections riven,

Pants for the peerless joys of Heaven ;

Rising beyond the starlight dim

That cheer’d my path with kindly ray,

To that full noon of Love—to Him,

The Sun of that unclouded Day.”

(To be continued).

SIMI AND THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER III.

Dolores' Story.

THAT night, on lying down to rest, Simi signed herself devoutly with the cross, and fervently invoked the Blessed Virgin, but she could not sleep. The nervous excitement, caused by Dolores' recital of the truths of Christianity, now gave rise to a strange confusion of thoughts, some very sweet, others terrible enough. When contemplating mentally the noble face of the Infant Jesus who smilingly extended His arms towards her, or the peaceful countenance of the Virgin Mother, who seemed to gaze at her with a gentle, pitying glance, there arose between the two, her father's bearded face, more gloomy and stern than ever. Simi shuddered at the sight and hid her lovely face beneath the sheets. The mere thought of her father terrified her so.

Next day, the longed-for moment arrived when Jacob had gone to his usual duties at the synagogue and Dolores was free to join Simi in her pretty sitting room.

"How calm the bay looks, Simi," said Dolores, by way of preamble, "but I can never look on it without feeling the tears rise to my eyes. The sight of the sea makes me so sad. Yonder, behind those mountains, there is a cape called Trafalgar. There my poor father met his death. I was only twelve at the time and my parents loved me very tenderly. I in return loved them with my whole heart.

"My father served his King as a sailor in the navy, and my mother supported herself by sewing, for she was very clever with the needle. One morning on leaving home, my father seemed much sadder than I remember to have seen him at any time previously. He kissed us very affectionately and went down to join his ship. I had seen him going so often, I could not understand, poor innocent that I was, why

he was so sad or why my mother wept so bitterly. But she soon told me. 'He has gone to fight the English,' she said, 'and we must pray much to our Lady of Dolors for his safe return.'

"One day, Simi, we heard the distant sound of cannon and could perceive smoke on the horizon. My mother and I knelt, sobbing, before a picture of our Lady of Dolors. Yonder amidst the cannon and under the smoke, my father was fighting for his country. No sound, not even a voice was heard in our village; but the thunder of the cannon grew louder and more awful; our hearts were pierced with terror. Ah, Simi! we learned next day that our fleet had been destroyed by the English and that we had sustained an appalling loss of men. Another day passed, and a few worn-out sad sailors returned to the village. My father was not among them! We asked about him but they only looked pityingly at us and made no reply. What horrible anxiety for my mother and me! Picture our woe, when at last an old sailor, who had been a dear friend of my father, stood before us weeping like a child. He spoke no word, but when my mother saw the tears of a brave man who knew not what it was to tremble in a tempest or at the cannon's mouth, she understood the worst and wailed aloud in the anguish of her heart. My father had died in the old sailor's arms, his breast pierced by a ball. When in his death-agony, he took this handkerchief, embroidered for him by mother, from his pocket, and pressing his lips to the emblem, gave it to his friend with an expressive glance of affection. The sailor had brought it back to us as the last token of love from my poor father.

"Oh, Simi, how our tears flowed! I shall never forget how my mother took my hand and led me again before our Lady of Dolors, and how she said the following prayer from the depths of her broken heart:

"Blessed Mother, you who have known what it is to suffer and to weep, be our comfortress now; we come to thee, suffering and forsaken; be our refuge and protectress henceforth; and oh, have pity on my husband's soul!" I know

not how it was, but I felt a load lifted from my heart when she made this prayer. It seemed to me that the Blessed Virgin must have pity on us and that I had the right to approach her with the confidence of a little sister, nay, of a loving child.

“My misfortunes did not end here, but I must not linger over them. My mother never recovered from the shock caused by my father’s death. She fell ill, and just before she died, she called me to her side, gave me the emblem to kiss after she had imprinted her own last kiss upon it, and pressing my head to her breast she said in a weak voice :

“‘My daughter, I am leaving you alone in the world; you will be very unhappy, but in all your sorrows call on our Lady of Dolours, Mother of the desolate. Take this handkerchief and keep it all your life. It received your father’s dying kiss, and now mine ; and, oh Dolores, how many tears have been shed on it by your mother ! If you have no other picture, look on this emblem and invoke our Holy Mother with entire confidence. She will listen to you and be everything to you. Love her, my daughter, as you love me.’

“Ah, Simi ! how many tears I too have shed since that sad day ! But in moments of the greatest loneliness and darkness, I have ever found her my comfort and a true mother. What should I have done, if, like you, I had not known her when I found myself all alone in the world. I am sure I should have died of sorrow. I used to say to myself, the Blessed Virgin is my mother, she knows I am suffering and loves me the more because I resemble her in this ; for who ever suffered sorrows like unto her ? This it is that makes Christians love our Lady so dearly.”

And here Dolores began to explain the significance of the seven swords which pierced our Lady’s heart. Little by little she unfolded the mysteries of our religion ; the Divine Maternity of Mary ; the Life, Passion, Death and Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ. Simi’s clasped hand rested on Dolores’ knees, her dark expressive eyes riveted on the girl’s face, while she listened with an ever-increasing interest to her simple narrative.

Each new incident evoked an exclamation of wonder or joy from Simi, for the vague thoughts and ideas of her early childhood were taking form and color, each one harmonizing with Dolores' story.

"This is what I have been seeking, what I have here in my heart and did not know or understand."

The child was simply fascinated. When Dolores had come to those most divine words of Jesus on the Cross, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" the horror experienced by Simi in listening to the awful scenes on Calvary, described with the simplicity of the Bible by Dolores, was changed into wonder.

"This," she exclaimed, "this is the doctrine I long for, Not a word of hatred for anyone, love for all the world, even for those who hated Him! This is what I miss in our synagogues and in our books, Dolores. Oh, He who uttered those words could not have been false. He who was first to say them must indeed be a God."

Simi, charmed beyond measure and almost transfigured with joy by her new-found happiness, begged the servant to teach her how to recite some Christian prayers. Placing the emblem—it was the only Christian sign the Jew permitted her to retain—on a table, Dolores and Simi knelt down before it, and the former recited the *Salve Regina*, that most beautiful of the many beautiful prayers in the liturgy of the Church.

The Pater Noster is grand, sublime, the prayer conceived by a God; the Ave Maria is the enthusiastic salute of an angel; but the *Salve Regina*, whose dominant note is a tender longing for *patria*, is the prayer of a poet, one of no mean order, and a saintly one. What tenderness, what melancholy, what poetry in a few short phrases! Custom has dulled our appreciation of its beauty, but the *Salve*, heard for the first time by one who thinks and feels strongly, is sure to make a deep impresson on his heart.

Tears of devotion streamed from Simi's eyes as Dolores recited it for her. Again and again she asked her to repeat the prayer:

"O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary!"

"How beautiful it is, Dolores!" exclaimed the child, on whose heart each word seemed to fall as dew from heaven. "How sweet, how tender! Never have I heard language like this in our synagogue. There one hears fearful threats in the name of an angry God, a God of vengeance, uttered by gloomy-looking men who swear eternal hatred to the name of Christians. Not one word of gentleness and affection. Oh, *now* I have found what I have always longed for, 'Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!' Dolores, I am a Christian. I must have the Blessed Virgin for my mother, you and I shall be sisters now and always, Dolores!"

"Forever, dear Simi."

"My sister! You will teach me, I shall learn these beautiful prayers and we shall say them together. I am your little sister, whom you must lead by the hand."

"I am almost beside myself with joy, Simi. Our Blessed Mother has done this!"

"The Blessed Virgin is my mother now, Dolores! Oh, how my heart bounds when I feel I am no longer an orphan!—that I can call on my mother, the Mother of mercy!"

The conversation lasted much longer on this, than on the previous evening; but the ecstasies in which both child and her maid were indulging were soon brought to an abrupt close at the sound of Jacob's heavy footsteps on the stairs. Dolores and Simi exchanged a hasty embrace and separated before the Jew knew they had been together.

What a night of sweet tranquillity, replete with consolation, little Simi passed after that eventful day! All her thoughts on the subject of Dolores' narrative, taking form and color, filed before her in succession and steeped her soul in peace, not unmixed with sadness; but still, peace.

She saw the Infant Jesus smilingly hold out His little arms as if to embrace her. Again she seemed to see Him on the Cross, covered with blood, exclaiming in pleading tones: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Now the most Blessed Virgin appeared surrounded by rays of light, smiling at her with eyes of loving compassion.

Again, she was sitting at the foot of the Cross, downcast, sorrowful, the wounded body of her Son lying on her knees. Simi sometimes smiled with joy, then again wept tears of sympathy; but all through the night the words "Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!" seemed to hover on her lips and bring sweet comfort in their reiteration. From that day forward, Dolores constituted herself Simi's instructor, as if she were an elder sister, the child always listening with the greatest attention to her instructions. She soon knew the Christian Doctrine well, and had learned the prayers recited daily by Catholics; and, as they had no picture, they said the rosary before the little emblem embroidered on Dolores' handkerchief.

Simi's one great desire now was to visit a Catholic church in order to see all the pictures and statues so often spoken of by Dolores, and of which she herself retained a faint recollection. One day an opportunity to carry out her desire occurred, for her father had gone out of the city away into Spain on some business. Dolores and Simi availed themselves of it and made a stolen visit to the church. The moment Simi put her foot inside the door her whole soul was ravished with delight. One by one she recognized the statues and pictures, the friends of her baby days. There, amidst light and flowers, stood the lovely form of the Lady whose vision always rose before her mind when the Blessed Virgin was named.

There also was the Child Jesus, with the gracious bearing and winning smile, and here too, on canvas which seemed to speak, were pictures of the scenes so lately narrated by Dolores. Her heart felt ready to burst, and it was with difficulty she restrained her inclination to cry aloud with joy.

The perfume of the incense seemed so familiar, and as the smoke from the thurible rose circling towards the dome, the forms of our Lady and the Divine Child appeared to the little Jewess as if floating in the clouds. The rich full tones of the organ also appealed to her sensitive memory and made a deep impression on her heart. And so, with this one visit to the church, the mysterious visions and thoughts which haunted her so many years seemed to clear up and disappear forever.

Kneeling beside Dolores, her little hands clasped in an ecstasy of gratitude, she wept such tears as she had never wept before; and as she gazed through their mist at the statue of our Lady, her lips lingered over the oft-repeated words:

“Mother of mercy, our life, our sweetness and our hope!”

CHAPTER IV.

Growth in Faith.

According as Dolores continued to unfold the mysteries of our holy Faith to Simi, the child's amazement daily increased. As she listened her ideas grew less confused and her heart expanded. She felt like one who had been blind since the first dawn of reason and who, on opening her eyes, now finds herself in an enchanted palace, in a new world. Everything seemed transformed under the strong light of her new-found faith. The sky looked bluer, the air felt more balmy, the solemn setting of the sun more sublime than of old.

Everything spoke to her in a new language; in her little bird's note, in the whisper of the wind through the foliage which wreathed her balcony, in the distant murmur of the waves, there was a voice she had never heard before. She felt as if all the world were one vast Home; that all mankind were united in one sweet word, Brother; watched over by a Providence whom all called our Father, and sheltered beneath the blue mantle of one, who by her tears had won the name of *Mother*.

The child was passing through the crisis which most people experience one time or another in the earlier years of life. It is a sense of happiness we cannot define. We know not whence it springs, but while it lasts, life seems so full, so complete, that were it not for the restraints of social life, we could cry aloud with joy and embrace all round us without knowing wherefore.

Simi lived thus for a short time, but not without occasional forebodings which pierced her heart with a sudden fear. Dolores had said that “God's hour” might also be one full of most painful sacrifices. Each time, when indulging in dreams of the purest heavenly love, her father's austere face rose

before her mind, an awful anguish seized her, and she trembled from head to foot. At those times she would take the little emblem and kiss it fervently, her dark eyes filling with tears as she reclined on faithful Dolores' breast. Danger was much nearer than either she or her friend apprehended.

Nothing could escape the Jew's penetrating eye and he soon observed that something unusual was going on within his daughter's heart. He spared no trouble to discover what it could be, but Simi and Dolores acted so prudently that his efforts for the moment failed.

Simi had always been most respectful and obedient, but now she showed a greater affection towards him than she used to show formerly. And it was just on this display of affection the wily Jew based his suspicions, for he was an experienced man and well versed in his knowledge of the human heart.

He began to watch the child closely. At times he surprised her, buried in thought, or contemplating the sunset with ecstatic eyes.

Sometimes her eyelids looked swollen as if from much weeping. Then why did she hang her head or blush crimson when she caught his eye fixed upon her? Could those be signs of a dawning love in his child's heart? Impossible! she was far too young to think such thoughts.

Could it be that the old yearning after Christianity which he had taken such trouble to efface had begun to sprout up again and grow stronger with her years? A hidden love—one entertained without her father's consent or knowledge would indeed be grave, but this last—the thought was too horrible, Simi could not be so base.

Having no doubt whatever that his daughter was undergoing some mental transition, and finding himself incapable of discovering the cause, Jacob resolved to marry. He had rejected the thought of placing a possibly cruel stepmother over his little girl when she was very young, but he now knew that a man could never find time to devote to the vigilance he saw necessary to keep his child out of danger.

He would seek a wife who should act as an untiring spy

and ever-watchful sentinel over Simi's every step. Sara, the lady whom he finally selected, was admirably suited to carry out his designs. She was a true Jewess and quite as zealous an observer of the Mosaic Law as Jacob himself; like him too she was thoroughly sincere and good, notwithstanding her obstinate blindness in her creed. Were it not for those qualifications never would he have chosen to trust his little daughter to her care, for he prized his child more dearly than all the treasures in his strong box.

From the very first day of her marriage and entrance into her new home Sara lavished on Simi the love of an affectionate mother. But when God blessed this good Jewish couple with a son whom Simi almost idolized, the stepmother's love for the affectionate child was redoubled. It was with the purest joy she saw Simi pour out the wealth of her affectionate heart on her little brother, for where is the mother who is not pleased and flattered by the attention shown to her baby?

Simi was one of those angelic beings who never harbor an unkind thought; all who lived with her were dear friends; thus she soon returned the affection of her stepmother in full. But according as the mutual good feeling increased, so also did Sara's vigilance. Simi found herself ever followed by her stepmother's eye, with an interest truly maternal but almost insufferable. She could never have those delightful talks with Dolores about religion which she had enjoyed so much before her father's marriage, both girls were so closely watched. Dolores had been retained as domestic servant, but all intercourse with Simi was cut off; no chance of speaking with each other ever occurred, and they were now reduced to making a furtive sign of the cross when they met accidentally.

This holy sign filled Dolores' soul with jubilee; by it she understood how powerless were the combined efforts of Jacob and Sara to shake Simi's constancy; she felt certain they should never succeed now.

At the time of her father's marriage with Sara, Simi had been sufficiently instructed in the mysteries of the Christian

Faith, and knew all the ordinary daily prayers ordained by the Church. She said the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin nightly before going to rest, and she never omitted to implore our Lady's intercession to obtain for her the grace of becoming a Christian by baptism as she was one already in heart.

As a means of becoming better instructed she had taken the precaution of learning Spanish from Dolores, who could procure books for her. And this she found of inestimable value when she was at last deprived of all help from her humble, faithful friend. She could, in part, make up for the loss by reading the simple, short books of devotion which Dolores procured for her at a great risk. She had to take great precautions to evade discovery, keeping the books hidden away during the day, never on any account leaving them lying about. She always read at night, sometimes with abundant tears; and it was a rare thing if the books were returned to Dolores with their pages dry. Occasionally she became so absorbed in a spiritual book that the hours of the night slipped by unnoticed. Unfortunately it was by this imprudence the innocent child's secret was discovered. Sara began to observe how often Simi appeared in the morning with swollen lids and dark rings under her eyes. She remarked also the consumption of candles and the light in Simi's room at a very late hour. Her suspicions now fully aroused, she resolved to watch her stepdaughter more closely than ever.

(To be continued.)

A THANKSGIVING TO OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

B—N. Y.—“I had been confined to my house and bed for several days this month with a painful affection of one of my limbs, which promised to be of a lingering nature. The thought came to me to invoke our Lady's aid, under her title of ‘Our Lady of Martyrs’ at Auriesville. I repeated the invocation three times, then quickly arose from bed and dressed. I was able to remain up the rest of the day, and in two days to go to my office and attend to my duties.”

SHRINE NOTES.

By the death of Professor Rufus A. Grider of Canajoharie, N. Y., the Shrine has lost a warm and active friend. His married daughter, Mrs. James H. Sammons, writing to the Rev. Editor of the PILGRIM, says: "He has spoken of you many times in connection with 'The Shrine,' a place we all loved so well. Indeed, though of different faiths, it seems near and dear to us all. We often go there to rest and think." An acknowledged authority on the early history of the Mohawk Valley, Professor Grider was ever ready to give of his store of accurate information towards placing in clearer light the missionary labors and martyrdom of Father Jogues and René Goupil, and his sympathetic encouragement, advice and suggestions have often been of greatest service. All friends of the Shrine, we are sure, will join with us in extending sincerest condolence to his bereaved family. It was a fitting crown to his years of study that the end should have come while he was preparing a lecture on "The Religion of the Iroquois Indians." We abridge from the *Canajoharie Courier* the following account of his life and death:

As a local historian and archaeologist he was very prominent, and with his death three of the best known Indian relic curators in New York State have died within three months, the other two being A. G. Richmond and Dewitt Diefendorf. Fort Rensselaer in its preserved and interesting condition, stocked with curios of the Revolutionary period, is the result of his personal and indefatigable efforts. People from afar journeyed to Canajoharie to visit the Old Fort, and nothing afforded Mr. Grider greater pleasure than to accompany them and explain the instructive history written on the walls, and in the ossified specimens therein contained.

The deceased was born in Lititz, Pa., April 13, 1817, his ancestors coming from Switzerland. His early education was received at Beck's School in his native town, and on graduating he at once took up the profession of painting and drawing. He married Miss Elizabeth Skirving of Germantown, Pa., October 20, 1864. Mrs. Grider died March 12, 1875. In 1883 Professor Grider came to Canajoharie to become the teacher of drawing in our village schools. He also opened a studio. He often appeared before educational societies and delivered lectures, besides contributing numerous articles to magazines and other periodicals. Material gathered by him was largely used in the valuable volume published by the State under the title "New York in the Revolution." In 1898 he gave up active teaching to devote himself entirely to historical research. On the morning of

February 7, he was suddenly stricken by heart disease, and expired before medical aid could be obtained. Mr. Grider is survived by two daughters, Mrs. James H. Sammons of this village, and Miss Margaretta S. Grider of Boston, Mass., a brother, Lawrence Grider, of Cadiz, Ohio, and a sister, Mrs. Adeline Fett, of Lititz, Pa.

* * *

The solidity and stability of the large embankment erected in the Ravine last autumn were put to a severe test the second week of February, and the result was most satisfactory. Heavy rains had done great damage throughout the Valley, and we might conjecture the probable effect in the Ravine from the havoc wrought by the less severe storms of September and October, 1898. Some damage of course was done, but this was very inconsiderable, and we trust easily repaired. An Auriesville correspondent thus describes the appearance of the Ravine during and after these storms: "Friday, the 9th, it rained quite hard, causing the creek in the Ravine to rise to the height of eighteen inches, thus forming a channel in the bed around the curve to the level of the ties. On the 12th, heavy rain again, afternoon and evening, so that when I went to the Ravine next morning, I found a very pretty waterfall between four and five feet high. I do not think that there is any danger of the ties giving way, that is, of a wash behind them as long as the frost remains in the ground. Everything else about the Shrine is very nice. The sodding is just the same as it was last fall. We have no snow on the ground, and the ice has disappeared from the river."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. F., Brooklyn, N. Y.	\$.25	M. H., Providence, R. I.	\$.50
P. B., Rockfeller, Ill.	1.00	Miss H., St. Paul, Minn.	6.00
Rev. C. A. H., Fancy Farm, Ky. 2.41		M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5.00

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FOR REV. FATHER LOBO, INDIA.	J. C., Kansas (for Mission in Asia).	5.95
M. McG., Providence, R. I. \$1.02	"Anon" (for Lepers),	100.00
FOR ST. CLAVER'S GUILD, JAMAICA, W. I.	FOR POOR RELIGIOUS COMMUNITIES IN ITALY.	
C. S., N. Y. \$9.00.	V. Z., Milwaukee, Wis.	\$5.00
FOR NEEDY MISSIONS.	FOR SISTER PAULA, THE ORPHANAGE, LAHORE, N. INDIA.	
Mrs. C., New York (Stipends), \$10.00	"Anon." per Rev. John Scully, S. J., Philadelphia.	\$25.00
C. L. F. 31		
M. M. P. (for Jesuit Mission) 5.00		

SOME UNKNOWN SHRINES OF OUR LADY.

IV.—THE IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY IN THE PARISH CHURCH OF GAJ.

Among the many images of the Blessed Virgin, which had a great celebrity in the 17th century, and through which many and extraordinary favors were bestowed on the faithful servants of Mary, the ancient image of the Mother of God placed on the high altar of the modest parish church of Gaj, a town lying south of Cracow, was one of the most renowned.

This beautiful image was painted in the ancient fashion, on linden wood; its height was about a metre, and its width in proportion to its height. It represented our Lady holding the Divine Child on her left arm, and in the right hand she held a rose. It was not adorned with a crown, but a wonderful splendor of sweetness shone in the countenance of Jesus and Mary.

The archives of the parish do not now contain any documents relating to this image, though mention of them was still made in the inventory of the church in the year 1786. We read, nevertheless, in the Annals of the Scientific Society at Cracow, that this image had been already brought to the wooden church in Gaj in the year 1277; and when afterwards, in the year 1440, a stone church was erected in place of the wooden one, the then parish priest, Solecki, brought it to the new church and placed it on the high altar. One of his successors, Nicholas Trzebnicki, wrote in 1662 a short account of this image on the wall opposite to it, but this writing has almost entirely disappeared, only a few letters having been preserved to the present day, to show that there was once an inscription.

Other proofs, however, are not wanting of the wonderful graces obtained at Gaj, through the Blessed Virgin Mary. To these belongs the poem printed in 1698, in honor of this image. There we read that at Gaj our Blessed Lady is celebrated on account of her innumerable favors; that there those who suffer or are crushed by various crosses, obtain pardon

and are freed from their ailings; that he who betakes himself thither, may immediately appease the anger of God. The celebrity of this image was greatly enhanced during the years 1652, 1853 and 1854, during the Swedish wars, and the inroads of the Hungarians, as also during the plague which prevailed at that time. Even much later many pilgrims flocked to Gaj, principally on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary and on her other feasts. Even now the old men of the parish speak of the many graces received formerly through the image of our Lady. But at present these pilgrimages have altogether ceased; the image is no longer venerated in a special manner. What has become of the ancient image? Wishing to have an answer to this question, the writer went in person to Gaj. The image, which is now over the altar, shows but too clearly that it is not the ancient image. The parish priest informed me that, as he had been told, the ancient image is covered by the new one. We went therefore to the church, the parish priest had the image taken down from the altar and then we perceived that on the back of it there was some evidence of writing, of which nevertheless not even a single word could be made out. This was most probably the writing put there by the Rev. N. Trzebicki. To this board was attached all around a wooden border, to which the present image painted on canvas was nailed; this having been loosened we beheld, alas! but a few remains of a former image. It had been painted on a layer of chalk, but this layer together with the painting had fallen off in small pieces; part of the face of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Child Jesus could still be seen, as also a part of the dress and some of the gilt border. Of the restoration of the highly prized ancient image there is not the slightest hope, it is altogether lost; but the favor and protection of the Blessed Virgin Mary never vanishes, and if ardent worshipers of her were not wanting, most certainly even to-day the faithful would still receive on that spot favors and miracles of the ever miraculous Virgin Mother.

FROM THE MISSIONS.

KUMAMOTO, Japan, October 25, 1899.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER :

Many thanks to the charitable persons who have done something for our poor lepers and other abandoned sick.

The work is already commenced in three places: Biwasaki, Kumamoto and Yatsushiro.

Biwasaki is a simple village, near Kumamoto, and situated beside a district which, from time immemorial, has been the place of refuge for poor lepers and the abandoned sick. We started work there in 1894. Since October, 1898, we have had Franciscan nuns. We have built a little wooden house, which serves as a provisional hospital. The number of the sick received up to the present writing is 488. Of that number several are already dead, after receiving baptism. Many have returned to their country. Now there remain about one hundred, totally or partially dependent on our charity.

In Kumamoto, the chief city of this province, the work was begun a little while ago. It is entrusted to the Sisters of the Infant Jesus, who have cared for 102 outcasts of all kinds.

In Yatsushiro, a town some thirty miles distant from Kumamoto, the house managed by the catechists shelters thirty-three patients.

Before concluding this account, I have two remarks to make. First—A permanent hospital in Biwasaki is a very urgent need. But we are yet short of six thousand dollars, that is to say, sixty subscriptions of one hundred dollars each.

Second remark.—Deeds of mercy touch the hearts of the heathen, and dispose them to Christianity. Our Lord said: "Into whatsoever city you enter, heal the sick that are therein." Work for the sick is essentially an apostolic work, and prepares the way for conversions.

Dear Father, we rely on the charity of your readers. Perhaps some of them can contribute a full subscription. To save men's souls by relieving their bodies is the work of works.

Your humble servant in our Lord,

J. M. CORRE, M. AP.

KARRA, Nov. 8, 1899.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER :

Here in my district of Karra, in the Chhola-Nagpur mission, the failure of the rice crop will cause an awful famine. My people can count on but one-sixth of a full crop. The consequences will be something terrible. First of all, I shall be obliged to close the school next Monday. Ordinarily 280 children, boys and girls, attend this school during the year. This year, owing to scarcity of food, I received only 80, and even this small number will have to be dismissed in two days. I therefore implore your charitable readers to help us in our distress. The Sacred Heart of Jesus will certainly urge some to do us this kindness. In this hope, I am,

Your grateful servant in Christ,

E. VAN HECKE, S.J.,

Karra—via Ranchee,

Chhola-Nagpur, India:

Extract from a letter dated Mangalore, Nov. 13, 1899 :

. But I have another favor to ask. Last time the packing of the PILGRIMS was all right ; but every previous month the poor fellows arrived in a very shabby condition. April brought only some bits of the wrapper, which I recognized as Jacob did the clothes of his Joseph. These bits, however, were the means of afterwards finding the two PILGRIMS in another house, to which they had gone under another cover. In March nothing at all was received. I ask you, therefore, as a favor to send me two copies of the March number. We were very sorry to lose them, chiefly on account of the life of your good Catharine. It is so edifying that some of us would like to translate it into our Konkany language for the edification of the natives of that place, both the old Christians and recent converts. Recommending myself to your Holy Sacrifices and Prayers.

E. LARRARINI, S.J.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 4.

AN APRIL PRAYER.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

ONCE more upon the threshold of the year,
In virgin beauty timid April stands ;
We know her well—her blended smile and tear,
Her girlish grace and blossom-laden hands.

Once more, with dryad fingers, she unseals
The volumed sweetness of the reddening rose ;
Once more unto her whisper, as she steals
By glade and glen, the daisy's eyes unclose.

A verdant flush o'ercreeeps the forest lawn ;
The grassy banks that to the south wind lean—
As o'er the land an emerald veil were drawn—
Have ta'en a vivid tinge of vernal green.

Again, released from fetters of the frost,
In sylvan haunts the violet appears.
I see it with a sense of something lost,
A poignant sadness kindred unto tears.

The tender leaves the maple's height o'erspread ;
With skyward impulse bud and blossom grope.
Where is my boyhood's pure, fresh joyance fled,
My youth's keen aspiration and its hope ?

Lord ! bring me back the springtime of the soul :
Renew the promise of mine April prime !
That so my life, like withered branch and bole,
May take new leaf of hope and love sublime !

LIFE AND DEATH IN THE MISSIONS.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

WE have just seen how the settlements of Sillery, Three Rivers and Tadoussac, in behalf of the nomad tribes, had realized beyond his most sanguine expectations the wishes of Father Le Jeune. Father Bressani, in his abridged Relation of 1653, thus sums up in a few lines this magnificent result: "There where on our arrival there was not one soul that knew the true God, you cannot find, despite persecution and poverty, hunger and war and pest, a single family in which there are not some Christians, even when all its members are not such yet. Here is the work of less than twenty years."

This general movement of the nomad tribes towards Christianity was not brought about without an outlay of extraordinary efforts on the part of the missionaries. "They are indefatigable in training our good Christians," said Mother Mary of the Incarnation. Again she wrote: "I do not believe that the earth holds men more detached from creatures than the Fathers of this mission. They seek only to suffer for Jesus Christ and to gain souls to Him. We see in them every day virtuous actions which show how these apostolic men are enemies of self and of all repose for the service of their Master." At another time she writes to her son: "I am astounded at seeing here saints living in a state of frightful destitution. . . . I have no words with which to express what I know of them. . . . They are inexorable and without pity on themselves in leading a living death, that is to say, in destroying every inclination of nature, which is prejudicial to imitators of Jesus Christ. . . . They are of great assistance to us and all those who are in need receive the same aid ; great and small, all in general have recourse to them in the misfortunes which befall them." She finishes her portrait of these religious with this last stroke: "If you knew the life that must be led among these savages you would say that it is impossible, and could not be gone through. . . . The labors of the gospel workmen are so great that I have not words to make you understand it."

This picture is from the hand of one of the most distinguished women held in honor by the Church of Canada, one of the

stanchest of her Christians, one of her most beautiful and purest characters. This Church, however, counts among her dead many other women of head and heart and virtue. In this first half of the seventeenth century, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, her spiritual children and the different other communities, saw the missionaries at close range. The Jesuits were then the only priests in Canada, the chaplains of their convents, the rectors of parishes, the officiating clergy and preachers. The Superior of the Missions held the title of Grand Vicar and discharged the duties of this position. The missionaries and the religious were occupied with the same works and pursuing the same end, and in this common and united action, it was well-nigh impossible that the life of the religious of the Society of Jesus should not be daily open to their scrutiny. This took place despite the care the Jesuits were at to have it known only to God. "That which above all else fills me with admiration in these apostles, is the pains they take to conceal their labors with charming modesty."

The apostles who successively labored in evangelizing the nomad tribes from 1633 to 1652, were Fathers Le Jeune, de Quen, du Peron, Buteux, de Lyonne, Druillettes, Vimont, Jérôme Lalemont, Massé and de Nouë. The reader has already seen several of them at their work, and he will meet them again on other battlefields. Gabriel Druillettes, one of the most enterprising of all these energetic men, was the last to come to Canada. Scarcely had he entered upon his apostolic career, than he began to run along therein like a giant. Admitted into the Society of Jesus at Toulouse, July 28, 1629, he was, at the end of his noviceship, applied to the study of philosophy and the sciences at Puy-en-Velay, where later on he taught Humanities and Rhetoric. He returned to Toulouse to follow the Long Course of Theology, whence he passed to that last year of trial and formation which St. Ignatius calls the *School of the Heart*, and which is for the Jesuit the mysterious furnace at which his heart is inflamed and strengthened before facing the rough combats of the Catholic apostolate.

Father Druillettes, like his brothers in religion, had gone through the long series of preparations. He goes out in silence from his solitude, his heart filled with renewed vigor from the living sources of faith, ready to make all sacrifices for the service

of his neighbor, wherever obedience should fix his abode. Of clear and well-trained intellect, of a loving and devoted nature, with a character full of energy and decision, he joined to these good qualities the virtues which make up an apostle and the faith which moves mountains. He asks for the Mission of Canada, and on August 15, 1643, he reached Quebec with Fathers Noël Chabanel and Leonard Garreau, two chosen victims destined for the sacrifice. In a short time he had made himself master of the Algonquin tongue. Frenchmen and savages alike admire the facility with which he speaks it. The hour for action has now struck.

We have by this time reached the month of October, 1644. The Iroquois have recommenced their war against the Hurons and their allies. Terror reigns everywhere. A large party of converted Algonquins come to seek Father Vimont, and to beg him to have a missionary accompany them. They are now setting out on their long winter hunt. "The Iroquois," they say, "pursue us on every side; we have been obliged to keep away several days from the House of Prayer, and during our absence of several months, we earnestly wish to have some one with us to administer the sacraments and to teach us the way to heaven." Father Druillettes is granted them. He puts in a box all that is needed for the sacrifice of the Mass—this is his whole baggage—and sets out.

We have already told the story of Father Le Jeune's winter sojourn in the company of the Montagnais. Father Druillettes was now to undergo a similar experience, the same six months of tramping over mountains and through valleys, over rivers and frozen lakes, and across forests covered with snow; the same lodging in cabins thick with smoke; the same sufferings from hunger and thirst and cold. But the savages of to-day differed from those of yesterday! At every stop, they fixed up the Father's hut, and there they heard Mass, assisted at catechism, and said morning and evening prayers in common. Before setting out, the men to the chase and the women to their work, they all asked on bended knees the Father's blessing. Sundays and Feast days were observed with exactness. Christmas Night, Ash Wednesday, Palm Sunday, the bonfire in honor of St. Joseph, were not forgotten. Everything was carried on as far as possible according to the Church's ritual in that little bark pavilion, amid

the great forests of New France, where for the first time the Divine Saviour came down and immolated Himself. On Good Friday, the savages kneeling at the foot of the crucifix, near the rustic altar, fervently prayed for their enemies, the Iroquois. "Lord," they said, "pardon those who are hunting us down with so much fury, who would fain in their rage put us to death; open their eyes." The Protestant Parkman cannot withhold his admiration of this sublime manifestation of Christian charity. He can find nothing more striking than this in all the Jesuit Relations. "Those who know," he adds, "the intensity and tenacity of an Indian's hatred will see in this something more than a change from one superstition to another. An idea had been presented to the mind of the savage, to which he had been previously an utter stranger . . . but it is very far from being the only evidence that, in teaching the dogmas and observances of the Roman Church, the missionaries taught also the morals of Christianity." Further on, he thus concludes this passage: "As for the religion which the Jesuits taught them, however Protestants may carp at it, it was the only form of Christianity likely to take root in their crude and barbarous nature."

Strength of soul and devotedness afford no shelter from the rough attacks of suffering. Privations, the fumes of the wigwams, all the misery inseparable from the vagabond life of the savages, went to undermine Father Druillettes' once robust health. He even lost his sight. How could he any longer follow his companions? "Give me," he said, "a guide. I have strength enough to keep up with you." They entrusted him to a boy. "If you are willing to submit to our remedies," said his disconsolate neophytes, "you will be cured." He agreed, and a woman armed with a piece of rusty iron, scraped his eyeballs. Never had the patient endured such suffering in all his life. He now understood that his only recourse was to God, the great physician of all. He offered up the sacrifice of the Mass for this intention; he prayed himself, had the savages to pray for him, and suddenly he recovered his lost sight.

A still more important mission awaited him on his return to Quebec. On the banks of the river Kennebec, on the borderline between Acadia and New England, there lived the Abenakis, an Algonquin people. This warlike nation, which had been for a long time a powerful barrier against the English, had been

greatly touched by the reception accorded some of their warriors at Sillery. They had been present at the prayers of the neophytes, they had been witnesses of their fervent Christian lives, and of the devotedness of the missionaries, and returning to their own country as Christians and apostles, had urged their compatriots to ask for a Black robe, a suggestion which was speedily acted upon.

On August 29, 1646, Father Druillettes, accompanied by some Indians, started on his journey. He is the first European who undertakes the long and painful trip from the St. Lawrence to the headwaters of the Kennebec. He descends the river in a bark canoe, continues on his way as far as the sea, stops for a while with the Capuchins at Penobscot and after having visited *en route* several English trading ports where he is cordially received, fixes himself at Koussinok, the present Augusta.

There the Indians hasten to construct a wooden chapel, and around it some fifteen huts. The missionary quickly learns their language, and at once sets about catechizing, baptizing, and visiting the sick. The savages, at his recommendation, give up intoxicating drinks; the young people throw away their manitous; charms and incantations disappear to give place to prayers. Within a few months, a radical change has been effected. In the middle of January the whole tribe set off on their hunt, Father Druillettes following them. Despite the predictions of the sorcerers, the converts are successful in the chase, even more successful than their pagan companions. Some jugglers, struck by the power of the God of the Christians, receive baptism, and burn their drums.

"Who can tell," says Bancroft, "all the hazards that were encountered? The sharp rocks in the channel of the river were full of perils for the frail canoe; winter turned the solitudes into a wilderness of snow; the rover, Christian or pagan, must carry about with him his house, his furniture and his food. But the Jesuit succeeded in winning the affection of the savages; and, after a pilgrimage of ten months, an escort of thirty conducted him to Quebec, full of health and joy."

The same historian adds: "Thus in September, 1646, within fourteen years from the restoration of Quebec, advancing rapidly towards a widely extended dominion in North America, it had its outposts on the Kennebec, and on the shores of Lake Huron, and

had approached the settlements round Albany. The missionaries, exalted by zeal, enjoyed a fearless tranquillity, and were pledged to obedience unto death. The whole strength of the colony lay in the missions."

Whilst Father Druillettes is visiting the valiant tribe of the Abenaki to the south of the St. Lawrence, Father de Quen, setting out from Tadoussac, ascends the Saguenay in a bark canoe rowed by two savages, and after having traversed a series of rivers, lakes and rapids, arrives in the midst of the Porcupine Nation. He had learned that the Christians of that tribe, who had been baptized at Tadoussac, were seriously ill, and he had come to console and strengthen them at their last hour. He hoped on this same occasion to diffuse the light of the Gospel over the souls of some of the pagans. "As soon as the savages perceived me," writes the Jesuit, "they came out from their cabins to see the first Frenchman who ever set foot upon their soil. They were astounded at my hardihood, not believing that I would have the courage to surmount such great difficulties out of love for them. They received me into their cabins as a man come down from heaven. . . . The chief said to me : 'We do not know how to express our joy at your coming ; one thing causes us sadness, you have come at a bad time ; we have no nets to cast for fish, and the waters are too high to capture castors.' " Father de Quen heard the confessions of the Christians, consoled the sick, disposed the aged for baptism, and started on his way back to Tadoussac.

Meanwhile death had commenced to gather its harvest from among the brave laborers who had from the first employed themselves with so much courage, with such thorough contempt of fatigue and suffering and death, in the salvation and civilization of these nomad tribes. We have already spoken of Father de Nouë, a true type of a devoted missionary, charitable and at the command of all. This religious, of noble lineage, well-educated, a professed father of four vows, skilled in questions of dogmatic and moral theology, had voluntarily made himself out of humility, as we have already stated, the servant of all in New France. One day when he was being strongly urged to return to France, where his noble name and talents would be of greater service than in Canada, he made answer : "I wish to die here, employed till the end in serving the savages, and those who have

the care of them." Not being able to instruct them, because of his ignorance of their language, he became their servant at Quebec, Sillery and Three Rivers, but with such amiability and such joyous lightheartedness that it seemed to him a real pleasure to attend to their most distressing and repulsive needs. Frenchmen and savages alike regarded him as a saint. He took part in all their labors, he even looked like one of themselves in outward appearance, and public opinion, which is generally a good judge, knew well that he could not show such constant evidence of virtue without the interior fire of charity which is its aliment and source.

Father de Nouë, outside the time which he devoted to the instruction and the advancement in holiness of the French settlers, passed the rest of his day in the hospital for the savages or in the cabins of the sick and dying, where he rendered them all the offices of a simple infirmarian. If they lacked food, he went to gather herbs in the woods or to catch fish in the river. When required by their needs he would perform the most menial work. All this was not without cost to his naturally proud nature, destined by birth and education for higher things. Nothing, however, discouraged his generous soul, so strongly tempered by hardship and despoiled by its own free choice of all vain honor and pleasure in false enjoyment.

It was reserved for this apostle, who lived only with God and for God, to die far removed from all human aid, assisted and consoled by God alone. On January 30, 1646, he left Three Rivers, accompanied by two soldiers and a Huron Indian, and directed his steps toward Fort Richelieu, where he was to administer the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist to the French garrison. The St. Lawrence was frozen fast, the ground was covered with snow. The journey was made on snowshoes, their baggage being dragged along on small sleds. When night came on, they stretched themselves out in a large pit, hollowed out in the snow, with only the heaven above for protecting roof. The two soldiers, who had but recently come to Canada and were not used to travelling on snowshoes, were very much fatigued. Father de Nouë noticing this and heeding only the call of charity, rose at 2 A. M., put a mouthful of bread and some prunes in his pocket, and without either light or a cloak, set out for the fort in quest of aid. This act of charity cost him his life. He lost his way in the darkness and snowdrifts.

Three days after, February 2, a soldier and two Hurons sent out to search for him, found the frozen body of the missionary four leagues beyond the fort. He was on his knees, his head uncovered, his arms crossed upon his breast, and his eyes wide open looking up to heaven. They carried the body back to Three Rivers, "where everybody," says Mary of the Incarnation, "was filled at the same time with both sadness and consolation; sadness at the sight of this good father, who night and day had had no other care than to be at the service of all, thus dead, deprived of all human aid; consolation, in looking upon that corpse in the position in which St. Francis Xavier is ordinarily depicted, the arms crossed upon the breast, the eyes open and fixed upon heaven, which was the sole witness of his death agony and was waiting to crown his labors. His face was more like that of a man in contemplation than of the dead."

On May 12, of the same year, Father Ennemond Massé went to join Father Anne de Nouë in the glory of heaven. Together they had run the same course of abnegation, mortification and apostolic zeal. Both had chosen the lowest place in the religious society to which they had belonged, a place where one may labor and make sacrifices without distinction or renown, but often with more fruit. It would be a long story to tell of all the good effected by these two men. They had both died in their dear mission of Canada, one in the exercise of charity, the other in the act of praying, both with high reputation for holiness. They were buried in the first two Canadian settlements, Father Massé at Sillery and Father de Nouë at Three Rivers.

The French Canadians have not been unmindful of what they owe to Father Massé. In 1870, two priests making excavations at Sillery, discovered the precious remains of the missionary in a side chapel, on the gospel-side of the old church, and June 26 of this same year, an immense crowd pressed around the obelisk-shaped monument, bearing an appropriate inscription, raised by a grateful people to the first apostle of New France.

SHRINE NOTES.

Owing to the continued falls of snow, sharp frosts, sudden thaws, and occasional downpour of rain, the damage to the Ravine was more serious than we imagined when reporting it in the Shrine Notes of the PILGRIM last month. It was very fortunate that we had built up the walls of the creek, as we had done last summer, or else the stream would have destroyed not only the bed of the Ravine itself, but have torn away the bank underneath the Grotto. As it was, the water began by scooping out the quicksand bed of the creek proper and worked its way underneath the banks, carrying away the clay from behind the wall of railway ties for a distance of nearly fifty feet and a depth of fully six feet. To repair this damage by filling in these cavities and rough-paving, the bed of the creek required all the stone hedges and all the help available in the neighborhood, and the difficulty and expense were greater than would appear at first sight. First of all the ice, which was one foot thick, could be removed only by dynamite. The ground, which was frozen three feet deep, would yield only to the same force. Every few days brought a heavy rain or snow and frost. The thermometer was frequently three and four degrees below zero. So that all these difficulties and setbacks took several men and teams full three weeks to repair the damage. In making these repairs we did our best to make the banks of the creek stronger than ever before. To give our readers some notion of how violent the action of ice and rain is in the neighborhood of Auriesville we might refer them to the newspapers published in the different towns along the Mohawk Valley. If we compare the damage at the Shrine with the damage done at other points of the river, for instance at Schoharie, we may be thankful that we came off so well. A letter from the one in charge of the repairs will help our readers to know exactly the extent of the damage.

"The damage in the Ravine is worse than I expected to find it. The washout began with the clay on the bottom of the creek near the turn. Then the quicksand moved, and the water cut away a corner of the grove side of the creek. Falling from the rough stone bed above into this new soft channel, which it had scooped out to a depth of three feet, it formed at first an immense pool and gradually deepened this to six feet, and then began work-

ing in underneath the newly made banks on either side, and carried away the clay back of the railway ties for a distance of fifty feet and a depth of more than six feet. Whilst on the grove side so much was torn away, that it will be an easy matter to widen the creek at this point next summer, and thus give the water and ice more scope for turning at this point, so that there will be less danger of its injuring either bank in future. All the rest of the Ravine is in perfect condition, the roadbed remaining intact and the hillsides, which were sodded last fall, showing no signs of sliding. So that with very little effort in the spring the Ravine can be made the beautiful place it should be.''

It cost us more than \$300 to repair the damage done by these late storms to the Ravine. As we have not fully paid for the improvements made there last summer, we must call upon the readers of the *PILGRIM* and friends of the Shrine to help us to meet these expenses. It is not too soon to appeal even now for the assistance we shall need, not only to clear this debt, but also to provide for some necessary improvements which should be made before the pilgrimage season opens.

We hope to finish the work, which was begun upon the Ravine last fall, early in spring, and to plant shade trees along the newly-made road, and vines and other plants along the banks of the creek and underneath the Grotto. The Father who will visit the Shrine some day of the week after Easter, to say Mass, will take occasion of his visit to direct these improvements. As we noted in the *PILGRIM* for November, 1899, this Mass should be said on April 13, the anniversary of the death of Catherine Tégakwitha, but as, this year, Good Friday falls on that day, it must be postponed until the week following, and it will be said, if possible, on April 18, a day devoted to the honor of Blessed Mary of the Incarnation, foundress and first Superioress of the Ursulines of Quebec, in 1624, so deservedly celebrated for her zeal and fruitful work for young Indian girls like Catherine. Although Catherine never came under the influence of Blessed Mary or her Ursulines, readers of her life will remember how much she was attracted by all she saw in the lives of the Hospital Sisters in Montreal, whom she visited when travelling in Caughnawaugha, the Indian Catholic settlement near that city. In coupling the memory of Catherine with that of Blessed Mary of the Incarnation, we shall be honoring a servant of God who helped the mis-

sionaries so much in the education of young Indian girls. We need not remind our readers that this Mass is offered for their intentions, and particularly for those who contribute either for the improvement of the Shrine or for the cause of the martyrs.

Our readers will remember that when describing the design of the Crown of Thorns, for the statue of our Lady of Martyrs, we proposed to give what gold had been sent since the contributions for the crown were closed, to make halos of gold for the figures of our Lord and of His Blessed Mother. Partly because of the seeming incongruity of decorating in any way the figures representing our Lady and her Divine Son in their sorrows, and partly because many of the friends of the Shrine would prefer to have this gold converted into a chalice for the Masses to be said at the altar, we have reconsidered this proposition and are quite ready to use this gold for the purpose which seems best to those who are most interested in it. So we shall be grateful to those who wish to send offerings of gold in the future, if they will specify for what purpose they want it to be used.

We need not remind our readers that Friday, April 6, is the day on which the Church commemorates the Seven Sorrows of our Blessed Lady, and one, therefore, on which they may recommend in a particular manner the petitions which they hope to obtain through her intercession.

ST. PHILOMENA.

BY ALBA.

CANTO II. THE PALACE.

(*Continued.*)

PIERCE as the tempest-clouds, that loom
 Around the summer sky,
 Are the dark passions, fraught with doom,
 Now gath'ring o'er that face of gloom,
 Now flashing from that eye.
 Quickly the threaten'd thunders burst.

“Scorned by a Christian! Scorned by thee,
 Oh! daughter of a race accurst!
 Hath the world's master sued to be
 Rejected? By the Furies dire!

Each Christian heart shall writhe beneath
The weight of my revengeful ire !
The sword, the torture, famine, fire,
Among their ranks shall scatter death.
And thou !—and thou !—a shroud shall be
Thine only robe of royalty,
In thine own blood dyed red ;
The crown shall be of glowing iron
Whose close embraces shall environ
Thy rash, presumptuous head ! ”

Fierce rage his utterance repress,
Knit were his brows, and heaved his breast ;
While o'er the maiden's face there stole
A smile all heavenly bright,
As if a glimpse of some far goal
Were slowly breaking on her soul
Like dawn on darksome night.
But now the smile hath quickly passed,
While humbly are the eyes down-cast,
And bent the lovely head.
“ The Lord of Heaven, of kings the King,
Will His protecting mantle fling,
And out of darkness light will bring.”
’Twas all the maiden said.

Strong as the earthquake rending
Some great volcano's crest,
The passions wild contending
Within the monarch's breast.
Now, jealous fury prompts to deeds
Of swift and merciless revenge ;
Again, the softer passion pleads,
And threats to supplications change.

“ Oh ! maiden, say thou wilt be mine,
And all thy scorn I will forget.

Trust me, thy beauty shall be set,
Like some fair gem of matchless shine,
In wreathings of imperial gold.
Turn not away thine eyes. Behold !
He to whom all men bend the knee,
Himself a suppliant, kneels to thee.
The monarch of Earth's furthest land,
The Cæsar proud, great Roma's Lord,
Sues for the grace he should command.—
Cast thou away that Faith abhorred
Whose votaries blind have deified
A malefactor crucified,
And—'

"Stay the impious word !" she cried.
Thy hand to touch, thy throne to share
A Christian maiden may not dare—
What ! Trample on my holy Faith,
Sole rest in life, sole hope in death,
And draw from Heaven a thousand woes
Upon its mourning sons and daughters !
Oh ! Tiber, ere that instant, close
Above my head thy chilly waters !"
Upward the kneeling monarch starts,
While bursts his heart with rage redoubled.
Flashes of import dire he darts
On Philomena's face untroubled.
"Under the river would'st thou sleep ?
Then sleep thou there, beneath the river.—
Slaves ! Are ye deaf ? Ho ! To the deep,
Cold caverns of the Tiber give her !
Maniac, adieu. No more we meet.
Whose is it, now the scorn to fling ?
Which of us two may now entreat—
The captive, or the king ?"

Wildly away the monarch rushed,
His countenance, by fury flushed,

Deep in his mantle buried,
While two dark mutes of Lybian birth,
By his impassioned voice called forth,
 Into the hall have hurried
And seized the helpless Philomen
Whose looks for pity all in vain
To those proud Roman dames appeal.
There's not an eye can joy conceal
Thus to behold a rival bright
Torn rudely from their jealous sight.—
Now, a small door-way swiftly passed,
They reach a labyrinth long and vast
Through whose dim corridors no ray
Of fading twilight finds its way.
Thence, to a steep and winding stair
The slaves their fainting burden bear,
 And down its black descent
Deeper and deeper still they go,
Till by the low brow'd arch below
 Their giant forms are bent.
'Tis a dark cave. A gurgling sound,
That mourns with smothered wail around,
 Tells of the deep flood nigh ;
And now, the narrow path beside,
Swiftly the yawning waters glide,
 Appalling to the eye.
Oh God ! They hurl her from the brink !
In the black pool behold her sink,
 Then to the surface rise !
While the dark current swift and strong
Bearing her helpless form along,
Sweeps it a distant archway through !
Ah ! To all human aid adieu !
Down the cold Tiber's bosom wide,
 Unwept by earthly eyes,
Far does her corse already glide
 Beneath the darkening skies !

CANTO III. MOONLIGHT.

What reck the Caesar's lofty halls,
In vast magnificence outspread,
Whose countless gilded capitals
And pillars fair of porph'ry red
On every side, through glades of light,
Reveal new splendors to the sight,
Whose circling dome, by pencil rare
Adorned with fancy's offspring fair
In rainbow hues—a mimic heaven—
Spreads its protecting shadow o'er
The tribute which a world hath given
A despot's dwelling-place to store ;
Whose perfum'd lamps in thousands play,
Reposing as with lunar ray,
On sculpture's snowy victories,
The breathing statue, urn and frieze,
Or sparkling through the jets that mount
From marble and from jasper fount,—
What do they reck of murderous wave
Embosomed keep in darkling cave,
Though straight, perchance, beneath their pride
The cavern and the wave may hide?
What heeds the guest who, at the board
Outspread by Rome's imperial lord
With viands rich, and costly wines,
Upon his silken couch reclines ;
With indolent, luxurious gaze
Out-singling from a golden vase
Some luscious fruit, or idly bending
The jewelled goblet to demand
From the fair slaves who, watchful, stand
Around ; a languid ear now lending
To the rich melody ascending
From many a curtained minstrel-band ;
Discerning now with outstretched hand
One from the distant groups who tread

To each sweet strain a graceful measure,
Musing, the while, on pastime red,
Where hireling gladiators shed
Their life-blood for a master's pleasure;—
What do these sons of luxury dream
Of corpses in the cold, dark stream,
Of souls that up to Heaven's Gate bear
A fearful tale, for record there?
Yet on the Cæsar's darkened brow
A heavy cloud is resting now,
And from this festal scene away
Far do his gloomy musings stray.
Though splendor here with splendor vies,
Naught can arrest his wandering eyes,
While strains the choicest Earth can hear
Serve but to vex his sated ear.
The viands rich before him placed
Unheeded tempt his kingly taste;
Only the wine cup does he drain
To its last drop, then sinks again
Back to his troubled reverie.—
What can the lofty project be
Which thus absorbs his every thought?
Or hath some web fantastic, wrought
By guideless reason, won away
His soul from luxury's baser sway?
Or hath some miracle imparted
Even to the despot iron-hearted
That on the earth such things there be
As sickness, age and poverty,
Claiming from wealth and power a care?
Ah! no. He hath no thought to spare
For trifles such as these.
Were not the world and all things fair
Created but to please
The needy Sense, the Pride most meet
Of those who sit on splendor's seat?

No idle cares for vulgar dust
Oppress to-night the monarch's soul.
His troubles weightier, more just,
Round a more worthy centre roll—
His own imperial Self. For lo !
The pleasures that around him glow
Have glowed like this so oft before
That even *their* witchery charms no more.
And many a laden argosie
Hath wafted from beyond the sea
Costly delights, temptations new ;
But these, alas ! have sated, too,
And left the empire's haughty lord
By pleasure and content ignored.
Say, does he now, though late, repent
Of hours and efforts vainly spent ?
Or does he mourn, with selfish pain,
Enjoyment by Indulgence slain ?
Far other thoughts his mind enchain—
Untutored by experience past,
Fancy proclaims as found at last
The one desire yet unfulfilled
Which seems, in longing eyes,
Promise of lasting joy to yield.
What is this priceless prize ?
What treasured ore ? What priceless gem ?
What mighty nation's diadem ?
Is it or Love's or Victory's wreath
Which can such flattering promise breathe ?

Poor Philomen ! Were there no maids
In bright Italia's sunny glades,
In Rome no ladies fair and high,
That thus the Cæsar's wayward eye
On *thee* should light ? What was the charm
Which could so proud a bosom warm ?
Was it thy beauteous form ? The grace

That mantled on thy heavenly face ?
 Ah ! 'twas a rarer charm than this,
 'Twas—that thou never couldst be his.
 Here was the touch from magic wand
 Which made thee worth all else beside.
 That thou were placed his grasp beyond ;
 A something e'en to him denied.
 And now, though all that art can weave,
 Nature bestow, or mind conceive,
 Is lavished round him, still does he
 Yearn, unconsolated, for thee—for thee,
 Not as his youth's companion dear
 Whose true affection well might be
 His solace in adversity,
 His one pure, stingless pleasure here ;
 But as a toy whose beauty lives
 In the bright halo distance gives,
 And all whose glory would be gone
 Soon as he clasped it for his own.

“ Oh ! Philomen, if thou wert here
 With thy soft voice my soul to cheer,
 With thy dark eye's enchanting ray
 To charm my spirit's gloom away,
 How blest might even an emperor be !
 But light is darkness without thee.
 Cold as a lake by chill blasts frozen,
 Why dost thou scorn my proffered love ?
 Surely, could'st thou the pleasures prove
 Encircling round the Cæsar's chosen,
 Quickly thy stern resolve could be
 To wild winds given. Nay, could'st thou see
 This gorgeous festival, I ween
 'Twould win thee yet to be its queen.
 Ho ! licitor, go ; with service quick
 The captive Christian maiden seek,
 And hither bring.”

Th' astonished guard
With terror hears the wild command ;
And, pale as though Death's voice he heard,
Unheeding the impetuous hand
Whose gesture would enforce the word,
Kneels prostrate there before his lord
Who, conscience-struck, anticipates
The tale his trembling guard relates.
Now baffled passion fiercely raves,
And, though all self-accused, doth seek
A victim on whose head to wreak
Its vengeance. " Ha ! the murderous slaves !
Tortures unheard of, woes unspared
Shall be their portion who thus dared
Fulfil my threat with haste accurst,
Nor paused to know my pleasure first !
But—it may be—thou liest, slave !

Shame on thy false, ungrounded tale !
They have but placed her in some cave.
'Twas meet she should her scorn bewail.—
How ! From the watch-tower did thine eye
Her form upon the tide descry,

Nor came it in thy craven thought
To cast thee headlong from the tower,
And save her from the Tiber's power ?

By all the gods ! thy life is naught,
If here, ere morning's earliest beam,
The Christian maid thou dost not bear,
Uninjured even in one bright hair.
Speak at thy risk of grave or stream.
Begone ! —"

(*To be continued.*)

SIMI AND THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER V.

A Strengthening Dream.

SOME years had elapsed since Jacob and Sara's marriage had taken place, and Simi was now about fourteen years of age.

One night, after her customary reading, she had fallen into a tranquil sleep and dreamed of beautiful angels, of the smiling Infant Jesus and of the maternal caresses of the Holy Mother.

Suddenly her dreams took another turn. She fancied she saw Jesus approaching, bent under the weight of an enormous Cross, covered with blood and filthy spittle, and surrounded by cruel executioners. He looked at her sweetly, His divine eyes full of tears. Prostrating herself on the ground with the holy women of Jerusalem, she thought she heard the voice of Jesus saying :

“Simi, take up thy cross and follow me.”

Then she thought she was lifted from the ground and amidst the insulting jeers and blows of the rabble a heavy cross was placed on her shoulders. She kissed it and began bravely enough to follow in the blood-stained footprints of Jesus up the rough road to Calvary. But she soon grew faint, for the cross was heavy, very heavy ; and, just as she was about to let it slip from her shoulders, Jesus turned His beautiful, tearful face towards her, saying :

“Follow Me.”

That glance renewed Simi's strength, she embraced the cross more closely and she continued to climb ever higher, the rugged hill of Calvary. Alas ! the terrible ascent was too much for her, her strength once more gave way, the cross slipped from her shoulders and she fell swooning to the ground !

When she recovered consciousness she found herself reclining on Mary's bosom. The holy mother was seated at the foot of the Cross on which her Son was agonizing and she was weeping sadly. Simi looked up and saw a second cross on which was printed in large letters, "For Simi." The executioners now drew near, their terrible faces more hideous by reason of the fiendish laughter on their lips. They tried to seize her. She closed her eyes in horror, she felt an arm slipped round her neck and her head raised; the executioners were about to drag her away, but our Lady threw her mantle around her, and one look from her gentle eyes sufficed to dismay those brutal men.

Simi thought she felt the arm withdrawn and her head fell softly on her Mother's bosom. A tear stole from Mary's eye, it fell on Simi's face like a drop of molten lead. With an affrighted start she awoke!

"My God! what an awful nightmare," she exclaimed. As she said this, she thought she heard the noise of a robe trailing on the carpet across her room. She listened attentively but the sound was not repeated. Thinking it must have been a continuation of the nightmare, she crossed herself devoutly, recommended her soul to the Blessed Virgin, and while still whispering the *Salve Regina*, fell once more into a deep sleep.

Again those dreadful visions renewed themselves in her dreams. Jesus from His Cross offered her a draught from His chalice of vinegar and gall; our Lady asked her if she had fortitude enough to be pierced by one of the seven swords which wounded her own heart.

"I will suffer everything for love of you, my Mother," she answered.

"My daughter, when the sword of sorrow shall pierce thy soul, remember my dolors and my Son's wounds."

The vision vanished and Simi slept tranquilly till morning. When she awoke her mind was still full of the harassing scenes she had passed through in her dreams. With a terrified start she raised the pillow under which she had placed

the book she read before going to bed the previous night. It was gone ! She searched all about the bed and through the room in vain. She rubbed her eyes, believing herself to be still under the influence of the nightmare ; but she was wide awake and her book had most certainly disappeared. With lightning rapidity the scenes in her dreams passed before her ; that feeling of the arm beneath her head and the rustling of a gown on the carpet remained most vividly of all.

Kneeling beside her bed and crossing her arms on her breast she burst into an agony of tears.

"Something warned me in my dreams last night, my Jesus, that I must take up my cross and follow Thee and drink of Thy chalice. Give me strength, oh, my God ! to drink it to the dregs. And Thou, oh my Mother ! grant that I may never forget Thy sufferings or those of Thy Son."

With her forehead pressed against the bed Simi prayed thus for some time. When she rose from her knees she had ceased to weep, and her child-like face looked beautiful ; for there shone on her features the calmness and resignation of a martyr.

It was with this expression still lingering on her face she received her father, who unexpectedly walked into her room some time after. She advanced to offer her usual morning kiss, but he repulsed her violently ; and, fixing his eyes on her with the keenness of a pair of sharp daggers, he exclaimed with a deep, stern voice.

"Infamous wretch !"

The child, utterly dismayed, stood quite still in the centre of the room. She hung down her blushing face and scarcely dared to breathe.

"Do not try to hide your face," shouted the Jew, seizing her by the arm with one hand while with the other he raised her face to his. "Look at me, Simi ; look on this face which you have dishonored !" The child's anguish was terrible. Her father began to scold violently, showing her the book which he twisted spasmodically between his fingers. Sparks of fire seemed to flash from his eyes, and his voice rose

higher and higher. At the sight of this uncontrolled anger the young girl could do nothing but weep in silence. Suddenly in the midst of his wrath the Jew also began to weep, the father's love for a moment dominating his zeal as a High Priest.

"Oh, Simi, you are silent ; you confess you are guilty, that you are a traitress ! For the love of our God deny it, my daughter, daughter of my heart ! Deny it even if it be true. Do not torture a father who loves you so devotedly. Try at least to undeceive me if you can !"

Simi, quite unprepared for this outburst of affection, was almost overwhelmed. Oh, what a cruel struggle rent her heart at that moment ! But she thought of Jesus and Mary as they had appeared in her dreams, and she inwardly murmured :

"Oh, God ! this is more than I can bear ! Holy Virgin give me courage !"

Her father still continued pleading, his voice at times trembling with sorrow, then again hoarse with anger. In Simi's heart the waves of bitterness rose ever higher, and the cross seemed weighing her down. Unable any longer to bear the torrent of bitter reproaches flowing from her father's lips she threw herself at his feet with the single cry :

"My father !"

"Ah," exclaimed Jacob, "you acknowledge your sin, the infamy you have committed in thus dishonoring your race, your treachery to evade the Holy Law in which you were born, your cruelty in filling your father's heart with bitterness ?"

Simi covered her face with her hands and continued to cry, as indeed she had done all through.

Then Jacob with a fresh outburst of paternal love raised her from the floor, and while caressing her affectionately, said :

"My daughter, you are too kind and loving to torment me further. This has only been a passing hallucination, born of your inexperience and not thought out maliciously. I pardon you if you say you did not know what you were doing—nothing more than this, and I pardon you fully !"

Simi's tears flowed, still she spoke no word ; but from her inmost heart went up pleadings for help to Our Lady of Dolors.

" You still remain silent ? " exclaimed her father, now very much exasperated. " Your silence will not satisfy me. You *shall* say something to deliver me from this cruel uncertainty and to make satisfaction to the offended God of our Fathers ! "

No sound from Simi. The Jew was furious.

" Ungrateful wretch, you *will* not speak ? Are you not moved by your father's tears ? It is enough. I must now deal with you as the minister of a jealous God, the God of Vengeance ! "

The man, who ten minutes previously was a loving father, now became like a furious wild beast. With the book he held in his hand he struck Simi on the face ; then with another violent blow he threw her on the floor, spitting on her several times as he did so. He trampled on her, he dragged her round the room by her hair. All that was human seemed to have gone out of his heart, for he treated his child with the barbarous cruelty of the maddest of insane fanatics. The punishment was so long and so cruel that when the fierce Jew had ceased to torture his victim she already lay senseless and bleeding on the floor of her little room.

CHAPTER VI.

The Power of God's Grace.

From that fatal day Simi's life became a prolonged martyrdom. The violent scene described in the previous chapter was but the prelude to others, a thousand times more painful than death. Her father's cruel treatment daily increased. She was degraded from her place as daughter of the house and sent to live among the servants. She was even obliged to share their most menial duties. She was no longer allowed to associate with her parents, being now considered unworthy of their society.

The poor child counted her humiliations nothing compared with the pain of being separated from her father, whom she

loved passionately. And there were times when her trials became almost insupportable. For instance, if by chance she met her little brother and took him in her arms to caress him, they would snatch him away as if her touch contaminated the boy. Then she would creep away to some corner to give vent to the grief which overpowered her heart.

Jacob's mood sometimes varied. The stern Jew would occasionally give way to outbursts of affection, he would press Simi to his heart, telling her how he loved her and imploring of her to give up what he called her passing madness. When he wept and caressed her thus she found it much harder to bear up than when he trampled her under his feet and roared at her. After one of those fits of paternal love she always felt as if he were the victim and she the tyrant. Noble souls are much more easily influenced by kindness than by severity, and Simi was one of these. She required great grace from God and the constant protection of the Blessed Virgin to enable her to resist her father's pleading.

There are incidents which, were they not strictly historical, would at once be set aside as utterly improbable. How was it possible that a tender child like Simi, left alone without a single friend—Dolores had been ignominiously expelled from the house—without a kindly word of encouragement from anyone; cast down and humbled; struggling always; shrinking and trembling, with the weakness natural to her sex and tender age before the cruel punishments she had to endure; deafening her ears to the alluring promises of her father, and closing her eyes to his still more eloquent tears; how was it possible, we repeat, that she could endure this martyrdom for two long years, without vacillating one instant, or succumbing beneath the trial? We know not; but such was the case. The title of "True Story," which this simple narrative bears, obliges us to accept the facts as they occurred, and we give them without any embellishment to heighten the interest of a tale sufficiently interesting in its own simple pathos.

There is but one solution to the problem. The child was sustained throughout by that mysterious strength which

theologians name the Grace of God—that same grace which in the early days of Christianity gave strength to timid, gentle girls to fly rejoicing to torments and death. Quite alone, without Dolores' society, having neither book, nor picture, nor statue, Simi lived through all with the sustaining Grace of God.

She erected within her heart a throne to God which men could not tear down. There she adored Him in silence. There she contemplated the sorrows of Jesus and Mary and felt compensation for all her losses. There too she found strength to carry on the contest, not fainting on the way.

And as time passed on the struggle changed its character. The Jew, seeing he could make much more impression on Simi's heart by kindness than by cruelty, resolved to win her back by every species of flattery and caress. He laid aside the harsh manner it had cost him so much to assume and was now all gentleness towards his daughter.

The death of his second wife had filled up the measure of his sorrow, and perhaps it was this loss more than anything else which contributed to the change in his conduct towards Simi.

On the day of Sara's death, while Jacob knelt at her bedside seeking consolation in prayer, he heard a sob behind him. Looking around he saw Simi beside her little brother's cot, kissing his forehead timidly. A heart steeped in grief is rarely cruel; those who suffer much know best how to compassionate the griefs of others. Truly, nothing so makes us charitable as suffering. Therefore it is that Mary, the most sorrowful, is also the most merciful of Mothers. And now, notwithstanding Jacob's prohibition to set her foot within this or her own room, her presence there at that moment had a very different effect on him from that which she feared on stealing into the chamber of death.

Perceiving that he had turned and was looking at her, Simi sprang to her feet and was about to fly from the room, when her father said in a voice full of tenderness:

"Are you leaving me too, my daughter?"

"Dearest father!" in a moment her arms were round his neck and their tears flowed together. For some time they wept in silence, then at length the Jew turned and looking earnestly at his child saw how poorly she was clad in the cast-off clothes of his servants. A feeling of deep remorse for the manner in which he had treated her now took possession of him, and he resolved firmly from that day to make amends fully. He kept her close beside him in his grief, for no one else knew how to console him or soothe poor little Daniel in his cries for his mother. She alone by her caresses could quiet her little brother and answer all his questions.

The following week Jacob raised Simi from the depths of her humiliation and placed her at the head of the house as its mistress. The fanatical Jew had still a father's heart.

(To be continued.)

EASTER MORNING.

BY REV. F. J. MCNIFF, S. J.

NOT weening what the end would be,
Hasting the holy women came
To Jesus' grave, and, mystery!
The soldiers stricken, the great stone
Rolled back, and angels—"Fear not ye!
Behold where He was laid, and whence
He rose by his omnipotence."

MISSION NOTES.

The Congregation of the *White Fathers*, established by the late Cardinal Lavigerie for work in Africa, is now on a solid footing throughout Algiers and Tunis. Besides, it controls the Vicariates of the Sahara and the Soudan, with those of Nyassa, the Upper Congo, Tanganyika, Unyanyembe and the two Nyanzas, South and North. Scattered through this vast extent of country it has 50 residences with 249 missionaries, 132 Sisters, 643 catechists, 47,190 converts, 186,997 in course of preparation for baptism. Of these last 166,150 belong to North Nyanza alone. The Fathers manage 106 schools, attended by 5,908 children. They likewise support hospitals and dispensaries, which last year sheltered as many as 319,204 patients.

Word comes that the Mission of Khartoum in Egypt, long inactive on account of military troubles in the Soudan, is once more in full working order. Bishop Roveggio, Vicar Apostolic, with three Missionary Fathers, succeeded at the end of the last year in making his way to sections laid waste and deprived almost of religion by the Mahdists. The scattered Catholics were gathered together to the number of one hundred, Mass was said and a sermon preached them in Arabic.

Father Billiard, S. J., baptized a Brahmin lady of distinction in Trichinopoly last New Year's Day. Considerable progress is being made in the conversion of this interesting and deeply prejudiced people. The Fathers, however, find it necessary to hasten at a slow pace, baptizing none but such as give good evidence of sincerity by long periods of perseverance.

Work on the Congo progresses satisfactorily. Great efforts are being made by the missionaries to instil into the negroes, along with the principles of Christianity, habits of industry and progress in the mechanical arts. They are consoled by the fact that their pupils are deficient in neither intelligence, manual skill nor ingenuity.

Much success, with a measure of persecution and suffering, attended the Catholic Missions of 1899. Several among the mis-

sionaries and their people have shed their blood for the Faith ; others have undergone the ills of banishment, torture and imprisonment ; not a few are still without means, without a church and without a home for shelter. Everywhere famine or pestilence has played havoc. Indeed these scourges still press heavily on several countries of wide extent, where thousands are fed and cared for by Catholic charity.

On the other hand, much has been achieved for the glory of God. Here are a few trustworthy facts : China's decree in favor of Catholics has been productive of good results and gives hopeful promise of more. Russia's attitude towards the Catholic clergy daily grows more favorable. The same is true of other countries in Northern Europe. English, French and German governors, explorers and tourists have at different times and in various quarters of the globe paid a tribute of praise to the heroism and zeal of our priests and Sisters. Even civil honors have not been wanting. The Board of Public Instruction in France conferred a gold medal on Mgr. Buléon, Vicar Apostolic of Senegambia, for an accurate map of that country. A Jesuit missionary in Madagascar was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and a brother Jesuit, Father Collin, the founder of the observatory at Tananariva, was appointed correspondent of the French Academy of Sciences. The work of M. Launay, another missionary priest, was crowned by the French Academy, and similar honors were awarded Father Lagrange for his topographical sketches of Palestine and Father Delattre for his excavations at Carthage. The Royal Niger Company gave public thanks to Father Rousselet and wished to perpetuate " the memory of Christian heroism, which made him remain at his post during the rising of Issele in 1898."

As usual the faithful all over the world have helped to the spread of the true faith by their voluntary contributions. The poor and little ones have not been the least generous. The Annals of the Holy Childhood show that the gifts of children amounted last year to 3,615,849 francs ; while the offerings for Propagation of the Faith, distributed among the various missions of the world, much exceeded six millions of francs. Thus thousands of hungry mouths were fed and thousands of grateful hearts were enabled to praise and glorify our Father who is in Heaven.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONS, BY THE REV.
FATHER JONQUET, OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE
OBLATES OF MARY, TAKEN FROM L'UNIVERS.

There are in *The Transvaal* three classes of inhabitants :

1. The Boers, the first white occupants of the soil.
2. The English and the other whites who settled in the country as farmers, merchants, miners.
3. The Caffres, who live either on reservations, or scattered among the whites.

The recognized religion is the Reformed Church of Holland. All forms of worship, however, are tolerated as in England and America.

In the code of the Republic certain relics of the Penal Laws of Holland are still in evidence.

Of late the dispositions of the people towards Catholics have much changed. The Boers are no longer afraid to send their children to the schools of the Oblate Fathers and of the Sisters of the Holy Family. There are five or six mission centres occupied by Oblates, under the direction of Fr. de Lacy, the Prefect Apostolic of the Transvaal. In Johannesburg the Sisters of the Holy Family of Bordeaux are in charge of the government hospital, the finest institution of its kind in the whole of South Africa. Between twenty and thirty Sisters are employed in it, tending the sick and wounded of every description. There are several wards reserved for Caffres. Conversions are frequent in this hospital.

The Orange Free State presents a religious condition resembling much that of the sister Republic. The people profess Calvinism. Nowadays the Catholic priest finds real sympathy, where but a few years ago he met with only coldness or hatred.

More than a thousand children are educated in Catholic schools. Mgr. Gaughran, Oblate of Mary, is Vicar Apostolic of this country, and has his residence in Kimberley. The Vicariate includes 5,000 Catholics, living among 140,000 heretics, while more than a million Gentiles in Bechuanaland have recently been added to this already vast mission.

The Vicariate of Natal comprises three principal parts : the Colony of Natal ; the land of the Zulus, Swavis and Amatongas ; and Caffraria. The Vicar Apostolic of this immense district is Mgr. Jolivet, Oblate of Mary.

In the *Colony of Natal* the Church is progressing every day. Hence the Oblates had to appeal to the Trappists for help. At present there are in the Colony twenty-four Trappist Fathers, 250 Brothers and as many Sisters. The Fathers are in charge of eighteen missions. To each of these is attached an industrial school, where, besides agriculture, the various trades are taught. The conversions made by these religious number more than 4,000; and about as many pupils attend their schools.

Among the Zulus the Oblate Fathers have founded eight missions. The race pride of this people has for many years offered most serious obstacles to the zeal of the missionary. On the other hand, the queen of the *Amatongas* is calling for priests. There are in the land of the Zulus and of the Tongas over a million pagans to be converted to the faith.

Caffraria proper numbers, according to the estimate of missionaries, more than 800,000 blacks. The great chiefs are all calling earnestly for the Catholic priest. Already five flourishing missions are rapidly spreading the light of the Gospel, especially among such natives as contact with the whites has not perverted or rendered callous to religious influence.

The Basutoland has seen marvels which recall those of Paraguay. Its missions, founded in 1850 by Mgr. Allard, presented at first very great difficulties. But in 1887, when the country was solemnly consecrated to the Sacred Heart, a sudden change took place. In a single year the Fathers registered as many conversions as they had previously registered in twenty-five.

Full of gratitude, the chief, Peete, said to the Vicar Apostolic shortly after: "I was a sheep, without a shepherd: to-day I belong to the fold of the Church and she sent me a shepherd who carries a crook (meaning a bishop's pastoral staff). I was a chief, but without court or council; to-day the Church has given me *elders* (*presbyters*) to advise me. I was a traveller, but knew not my way; to-day the Church furnishes me with a light, that guides my steps."

Here, more than elsewhere, the missionary must be all to all. His is no easy life. In 1890 Fr. Porte wrote to a fellow religious. "Your friend is a priest at 6 in the morning, a cook at 7, a table companion at 7:30, a mason or carpenter at 8; cook again at 11, a farmer at 2, later in the day a physician and a school-master, and finally catechist or priest again at 6 in the evening.

On common days he wears red velvet pants and a black blouse for cassock ; on holidays, a real cassock yellow with age. On his travels, he wears riding boots, and in rainy weather a rubber suit. He sees no meat or liquor, and has been and is a total abstainer. He eats a chicken when it comes his way, and starves when occasion requires. With all this he is in perpetual good humor, loves his God, is devout to our Blessed Lady, and sacrifices himself for his colored brethren, without neglecting the whites."

The children, besides receiving religious instruction, learn English, French and arithmetic. The boys, moreover, are taught how to till the land, build houses, work in wood and iron, bake bricks and tiles. The girls, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Family, learn how to sew, wash and iron linen, cultivate a small garden, and even to cook, which is not a complicated art in Basutoland. All these marvels are being realized in nine missions.

At Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell is besieged by the Boers, there were at the beginning of the war a convent of nuns and a Salvation Army establishment. Feeling more concern for their own safety than for that of the army, these Salvationists fled before the town was invested, while the Catholic Sisters remained to nurse the sick and wounded of either party.

At Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, there is another convent of Catholic Sisters. Before hostilities actually broke out, the Mother Superioress of the house wrote to President Kruger, recommending her community to his protection. The President replied that he would protect them "as if they were his own daughters." And he kept his word. The soldiers, retained in Johannesburg to preserve order, keep special watch over that convent. Indeed President Kruger, although a Calvinist, does not conceal the enthusiasm he feels for those angels in human form, who by their devotion and self-sacrifice are daily earning greater love and gratitude.

—We glean from the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* this deplorable history of how Christians fare in certain of the Protected Native States in India: "Both in Travancore and Mysore cases come before the Law Courts, in which converts to Christianity had been deprived of property or even the guardianship of their

children, solely on account of having become Christians; and the judges in the highest Courts in both States could not see their way to deny that under the existing law conversion to Christianity carries with it the penalty of confiscation of all civil rights. In 1850 a law was enacted by the East India Company that no one by reason of change of faith, shall forfeit any rights. Yet this law, although accepted by almost all the native States, has not yet been introduced into Mysore and Travancore. An appeal has lately been made, emanating from Christian missionaries, to the governments of the two States and the Supreme Government to extend this law to the two States in question. It is highly interesting to note the difference in the reply that came from these three sources.

From Travancore came an absolute refusal, as in the opinion of Government the Christians had no cause to complain of any grievances. The fact that one-fifth of the population of Travancore has already accepted Christianity was given as a proof that the Christians enjoy all the freedom they can wish for. In Mysore the appeal met with a different response. Though the Maharajah Regent is personally adverse to legislation in the matter, yet the Prime Minister admits that the existing law inflicts an injustice on the Christian convert, and he proposes that rights of property in the fullest sense should be granted to all Christians. The answer of the Supreme Government was on the side of Travancore. The Supreme Government endorses, without reserve, every statement and argument used by the Travancore Government, whilst on the other hand it completely ignores the more generous response of Mysore. It is not surprising to hear that, after this cold reception of its well meant effort and the attitude assumed by the Supreme Government towards the question in general, the Mysore Government has felt compelled to abandon its proposed legislation. The *Madras Mail*, commenting on this singular attitude of the Government of India, says: "The hesitation of the Government of India to advise the introduction of this Act, with certain modifications, into native States implies a want of confidence in the wisdom of its own action. If the arguments now stated by the Government of India against the extension of the Act into Native States are valid, then the conclusion we must arrive at is that the Act ought never to have come into existence in British India. The last word has surely

not been spoken on this subject. The government of India seems to have looked upon the matter from the point of view of the Travancore Hindoo, without any regard for that of the Christian convert. There can be no doubt that the imposition of these disabilities constitutes a ban to Christianity, and there cannot be the slightest ground for fear that the exercise of the influence of Government for their removal would be regarded as a departure from the policy of religious neutrality; the contrary rather seems to be the case.

—Education is a power in the world and, like all human agencies, it can be readily turned to good or bad account. The evil minded are jealous of the successes everywhere achieved by the Catholic Church in the field of education, and with the short-sightedness proverbial of iniquity are hastening their ruin by attacking her in this stronghold. France is already in the throes of trouble because of the meddlesome effrontery of certain of her statesmen. The chief executive of at least one of our sovereign States has but lately committed himself in the public press to hostile statements that bode him no good. A paper from India of very recent issue presents in a few paragraphs the scheme of destruction evolved in Japanese heads. "The Christian Community at Tokio," it says, "is in a state of excitement over the promulgation of new educational regulations in the amendment of those which went into effect August 4. The new regulations prohibit private schools from receiving pupils of school-going age. The effect of this legislation will be to close the Christian kindergartens and primary schools, as well as seriously to affect the higher institutions. Even before its promulgation of the regulations of August 4, the department of education had designs on the Christian Schools, proposing to affect them with such severe restrictions as to religious exercises and instruction, the employment of foreign teachers, and the acceptance of foreign financial aid, as to call forth a storm of protest from most of the Tokio papers as well as from the foreign community. The department retired to the shelter of the milder regulations, but it has seized the first opportunity to go directly to the point, at which, it may be supposed, it originally aimed,—namely, the practical suppression of the Christian schools."

NOATOLI, BASIA P. O.,
via Ranchee, India.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER :

Many thanks for the money you kindly sent me. It came at an opportune moment, when we were in sore need of more than 300 rupees to help some of our poor Christians out of a law suit. Our people of Noagarh are being persecuted this way for now ten years. On the least pretext their Zemindar brings a law suit against them, and if they had not their *padri saheb* to help them they would be ruined long ago. They are truly suffering on account of their religion, for the Zemindar says openly that on whatever day they will apostatize he will leave them alone. It is simply wonderful that they have not yet lost courage. This year promises to be trying for another reason. Though there will be no famine like that of three years ago, some districts like the Tanuri are without a grain of *puddy*, and already some 1500 Christians are looking our way for help. Assuredly, the prospects for next year are not overbright, and our purses are going to be severely taxed. We owe already a debt of 2000 rupees for our new church, the work of our natives from foundation to roof. Of course, we had to teach them how to saw planks and make the bricks and lime. Together with the boys of the school, I made imitation stained-glass windows, of the kind manufactured in Bristol. A Father of Trichinopoly had previously taught me the art. Please remember our new mission of Noatoli. We pray ourselves, and our schoolboys pray daily, for our kind benefactors.

Your servant in Christ,
L. FLEURQUIN, S.J.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

MAY, 1900.

No. 5.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

TO the end of facilitating the conversion of the savages, Richelieu had inserted in the articles of incorporation of the company of the Hundred Associates the declaration that all the converted Indians should be considered French citizens. Dussieux, in his work on Canada, congratulates the Cardinal on this happy provision : " At no period, even in France," he says, " was there a wider or more generous application of Christian brotherhood. In granting to the Catholic Indians complete equality with French citizens, without taking into account their racial differences, the great Cardinal gives us the measure of the elevation and boldness of his genius."

This eulogium leaves nothing to be desired. Richelieu's idea was indeed liberal and worthy of a French prelate. And yet we must admit that by itself it would have produced little or no results, and never would a New France have been created in North America. Father Le Jeune's system had the advantage of being more practicable and fruitful. He established the nomad savages at Sillery, made of them friends and subjects of France, and while leading them to the true faith, allowed them to retain in large measure their own customs, practices, and language.

He was not, however, as successful in carrying out the second part of his programme. Like many others, he imagined that if he could bring about that some of the Indian children would be educated in seminaries or boarding schools, that once formed, they would carry back to their tribes the light of

faith and thus become the active germ of future generations of Christians. In 1635 he wrote : "The first plan of the Residence at Quebec is to erect a college for the instruction of the children of the families, which are every day becoming more numerous." We have already seen the happy outcome of this project in Chapter I. "The second design," adds Father Le Jeune, "is to establish a boarding school for the young savages to bring them up in the Christian faith."

This idea was not a new one. The Recollects had already purposed founding a school near their convent of Our Lady of the Angels. Lack of means had forced them to abandon the project. Father Le Jeune now took it up again, but in this particular undertaking we fail to discover his usual clear-sightedness, methodical habits, and decision of character. If he praises the excellence of the work, he yet seems to be only feeling his way to its execution ; he hesitates, he modifies his views and plans. He knows that he is advancing on slippery ground, strewn with obstacles. He more than once changes his route. In 1634, he writes : As to the seminary, I would not like to take the children from the same locality as the school, since these barbarians cannot stand their children being punished even by a scolding ; they can refuse them nothing they cry for, so much so that, on the slightest pretext, they would take them away from us before they were educated." Two years later, he changes his mind. He believes that the proximity of the parents will be harmful neither to the recruiting of the children nor to their sojourn at the school, for "by having a few settled ones, who will attract and retain the others, the fathers and mothers, who do not know what it is to go contrary to their children's wishes, will let them come without opposition." In 1634 there were only Hurons at the Quebec seminary : in 1636 some Algonquins and Montagnais were admitted.

Father Le Jeune's first idea was to establish the seminary at Our Lady of the Angels, and the house had already been fitted up to receive the young savages. Later, he writes that this place is so isolated that there are no French children there ; so "we have changed the plan that we formerly

had to locate the seminary there. Experience shows us that it must be established at Quebec where the bulk of our French people is, to attract the little savages through the French children." Experience made it equally clear that there were grave disadvantages in this intermingling of savages with the French. The savage is oftentimes corrupted at an early age. Was it not to be feared that within a short time he would also lead astray his French companions?

Finally, after much delay and many changes, the seminary was built at Our Lady of the Angels. The young savages, Hurons, Algonquins, Montagnais, Outaonais, were then installed. Admission was open to all. It was only required that they should possess the qualities and aptitudes deemed requisite.

All indecision was now at an end. The time for difficulties commences. Father de Brébeuf, who was then stationed among the Hurons, by dint of insistence and promises, persuaded twelve children to go down to Quebec. When the moment came for their departure, their mothers and grandmothers threw themselves upon the necks of the children, and refused to be separated from them. Three finally succeeded in obtaining their parents' consent, and set out with Fathers Daniel and Davost. At Three Rivers, two were seized with homesickness, and retraced their steps. They were replaced by two little Hurons, and towards the close of July, 1635, these three students, Satouta, Tsiko, and another whose name the Relations do not give, entered Our Lady of the Angels. Three days later, three more Hurons came to join them, Teouatirhon, Andehoua, and Aiandacé.

But how to clothe and feed them? Charity is ingenious. To come to their assistance, Father Le Jeune, whose resources had been exhausted, dismissed a part of his workmen. "Send back the savages!" he writes, "we shall never do that. We shall rather give them the half of ourselves; the affair is of too much importance for the glory of God." The boarding school is opened. The regulations are framed with the greatest possible indulgence and sweetness; prayer, holy Mass, a little work, many recreations, fishing and hunting during the daily

walk. The severe regime, monastic or military as you wish, of our French schools would ill suit these independent characters, self-willed, accustomed to live without restraint, impatient of any yoke, raised in the open air, in the midst of woods, on lakes or rivers. They were taught to read and write. Father Daniel instructed them in Christian doctrine.

We have said that Father Le Jeune, on his arrival at Our Lady of the Angels, had opened a small day school attended by the Algonquin and Montagnais children who lived in the outskirts of Quebec. This school had prospered, and in 1635, boys and girls assembled in large number in the chapel of the Residence to be taught the Christian doctrine. The teaching was public and attracted many of the parents. After each session, a meal of peas was served. From time to time, there were public exhibitions at which the Governor and the principal citizens of Quebec assisted. The children were questioned on the chief points of their religion, and prizes were distributed among the most deserving. Father Le Jeune gave the course of Catechism followed by his young disciples.

Everything was going on well in the nascent boarding school, and the future was full of hope, when death came to carry off Satouta and Tsiko, two chosen souls, of greatest promise. "Behold," says Father Le Jeune, "the two eyes of our Seminary extinguished within a brief period, the two columns overthrown!" Their little comrade, who had entered Our Lady of the Angels with them, became homesick and left school. There now remained Aiandacé, the Benjamin of the band, Andehousa and Teouatirhon. The first two on their return home were models of faith and piety. The third, led from the right path by the force of his unsubdued passions, ended by coming back to the school to die a Christian death, fortified by all the aids of religion. Those who took their place at Our Lady of the Angels had neither the same innocence of manner nor the same qualities of mind and heart. They ran away in the spring of 1638. The following year the doors of the Seminary were opened to some Montagnais, Algonquins and Hurons, but alas! it was but for a short time.

Soon the boarding school was closed for lack of pupils and the Jesuits abandoned the Residence of Our Lady of the Angels to establish themselves in the College of Quebec.

The Seminary had lasted scarcely five years. Its ill success was notorious. We must seek the cause in the character of the young savage, not sufficiently understood by the Fathers when they undertook with more zeal than experience this scholastic foundation. Still, their scheme of education by its very simplicity presented every warrant for prosperity; to admit only to their boarding school children of between twelve and fourteen years, and these chosen by their missionaries; there, for four or five years, and more, if possible, to teach them to read and write, to initiate them into the elements of the sciences and the arts, and above all, to form them to habits of virtue and a knowledge of dogmatic truth, two necessary conditions that they might not afterwards, on leaving school, lose the purity of their morals from contact with the depraved savages, and that they might labor with fruit for the salvation of the souls of their compatriots. To further secure the success of this work, the missionaries counted on a pupil's not returning to his country before the age of eighteen or twenty years.

Neither *savoir-faire* nor devotedness was wanting in carrying out this educational programme. The recruiting of pupils was effected despite the greatest difficulties, and in general, the Fathers knew how to pick out from those presenting themselves the youths of most promise. But notwithstanding the wisest selection and the care with which they were surrounded, the young savages, once within four walls, away from their forests and their relatives, could not be held. All that is new is beautiful. In the beginning, nearly all seemed charmed with their new abode, and delighted with school life. After some months, a year, and for a small number, two or three years, everything changed its aspect. They wept over their lost liberty, they sighed for their wigwams and forests, they saw nothing beyond their hunting and fishing. Nothing pleased them at school. Neither study, nor rules, nor food, nor their French clothes, nor the good things of every species which charity procured for them. They dreamt only of

returning to their country and of resuming their wandering, vagabond life. Nearly all became homesick. It was impossible to hold even the scholars who were most attached to their masters. On the other hand, the parents did not understand the advantages of an education. "I know enough to teach my son," said an Algonquin captain to Father Le Jeune, when he was counselling him to send his boy to Our Lady of the Angels. "If they consent to the separation from their children," wrote Mgr. de Laval, "it cannot be hoped that this will be for a long period, since ordinarily there are few children in the families of these savages. For the most part they have only two or three children; rarely are there more than four. This causes them to depend upon their children for the support of the family, once they are a little advanced in age. When the fathers and mothers are no longer able to take part in the chase and other labors, then the children are of age, and in a position to render them assistance."

The little savages return to their country, after a short stay in the seminary, incapable of rendering the services that are expected of them, and exposed by reason of their youthfulness, to the most terrible temptations. The majority do not resist the seductions of evil, even those who have left Our Lady of the Angels most confirmed in their duty. In the seminary itself, very many responded so little to the devotedness of their masters, that they were obliged, in 1638, in the interests of the school, to send home all the students with the exception of Andehousa and Teouatirhon. Half-knowledge was also fatal to some of them.

Experience had shown the Fathers that they had taken a wrong path, and after mature reflection, in place of obstinately following it, they retraced their steps. "The seminary which was established at Our Lady of the Angels," wrote Father Vimont in 1643, "was closed for good reasons, more particularly because we did not see any notable fruit among the savages from commencing the education of a people through their children. Experience has made us recognize this fact."

Let us add that this work so meagre in results was extremely expensive, and often means were wanting for carrying it on. More than once Father Le Jeune asks himself how he is to obtain sustenance. He had not only the charge of providing food and lodging for his children, but he must also satisfy the insatiable greed of their parents, importunate beggars, who regarded the Jesuits as under obligations to them, besieged them with requests, and would not go away unless with hands loaded with presents.

The alms which they received from France and which they consecrated to the education of the children at Our Lady of the Angels could be used to much better advantage in other works. They were employed in the erection of cabins at Saint Joseph de Sillery, where after some years all the efforts of the missionaries were concentrated.

The failure of the seminary brought great joy to the enemies of the Jesuits in Europe and New France. They were openly charged with being opposed to the *Frenchifying* of the savages, lest thereby they should lose the influence they had obtained over the Indian tribes and which they were desirous of retaining.

They added that it was the Jesuit system the world over to keep the savages away from contact with the Europeans and civilization. To believe these civilizers of the royal antechamber, the only way to civilize the savages, to inspire them with noble sentiments of honor and justice, was to make of them friends of France and true Frenchmen. They did not understand or they pretended not to understand, that the best way of attaching them to France was first to attach them to Jesus Christ. And yet, "if France," says Chateaubriand, "beheld her empire in the New World extended beyond the banks of the Meschacebe, if she retained Canada for so long a period against the united forces of the English and the Iroquois, she owed almost all her success to the Jesuits."

The New England Governors themselves rendered justice to the Canadian missionaries, when they characterized them in their dispatches as their most dangerous enemies. "They

disconcert," they say, "the plans of the British power, discovering its secrets, and depriving it of the affections and the arms of the savages."

Mgr. de Laval spared no effort to second the wishes of the French Court, although he candidly declares that the success of the enterprise was extremely doubtful. The six Hurons, whom he supported in the Seminary of the Infant Jesus, ran away one after another, and five years later, he had only one student in his school. The Sulpitian Fathers took up the work with equal zeal and opened a seminary for the young savages at Montreal under the charge of the Abbé de Queylus. For a time it prospered, and then languished and died, as had its forerunners of Our Lady of the Angels and the Infant Jesus. "The King," writes M. Faillon, "complains that the priests of the Seminary of Montreal have not applied themselves to this work." The King's complaints were unjust, for the Sulpitians gave every proof of the best good will. If they did not succeed, it was because success was impossible.

Yielding, against their better judgment, to the instance of Mgr. de Laval, the Jesuits made a second attempt to establish and maintain a boarding school about the years 1665-1670, but the result only served to confirm their former experience. The few young savages they had brought together after much labor, soon fled the school to betake themselves to their wigwams and forests. Must we add, in conclusion, that the famous intermingling of Indians and French, on which so much was counted in France for the success of her colonization, was of no service to the savages and hurtful to the French? Thus once more we see the realization of the celebrated dictum of Mother Mary of the Incarnation: "A Frenchman is bound to become more of a savage, than a savage a Frenchman."

SHRINE NOTES.

Mass was said at the Shrine on Saturday morning, April 21. The day was a perfect one, with all the balm and none of the depression of spring in the air, and no trace of winter left save a streak of snow on the hills to the south, or a crust of ice over the small streams in the Ravine where the warm spring sun had not yet penetrated. One could feel as well as behold the activities of nature, and with pulse and nerve animated by the season's renewing forces appreciate why the trees should bud and the sward should be almost perceptibly changing its color from yellow to green.

The Mass was said to observe the anniversary of the death of Catharine Tekakwitha. The day of her death was April 13, which this year was Good Friday, and as Mass could not be said at Auriesville on that day, the first convenient day following it was chosen. There were only four persons present, but the one who celebrated the Mass, after his experience last October when saying Mass on the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues, and on this occasion, determined to invite others to assist at these anniversary Masses in the future. The journey to the Shrine may be long or tedious, but it well repays the fatigue to be present at the august sacrifice, at that quiet shrine on the hillside, the altar not closed in by walls, but standing as the central scene of one of nature's most beautiful panoramas, the solemn stillness broken only by the songs of birds of the many new varieties which every year brings to Auriesville. Meantime the pious intentions of those who could not assist at the Mass were duly and gratefully remembered—gratefully, we say, for we owe very much to those especially who have helped us to some extent to repair the damage done during the winter by storm and freshet.

We are on time this year, and we were fortunate enough to find helpers docile enough to carry out our plans about the trees, vines, roads and other improvements which for want of such helpers we could not carry out the past few years. The close rows of trees will be thinned out, and the Ravine will have its share of shade. Clumps of trees will be planted here and there in the open spaces of the Shrine and Ravine tracts; the old Shrine will be shaded by two of the largest trees from about the well; the shrubbery will be distributed about the old Shrine and

Calvary ; each station cross will have its shade tree and rose vine, the banks of the stream in the Ravine will be planted with vines and shade trees ; the grotto will be covered with vines and the terraces below will be levelled, sown with myrtle and closed in with rustic cedar fences.

The abundance of water on the hills on either side of the road approaching the Ravine causes a landslide every spring, and we have decided to dig one or two wells so as to collect and lead this water down to the Ravine itself, to refresh tired and thirsty pilgrims who go there for the devotions.

SIMI AND THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER VI.

The Power of God's Grace.

(Continued.)

SIMI was about sixteen at this time, but her natural talent, of which she had given precocious proofs, made her understand and fulfil with rare prudence her duties towards her father and brother.

Her new position, relieving her as it did from humiliation and physical sufferings, brought with it moral trials much more difficult to bear. For her father was now and again subject to fits of rage which were always followed by the deepest remorse and dejection. The poor child, knowing so well the cause of his anger, suffered intensely under the endearments he lavished on her when those fits had passed away. This was the heaviest cross she had yet to bear, and many a time she felt she should lay it down but for the sustaining thought of our Lady's sorrows, and the help she received when she appealed to her for counsel and strength. After her prayers at night she felt happy and strong, but when morning came and she saw her father's face lined and careworn, his hair beginning to turn grey and the tears very often stealing slowly down his cheeks, a knife seemed to pierce her heart and it cost her a fearful struggle to keep from succumbing.

No, it was impossible to continue any longer in this state

of mind, quite alone, without one to whom she could unburden her heart! She feared her firmness would surely give way if she did not take some energetic step to gain help.

Her new position gave her liberty and free time, and she resolved to profit of both as soon as possible. One afternoon, while her father was engaged at the synagogue, she made up her mind to take a bold step and visit a church where she hoped to get consolation from God and counsel from our Lady. Wrapping herself carefully in a mantle she hurried through the back streets lest she should meet any of her Jewish friends. As she was passing one of the most deserted lanes, which led to the church, she heard a cry of surprise and joy, and before she could take a step found herself in Dolores' arms and being kissed rapturously on the face.

"Dolores!" she cried in delight.

"My darling sister," was Dolores' reply.

"Ah, yes, sister! How long is it since we met and how many tears I shed since that day, Dolores!"

"My poor Simi! *How* I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin for you!"

"You prayed for me, Dolores? Oh, thanks, dear sister!"

"Have you suffered much, Simi?"

"Oh, Dolores, so much that I fear I can bear no more! I am going now to beg grace from God and counsel from the Blessed Virgin!"

"Let me go with you and together we shall pray for help."

On entering the church Simi threw herself on her knees before an altar of our Lady and recited the *Salve Regina* with the utmost fervor. She never could explain afterwards what came over her that hour, but she was certain she saw the face of the statue turn towards her. Our Lady's lips wore a benevolent smile, and the little arms of the Divine Child were extended towards her with a gesture of winning sweetness. From both faces shot forth rays of light which increased till they enveloped their figures in a luminous atmosphere. She seemed to hear the melodious sounds of a celestial harmony; a fragrance she had never inhaled before filled and embalmed

the air. Her whole soul was steeped in an ineffable sweetness, and as she gazed in rapture there issued from the Blessed Virgin's lips a sound like the sigh of the softest zephyrs. Distinctly came the words:

"Go forth, my child, from thy land and thy father's house."

Absorbed in an ecstasy of love, the young girl became unconscious of the flight of time. She thought she had not been a moment on her knees when Dolores touched her lightly and pointed to the slanting rays of the sun which pierced the window near.

"Simi, the sun is going down, your father will soon return from the synagogue."

Heaving a deep sigh the young girl rose from her knees, and having saluted the altar reverently she followed Dolores from the church. Her mind was so dazed with the beautiful vision and her heart so replete with love that she could not speak a word in reply to the girl's questions. In silent thought she passed swiftly through the various streets till they reached the spot where she had met Dolores. Here they paused.

"Simi, dearest, I dare not go farther with you for fear of detection. Give me a kiss and say good-bye."

The young girls embraced each other with great tenderness.

"When shall we meet again, Simi?"

"I know not, dear Dolores," she answered hesitatingly.

"In case we may never meet again, take this crucifix and wear it always," said Dolores, as she detached it from a chain which she wore round her neck.

It was a simple little crucifix having a figure of Our Lady of Dolours on the reverse. Simi took it and pressed the figure to her lips with devotion, then again bidding a loving farewell to her former maid, she hurried away to her home.

CHAPTER VII.

The Flight from Home.

It was some time before Simi could shake off the stupor into which she had fallen during her prayer at our Lady's

altar. Little by little her ideas grew less confused and she could think clearly over all that had taken place during that rapturous hour at her Mother's feet. Poor child! in the first hour of calm reflection she found herself face to face with an appalling problem. All her previous impressions and remembrances vanished before this one absorbing, dominating thought—shall I or shall I not?—which burned in her brain with a strange tenacity. The words which had issued from our Lady's lips: "Go forth, my daughter, from thy land, and from thy father's house," were ever whispering softly in her ears; they were written wherever her eyes rested. Would she hearken to them and obey that mandate? Did she really hear aright, or did her imagination deceive her?

Why does it so often happen that, after cherishing the idea of some heroic act and yearning, whilst possibility seems far off, for its fulfilment, we grow fainthearted and would fain take refuge in flight as the moment of its realization approaches? Thus it was with Simi. Often and often she had pondered over the fact that in order to carry out her intention of becoming a Christian there was no alternative but flight from her home. And to do this she felt urged by a secret, irresistible impulse. Yet when she remembered what this resolution signified, there arose within her heart one of those silent contests which filled her soul with sorrow. Leave her father? That would indeed be for Simi the most painful of sacrifices—not only a sacrifice, but the most horrible cruelty and black ingratitude on her part. In vain she wept and prayed for light; when her prayer was ended, the idea returned with greater vividness than before.

It is almost impossible to recount the series of contests which rent the poor girl's innocent heart, or of the alternations of heroic resolutions, and fits of terror which replaced each other in her mind.

How hard it was to break the pure bonds of paternal love! Nothing but the love of God could justify the severance. Not till we are convinced beyond a doubt that our vocation is truly from God, and not merely a caprice or passing wave of fervor, dare we make our final decision—the choice between God and father.

But events soon occurred which compelled Simi to prompt action, and made her choose her future without delay. She now knew what she *ought* to do with perfect clearness and certainty, and she would obey her conscience at any cost.

She was in her seventeenth year and had developed into a very beautiful girl while still retaining the charming simplicity of her childhood. For some time past she had remarked how frequently her cousin Isaac, who was several years her senior, came to visit at her house, and how attentive he had begun to be to herself. His eyes followed her everywhere, and she was more than once obliged to lower her eyes and turn away her blushing face from his too ardent gaze. One day the dreadful truth was revealed to her by her father. He had promised her hand to his visitor's son and had given his irrevocable word that the young girl should soon fulfil his promise. Simi listened to her father with drooping head and in perfect silence, but when she escaped to her little room, the witness of so many conflicts and tears, she threw herself on her knees and prayed, as she had never pleaded before, for courage.

In one of her conversations with Dolores the latter had told her something about convents and the religious life. Simi had been so charmed with the revelation that she made the firm resolution of consecrating her virginity to God when she should be a Christian. Her father's desire that she should marry, was not only a bar to oppose her holy design, but it would also close the door forever to her hope of becoming a Christian.

The conflict must take place sooner or later, the sooner the better. Jacob, who saw in this project of his a means of bringing his child back to the "right way," and of retaining her in the faith of her fathers, would admit of no excuse or delay.

Simi, on her part, having prayed for light, saw there was no remedy but flight. She had no longer a shadow of doubt that the hour had come wherein she must choose between God and her father. And, though it almost rent her heart, grace conquered. The heroic girl elected to leave her land and her father's house.

It was the first of March, 1817. Simi had been invited to pass the day with a friend who was celebrating some family festival, and her father had given her permission to go. The previous night she hardly closed her eyes in sleep, for she passed it in a prolonged struggle with doubt and fear. Her heart was breaking with grief; she knew too surely this should be the last night she would sleep beneath her father's roof.

Towards morning she fell into a troubled slumber, and had a return of one of those warning nightmares, which had so disturbed her mind twice before.

Fearing to lose courage at the last moment, she implored our Lady's help; and, as she did so, she thought our Lady appeared to her with the dead Christ on her lap. Pointing to His wounds she said to Simi:

"My daughter, do you love your father more than I love Jesus?"

"Mother, Mother! give me courage, give me strength!" cried the girl.

"Think of my woes and the wounds of my Son and you shall have grace to conquer."

Simi rose very early that morning and dressed carefully, as if preparing for the festival at her friend's house. She trembled so violently while dressing that she was obliged frequently to lean against the bed for support. And now the fatal letter of farewell to her father had to be written.

Praying with all her heart for courage to carry out her design, she took a pen and sat at a table; but her fingers shook so she could with difficulty trace a line on the paper before her.

Finally she succeeded in writing the following note:

"Beloved Father, pardon me! God alone could oblige me to leave you. Oh, for His sake, my father, do not doubt my love! I love you with all my heart and will do so all my life, yea, and even beyond the grave!

"Good-bye my beloved father,

"Your unhappy daughter,

"SIMI."

She placed the tear-stained note within the leaves of a book and left it on her table. The nervous excitement caused by the writing of that letter was too much for the poor girl; she felt suffocated and was almost fainting with the effort she had made to overcome herself. Throwing open her window she stepped out on the balcony and for a moment stood there inhaling the fresh sea breeze which flowed into the room laden with the perfume of her own violets. She looked down at the flowers when she perceived the sweet odor, and she grew sadder still. Poor flowers! they would wither and die neglected when she had gone away. Her little goldfinch twittered and fluttered restlessly in his cage beside the window; he did not understand his young mistress this morning, she neither noticed nor caressed him. How every trifle fixes itself in one's mind at supreme moments like this, and how little details prick the heart like so many thorns! Dear bird, dear sweet flowers, adios! Simi's gentle hand shall never tend you more.

But the most painful of all sacrifices had still to be made and she now concentrated all her powers of self-control to accomplish it. Giving one long look around her room, she kissed her little crucifix and descended slowly to her father's room. Reaching his door she leaned against the wall and paused before daring to take the handle. Perhaps this morning's kiss might be the last he would ever give her! Beads of perspiration stood cold on her forehead; again and again she kissed her crucifix, imploring aid to carry her through this trial.

The Jew was just about to go to his morning duties in the synagogue when Simi glided into the room with her usual timid grace. He received her affectionately in his arms, and she threw hers lovingly round his neck, while she imprinted such a lingering, ardent kiss on his cheek that her whole heart seemed to go with the embrace.

"Don't strangle me, Simi," said her father smiling; but the young girl could not suppress her sobs. Jacob was rather startled.

"What is the matter, child? Something has happened to

you this morning ? ” he said as he drew back a little to see her face more distinctly.

“ Nothing, nothing at all, dear father,” said Simi, resuming her calmness with a strong effort.

“ No ? Yet you appear unusually sad and preoccupied, Simi.”

“ It is nothing, father,” answered Simi with a forced smile, “ I am a little agitated because I have passed a bad night and have had disturbing dreams. But who minds such things ? ”

“ Take care then, my child, not to exert or excite yourself too much at your friend’s to-day. Another kiss, and adios ! ”

Her father was gone. Simi flew back to her room and throwing herself into a low chair broke into an agony of tears. But no time could be lost in vain grief, she must hurry through her final ordeal and give a last embrace to her little brother Daniel. She started up, and drying her tears as best she could, stole softly into his room and found him, fortunately for her, in a profound sleep. Kneeling beside his cot, she imprinted kiss after kiss on his innocent brow ; then, not daring to tarry longer, went resolutely down stairs and stood at the open door of the entrance hall. As she put her foot on the threshold she knew that the step she was about to take would separate her forever from all she loved on earth. Was it not also a step which might mean life or death to her ? For she may well fear the worst from her infuriated father.

Making the sign of the cross, she took the fatal step and went forth into the street. She gave but one glance back at the home of her childhood, the house which should know her no more !

As she walked resolutely towards the outer gate of the city she recited the Rosary. She was very pale and trembled violently and began to hasten her steps lest she should be missed at her friend’s house and sought for at her own. A feverish eagerness to get out of danger’s reach filled her with energy and gave speed to her steps.

At last the outer gate was reached, but as she was just going to pass beneath its vaulted roof an English sentinel placed his bayonet before her and cried in a gruff tone :

"Halt! Your passport?"

Simi fixed her frightened eyes on the soldier. Her passport? What did he mean?

"Where are you going, miss?" asked the man in a gentler voice; he saw how frightened the girl was.

Another glance of surprise and terror from Simi's dark eyes. Where was she going? In truth she did not know herself, she had not thought of it. She had fled from home because God had inspired her to do so and she had trusted blindly to Providence to guide her aright.

The sentinel, seeing the girl was too frightened to give him an answer, called the captain of the guard-room.

The officer advanced and asked Simi very amiably who she was and whither she was going.

"I am Simi, daughter of Jacob Coens, High Priest at the synagogue," answered the girl simply. She said nothing more. God alone knows what passed in the mind of the English officer for he made no opposition. Bowing very courteously to her he said:

"Pass, young lady."

And Simi passed out of the fortress, again signing herself with the sign of the cross as she went. She experienced in this unmolested egress the undoubted protection of Providence, and, recommending herself to the care of the Blessed Virgin, she took the first road she met without knowing it would lead her to the lines—the first Spanish station. She began to walk very fast, so fast that she frequently stumbled as she went. While passing through the neutral ground which lies between the fortress and the Spanish frontier, she met numbers of English soldiers, many of whom had been indulging too freely in the light wine to be found at Linea. Yet not one of them addressed a word to her or a rude glance as she passed them, though none could fail to see she was exceedingly pretty and very well dressed.

She felt God was protecting her and she went bravely on, ever quicker in her speed. The road became rough and stony, her feet were wounded and she began to feel her knees sinking beneath her; but she hurried on knowing she should

soon be missed at home and quite certain she would be pursued on horseback.

Making another strong effort she began to run as fast as her failing strength permitted. It was too much for Simi and she had miscalculated her strength. The long fast, the morning's agitation, the great strain on her nerves, all combined to overwhelm her; the tension gave way and she fell, almost fainting on the roadside.

"Virgin of the Dolors, do not abandon me!" she cried in her weakness. Suddenly, as if he had sprung from the ground, or dropped down from heaven, an exceedingly handsome youth, fair and blue-eyed, stood before her. Giving her his hand he helped her to rise from the ground and then offered her his arm. Simi was terrified. She had never in her life taken any man's arm except her father's; but the young man gazed at her with such a pure, calm glance, so different from Isaac's fiery looks, that he inspired her with the fullest confidence. Accepting his arm and support she continued her way towards the town. Neither of them exchanged a word but they appeared to understand each other, and in this manner went their way in silence.

When quite close to the lines Simi heard a noise in the distance behind her; turning her head she perceived a black object enveloped in a cloud of dust. As the noise came nearer she knew it was the sound of the gallop of a horse.

"Let us run, for God's sake, or I am lost!" she cried.

She and her companion hurried on at a faster rate, but the sound of the horse's hoofs drew closer still. Once more Simi turned her head; with a cry of horror she recognized her cousin Isaac—her betrothed! Knowing she was lost if she did not reach the Spanish lines before the horseman, she ran with all the speed in her power. The shouts and angry cries of her kinsman fell distinctly on her ear. Overcome with terror she grasped her companion's arm, her head fell on his shoulder and she remembered nothing more.

When Simi recovered consciousness she found herself at the entrance of a guard-room occupied by Spanish soldiers, and her mysterious companion had disappeared! Turning hastily

round she saw that her cousin's horse was within a dozen paces of the place where she stood. With one spring, like that of a hunted fawn, she was in the midst of the Spanish soldiers, crying out :

"Help, help ! I wish to be a Christian, and I claim protection under the Spanish flag !"

(To be continued.)

ST. PHILOMENA.

BY ALBA.

(Continued.)

WITH sinking limbs and heart
 The soldier turns him to depart,
 And traverses each glitt'ring hall.
 How menac'd death hath chang'd them all !
 The scene that late so glorious shone
 Before his youthful eyes
 Sickens him, now, to gaze upon,
 When forth in mocking contrast drawn
 With dread realities.
 Oh ! vain temptations of the world !
 If but Death's shade draw nigh,
 Then, from your place pretentious hurl'd,
 What worthless things ye lie !
 So felt that soldier young and brave,
 Quitting your coveted domain
 To enter on the task so vain
 Which ends, for him, but in the grave.
 How shine your mimic glories now
 On that pale cheek and haggard brow ?
 When ev'ning fell, he priz'd them all ;
 And high his hope that from the throne
 Imperial, he might one day call
 This painted Paradise his own.
 Now, from its gaudy witcheries
 He turns aside his dizzy eyes,
 And pants for but an instant's view

Of the fair sky's ethereal blue,
Of the far home on vine-clad hill
Which nurs'd his youth—which nurses, still,
Each pure affection of his heart.
What agony from these to part!
From childhood's cherish'd loves—oh, grief!

From proud ambition's op'ning path!
Down-trodden like some with'ring leaf,
The victim of a tyrant's wrath!
The halls of regal pleasure pass'd,
In the cool breath of night he stood
And gaz'd upon the moonbeams cast
In silver brightness o'er the flood
Which lay so tranquil and so fair
In all its treach'rous beauty there.
“Oh! Tiber, if a god thou art—”

Thus did he cry—“hear, then, the pray'r
Outbreath'd upon thee from a heart

Tun'd to the echoes of despair!
Oh! if beneath thy sacred wave
The Christian maid hath found a grave,
Restore her, now, to life and me,
And from impending death set free
A vot'ry who may one day bring
Full many a costly offering
To mark thy clemency this night!
Come, Father Tiber, prove thy might;
And win new homage to thy water
By yielding up this ill-starr'd daughter!”
Soon o'er the river's surface bright

A bark glides swiftly on,
Now glancing in the mellow light,
Now hiding from the fair moon's sight,

Then, like a cresting swan,
Springing again before the ray
With which it seems to sport and play.
Nought does it tell, the gladsome bark,
Of blighted hopes, of bodings dark,

Of fate impending over him
With whom its light spars gaily skim
The glist'ning wave. The gloomy rowers
In sullen silence ply their oars,
While, on each side the anxious eye,
Striving some vestige to descry
Which may the threaten'd doom avert,
Mirrors the guard's despairing heart.
Onward more swiftly still they glide,
And soon the city's marble pride
Leave far behind ; yet vainly o'er
The quivering flood, the slumb'ring shore
Ranges his aching glance ; despair
Itself can find no vestige there
To tell if yet the maiden lives,
Not ev'n one floating garment gives
Its feeble clue ; no flutt'ring shred
Upon some distant bough outspread
Bespeaks her near, alive or dead.—
Yet onward, onward still they glide,
While broader from the western side
The deep'ning shadows lie,
As steadfastly the sun's fair bride
Sinks in the western sky.
The soldier notes the waning moon,
And knows the hour approaching soon
When, by the emp'ror's stern command
Instructed, that un pitying band
Backward to Rome with him will hie,
There for his murd'rer's crime to die.

“ My country's gods ! Where do ye hide,
That pray'r nor vow may reach your ears ?
How oft shall I invoke thee, Tide
Deem'd sacred through unnumber'd years ?
Where is your virtue ? where your pow'r
To aid in desolation's hour ?
I ween, to punish ye are brave ;

Wherefore so slow or weak to save?
Ye do but mock my soul's despair.
Mock on; I scorn you and your care.
God of the Christians! if there be
A Pow'r Beneficent on high
Ruling man's changeful destiny,
Reveal it now; to Thee I cry.
And if from this impending doom
Thou a poor suppliant wilt deliver,
I swear upon my father's tomb
Thy servant to remain forever."

What tuneful and delicious sound
Comes faintly floating o'er the tide,
Like ev'ning zephyr breath'd around?
No longer is the fleet oar applied,
But slowly drifts the bark along,
While they who guide her rapt remain
All listening to that wondrous song.
Upon the ear it dies; again
It swells melodiously and clear,
As from the eastern shore. More near
The bark approaches. Now it rings,
Not as from countless choral strings,
But two sweet voices softly blending,
Each to the other richness lending.
On by the river's windings borne
A headland round, upon the shore
A glist'ning ray, like dawning morn,
Shines their astonish'd gaze before.
'Tis not the moonlight on the hill,
But something whiter, purer still,
Nor does it beam from orient skies,
But to the water's brink the eyes
Of all enchains. No earthly fire
Can to its silv'ry blaze aspire—
And hark! 'Tis thence those tuneful notes
Are wafted! Nearer, near floats

The bark. Why rest they on the oar ?
Three sweeps would bring her to the shore.
But see !

It was not until now
That bending o'er the galley's prow
They saw, encircled by that light
Three forms of wondrous beauty shining.
One in a white veil wrapt, reclining
As if in slumber on the sand,
Lay like a pearl on Indian strand,
While her companions, still more bright,
Smooth'd with their hands her long fair hair,
Singing the while, in accents rare——

“ Oh ! lily pure and fair,
Of Tiber's yellow wave
There's not a drop shall dare
Thy golden locks to lave.
Its waters cannot spare
For Philomen a grave;
She is a gem too rare
To deck its richest cave.

“ Oh lily pure and white !
Thine angel playmates we,
Nurs'd in the nameless Light
That fills Eternity.
Soon shall our joyful sight
A glorious triumph see,
When to that region bright
Our choirs shall welcome thee.”

“ 'Tis she !—it is the Christian maid ! ”——
Each boatman grasp'd the ready oar,
And, ere the breathless words were said,
Sprang the fleet galley to the shore ;
When, as by rude intrusion banish'd,

Instant the angel watchers vanish'd,
Instant the luminous glow was gone,
And Philomena lay alone
Upon the strand. Nor did she fear
When, waking from her holy sleep,
She saw dark faces low'ring near.

Ah ! no ; the angel guardians keep
An unseen watch around her still,
Body and soul to shield from ill.
How, else, should fear, strange, undefined,
Fetter the rudest arm and mind
Advancing now towards her ? Why
Upon the ground rests ev'ry eye ?
And why—oh wonder ! he who late
Sought her with ardor desperate,
What miracle hath o'er him passed ?

In frenzied attitude he stands
Between her and the boatmen cast !—
“Hold ! To the emp'ror's murd'rous hands
We will not bear her. Stand aside,
Nor dare to touch Heav'n's chosen bride.
God of the Christians, glorious, dread !
Where shall I hide my thrice-doom'd head,
If by a deed so foul I dare

Return Thy clemency ? Oh ! Grave,
Thy worst make ready ; I can spare
Myself, this holy maid to save.”

In wonder paus'd the ruffian band.
“Think'st thou,” they said, “thus to withstand
The emp'ror's will ?” Then, with the word,
Two cast them on the struggling guard
With grasp resistless, while two more
Back to the bark the maiden bore ;
Then, by their comrades join'd, the boat
Into the stream all quiv'ring shot.
Far from the pow'rless soldier's reach,
And left him on the lonely beach.

'Twas dawn ere yet the galley kiss'd
Again the Cæsar's palace-stair.
A muffled form received it there,
Nor captive hail'd, nor guardsman miss'd.
But turning to the boatmen, said—
While each profoundly bent his head—
“Lo! 'tis the Cæsar's royal will
That she, your captive, shall fulfil
Three days of durance in the cell
Beneath th' arena; then to swell
The ranks of the condemn'd who be
Up-treasur'd for its festal glee.”

Low bow'd they all; then, through a door
Of darksome portent swiftly bore
The maiden. Still that dark one stood,
And with his eyes their flight pursu'd.
“Oh! Tiber, hath thy conscious tide
Thus to my arms restor'd my bride?
'Tis meet thy sacred flood should lend
Its aid the Cæsar to befriend.
Yet do I fear her stubborn will
Merits a pow'rful lesson still;
So, in the dungeon let her lie
Until three summer suns fleet by.
Then, by its goblin-fears o'ercome,
And blenching from the woes of death,
Forth I shall bring her, by each breath
Hail'd Mistress of Imperial Rome!”

(To be continued.)

MISSION NOTES.

Ill-fated India is just now the object of universal sympathy. First, the dread plague walked its vast extent and worked appalling havoc on its inhabitants. To-day a famine of proportions hitherto unknown even in that land of want and hunger is busy cutting down what remnants of the population survived the ravages of disease. Here are some accounts of it.

Speaking of the famine, this is what the New York *Herald* of April 8, has to say : " In all the world to-day there is no spectacle so awful as that of a population almost as large as that of the United States perishing for want of food. The carnage of the Boer war, which has made thousands shudder, is a summer day's diversion, compared to it. For every victim in South Africa there are three thousand in India, and while death has come quickly to Boer and Briton, it comes slowly and with torture to the patient Hindoo, like the sea-tide rising about a man who can by no possibility escape. The only thing that lessens the horror of it is that the Hindoos are accustomed to famine. Even in good times one person in four of the population is hungry, and the half starved ones are said to be as many as seventy millions. Between the years 1860 and 1879 there were no less than sixteen famines, and twelve millions of people died from them. The actual pain which they endure is not great, because they are beyond the stage of pain ; but they become pitifully weak, and the little flesh upon their bones shrinks away until they look like veritable skeletons. The ribs and collar bones are expressed upon the skin with frightful distinctness, the arm and leg joints seem enormous in contrast with the thin shanks of bones between them and the emaciated faces assume an expression of abysmal despair. In this condition there is nothing for them to do but to sit calmly down and wait for death. Few famines have been so destructive of life as this one. So terrible has been the devastation that for years, it is said, the country will suffer for lack of population. In the midst of all this suffering and misery the native princes and nobles, possessed in many cases of colossal fortunes, have remained for the most part quite indifferent, and have proceeded with their personal extravagance and wastefulness without giving any assistance to their wretched compatriots, while in England so completely have the people been engrossed with the Boer war that comparatively little attention has been paid to the suffering people of India.

So far almost the only relief has come from the Government of India, which is now spending \$100,000 a day on public works, thus giving two cents per diem to five million people. On this sum from ten to fifteen millions are able to subsist. But many people are too weak or sick to reach the works, and these are left to die. To ameliorate their condition the *Christian Herald* of New York has already raised by subscription over \$90,000 and

contributions are still coming in at the rate of \$3,500 a day. Seventy-five thousand dollars has been cabled to the American Missionaries in India, and arrangements are now being made to send a ship with 120,000 bushels of corn to Bombay. The Government of India will pay the freight. In Kansas a movement is on foot to send one million bushels of corn to India, which would be enough to save a million people from starvation until the crops grow again.

"These men and women who are being succored by Americans are all British subjects, and yet almost within earshot of their wailing Great Britain is spending upon her destructive war in South Africa enough money to feed the entire population of India, with Burmah thrown in. If Great Britain were to devote her energies to saving Hindoos instead of slaughtering Boers she would save enough money to feed more than 235,000,000 of such people as those who acknowledge her sway in Asia. If she could even stop the expense of the war for four weeks, she would save enough to place every soul in the famine country beyond the reach of want."

The Catholic Register, a weekly published at Madras, India, invokes, like Sir Henry Fowler, the aid of that demon of a monsoon to answer complaints lodged against British misrule in India by the *Hindu*, a paper evidently issued in the interests of the natives. "There may be people who imagine that since the '70's, the Government of India has made rapid strides towards warding off famine and mitigating its stress by constructing irrigation works, canals and railroads. We confess to having imagined so ourselves. But according to the *Hindu*, so far from having done anything to ward off or mitigate famine, it is mainly the British Government which is responsible for such visitations and their consequences; at least, such is the impression which the concluding lines of the article headed, 'Lord Curzon's Famine Policy,' have left upon our minds. We own up to our inability to see the connection. Anyway, it's really too bad of Government to interfere with the monsoons! After this we shouldn't at all be surprised to hear that Government had a hand in the earthquake as well, that roused us up from bed in the small hours of Thursday morning, last week! In a subsequent issue the *Hindu* explains the connection, and says that the people would be better able to tide over famines, but for the 'Government exactions.' " To the reader, Note the flippancy! To the writer, Change your spectacles and pray for light.

The *Illustrated Catholic Missions* for April has the following: "In the midst of the heartrending accounts of famine and plague, which reach us from India, it is consoling to have at least some good news. That news has reference to the steady growth of Catholicity in the Peninsula. Our readers will learn with gratification that the *Madras Directory* for 1900 gives the welcome information that the number of Catholics in India and Ceylon increased last year by about 70,000 and stands now for the first time in history above two millions, or more exactly at 2,005,925. The Indian Catholics have 4,756 churches and chapels; 2,562 elementary schools, with 145,441 children; 46 ecclesiastical seminaries, with 2,192 students; 162 orphanages, with 9,874 orphans. The European missionaries muster 826, while the native priests are nearly double that number, viz.: 1,850. Moreover 1,014 men and 2,381 women make up a total of 3,395 of religious living in communities."

We copy from the *Weekly Register* of April 6.

SOCIETY OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

(Established 1822).

General Receipts in Decades.

1822-31	£ 72,280	Yearly Average	£ 7,228
1832-41	470,000	" "	47,000
1842-51	1,337,850	" "	133,785
1852-61	1,820,660	" "	182,066
1862-71	1,991,000	" "	199,100
1872-81	2,410,000	" "	241,000
1882-91	2,650,000	" "	265,000

Total Receipts Arranged by Countries.

	Society of Propagation of Faith (1822-91).		Society of Holy Childhood (1843-91).
France and Colonies	£3,000,000		£1,510,000
Italy	939,040		310,800
Germany and Austria	885,500		644,600
Belgium	692,000		335,000
United Kingdom	390,800		32,180
North America and West Indies }	311,000	{ North and South America }	152,760*
Holland	191,360		124,000
Switzerland	109,120		62,360
Portugal	80,000		16,860
South America	63,360		(See above*)
Spain	54,120		26,760
Eastern Europe	47,160		
Africa	39,604		8,200
Australasia	13,560		1,800
Russia and North Europe	12,608		1,320
Asia	12,520		16,080

The *Indian Advocate* published by the Benedictine Fathers at Sacred Heart Mission, Oklahoma, has this painfully true anecdote:—Of 209 children at a school conducted by four Franciscan Sisters in Idaho, only six are Catholics. This predilection of Protestant Indians for a Catholic education is accounted for in a conversation had with an old resident on the reservation in question. Father Ildephonsus Elissalde, O.S.B., asked him why he sent his little girl to the Catholic school and got this answer, "Chief man, chief woman, heap talk Jesus and heap like Him." Then, pointing to the school lavishly furnished and equipped by the government, he continued, "That man heap talk Jesus, but heart not in it; money heap he like."

An attempt to do something like common justice to the Indian Catholic Schools was heroically made by Senator Jones, of Arkansas, when, on April 7, he proposed an amendment to a resolution before the Senate of the United States. In spite of his own masterly presentation of the case, in spite of Senator Vest's convincing eloquence, in spite of all the sacredness of duty and honesty, cowardice and prejudice prevailed and defeated the eminently fair measure of Mr. Jones. He and those of his colleagues brave enough to stand with him in this combat for right deserve the gratitude of Catholic America. His opponents, men of a species now nearly extinct in our republic, deserve and enjoy the contempt of the honest. The amendment itself was most carefully worded to avoid conflict with previous legislation and allay the fears of gentlemen haunted with a dread of the Pope's encroachments on our dominions. It read as follows: "Provided, that the Secretary of the Interior may make contracts with present contract schools for the education of Indian pupils during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, but shall only make such contracts at places where the Government has not provided school facilities for all the children of school age residing thereat, and to an extent not exceeding the number of children in attendance at said contract schools at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900." We omit notice of the blundering logic and ill concealed bigotry displayed during the debate by Messrs. Lodge, Gallinger and Kyle to spread on our pages a few of the tributes rendered by Mr. Vest to Catholic Missionaries among the Indians. "Some years ago I was assigned by the Senate to duty upon the Committee on Indian Affairs, and I was assigned by the committee to examine the Indian schools in Wyoming and

Montana. I visited every one of them. I wish to say now what I have said before in the Senate, and it is not the popular side of this question by any means, that I did not see in all my journey, which lasted for several weeks, a single school that was doing any educational work worthy the name of educational work unless it was under the control of the Jesuits. I did not see a single Government school, especially these day-schools, where there was any work done at all. . . . I found schools where there were old, broken-down preachers and politicians receiving \$1,200 a year and a house to live in for the purpose of conducting these Indian day-schools, and when I cross-examined them, as I did in every instance, I found that their actual attendance was about three to five in the hundred of the enrollment. Mr. President, the Jesuits have elevated the Indian wherever they have been allowed to do so without interference of bigotry and fanaticism and the cowardice of insectivorous politicians, who are afraid of the A. P. A and the votes that can be cast against them in their district and states.

“ These Jesuits are not there, as one of them told me, for the love of the Indian. Old Father Ravaille told me, lying upon his back in that narrow cell, with the crucifix above him, ‘ I am not here for love of the Indian, but for the love of Christ,’ without pay, except the approval of his own conscience. If you send one of our people, a clergyman, a politician even, to perform this work among the Indians, he looks back to the flesh pots of Egypt. He has a family, perchance, that he cannot take with him on the salary he receives. He is divided between the habits and customs and luxuries of civilized life and the self-sacrificing duties that devolve upon him in this work of teaching the Indians. The Jesuit has no family. He has no ambition. He has no idea except to do his duty as God has given him to see it ; and I am not afraid to say this, because I speak from personal observation, and no man ever went among the Indians with more intense prejudice against the Jesuits than I had when I left the City of Washington to perform that duty. . . . If I have ever done anything in my whole career in this Chamber of which I am sincerely proud, it is that upon one occasion I obtained an appropriation of \$10,000 for an industrial school at St. Ignatius, in Montana.”

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

K. K., Troy, N. Y.	\$.50	M. L. S. H., Buffalo.	\$5.00
Anon.	20.00	M. C., Somerville, Mass.	10.00
J. B., Ming's Junction, Ohio.	1.00	Anon, New York	5.00
Anon, Peoria, N. Y.	5.00		

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Anon, 5.00

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 6.

SOME FRUITS OF THE JESUIT RELATIONS.

*The Early Missionary Records of the Jesuits in
North America.*

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL for girls and a hospital for the savages formed another part of Father Le Jeune's programme, and was in fact its complement. "I foresee," he said, as early as 1633, "that it is absolutely necessary to educate the girls as well as the boys, and that we shall have done little or nothing until some good family of religious will have taken charge of this sex." Now, that very year, by a providential coincidence, our Lord was lifting the veil of the future for a privileged soul, in a vision that has become famous. Mother Mary of the Incarnation had passed through the severe trials that go to form the valiant woman, before burying her cares and anxieties as a wife and mother in the retirement and silence of the cloister. She had pronounced her solemn vows in the Ursuline Convent at Tours. Just after matins of the day after Christmas, having fallen into a light sleep, a lady of the world, it seemed to her, took her by the hand and led her over a thousand obstacles to a charming spot in a desert. "And I saw," she says, "at the foot of this place, which was very high, an immense stretch of country which in a moment I took in, in all its entirety, and which seemed to me full of mountains, valleys and mists. In the centre I descried a small house, which was the country church, but so enveloped in

darkness that I could only make out the fact of its presence. The darkness which filled this poor country was something frightful, and appeared impenetrable."

The religious directed her steps towards the church, her heart on fire with faith and love. Above the little chapel was seated the Virgin, holding in her arms the Infant Jesus and looking down upon that vast country, as miserable as it was frightful. "It seemed to me," subjoins Mother Mary, "that she was speaking of me to her Son, and this inflamed my heart more and more."

The vision disappeared. Mary of the Incarnation did not understand at the time its mysterious signification, but she felt arising in the bottom of her soul a great desire for the conversion of this country.

In 1635, Father Le Jeune returned to his favorite idea, the establishment of a girls' seminary, and in a letter to the Reverend Father Provincial he spoke of the apostolic spirit which animated a good number of religious communities desirous of quitting France to go and share the labors and sacrifices of the Canadian missionaries. "A great number of religious," he says, "wish to join us. There are so many of these who write to us, and from so many convents, and of various of the strictest orders in the Church, that you would say that there is only question of who will be the first to make light of the hardships of the sea, the riotous waves of the ocean, and the barbarism of these countries."

This very same year, Mary of the Incarnation told her director of her ardent desire for the Missions, and spoke to him of her vision on this subject. Her director at that time was Father James Dinét, Rector of the Jesuit College at Tours, who was soon to assume the direction of the conscience of Louis XIII., and afterwards of Louis XIV. "What has been shown you in your dream," Father Dinét said, "could be fully realized in the Mission of Canada."

Sometime after this, while in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, she was rapt in an ecstasy, during which the country she had seen in her dream was again shown her with precisely the same surroundings, and these consoling words

were distinctly uttered: "It is Canada that I have shown you; you must go there to raise a house to Jesus and Mary."

Everything, down to the very foundation of the monastery of her Order in Quebec, was marvellous in Mother Mary of the Incarnation's vocation to the apostolate. This same year, 1635, Father Le Jeune, speaking of the seminary for girls, wrote in his Relation: "That the religious who have vowed to God to cross over to New France . . . should be very careful not to urge their departure until they have here a good house, well built and well endowed; otherwise they would be a burden to our French, and could accomplish little for these peoples. Men can extricate themselves much more easily from difficulties, but, as for the religious, they must have a good house, some cleared land, and a good income, to be able to provide themselves with support, and to relieve the poverty of the wives and daughters of the savages."

Father Le Jeune spoke of these things as if easy of accomplishment. But how was he going to build a house? Where was he to find these revenues? Continuing this subject, the Father added this pressing exhortation: "Alas, my God! if the waste, the superfluities of some of the ladies of France were employed in this so holy a work, what a great blessing it would bring down upon their families! What glory in the sight of the angels to have gathered up the blood of the Son of God, to apply it to these poor infidels! . . . Behold tender and delicate virgins all ready to hazard their lives upon the waves of the ocean, to come in search of the souls of the young in the rigors of a climate much colder than that of France, to undergo labors which would appall even men, and will not some noble lady be found to give a passport to these Amazons of the great God, endowing them with a house wherein to praise and serve His Divine Majesty in this other world? I cannot persuade myself that Our Lord will not dispose some to this act."

These words fell under the eyes of Mme. de la Peltrie, and they moved her soul to its very depths. Mme. de la Peltrie, born Marie-Madeleine de Chauvigny, belonged to the nobility of Normandy. Birth, wealth, education, personal charms, gifts

of mind and heart, all held out to her the promise of success in the world, and nothing drew her away from it. Still, at the age of seventeen, she sighed only for the profound peace which reigns in a religious community. The will of her father, however, was stronger than her desires. She married M. de la Peltrie, and after some years of wedded life, she was left, at the age of twenty-two, a widow and without children.

This unexpected grief aroused all her former generous aspirations towards her God. A twofold love was drawing her on, love of solitude and love of souls. Ten years rolled by under the sway of these two feelings, and she was asking herself whither she should go, and to what work should she devote herself, when, on reading Father Le Jeune's Relation, the thought came to her to consecrate her life and her fortune to the education of the little savages of the New World.

In the state of unrest and perplexity in which she lived for these years, this thought brought her encouragement if not perfect calm. Before any definite decision, she was wont to wait for full light. This light was now to shine upon her. On the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, while engaged in prayer, she heard distinctly the injunction of her Divine Master: "It is my will that you go to Canada, to work for the salvation of the savage girls: it is in this way that I wish you to serve me, and to receive the proof of your fidelity. In return, I will give you great graces in that barbarous land." "Lord," answered Mme. de la Peltrie, "it is not for me who am a great sinner and a vile creature to become the recipient of great favors." "It is true," replied our Lord, "but this is to give you reason for admiring still more my mercy. I wish to make use of you in that country, and notwithstanding the obstacles which will spring up to impede the execution of my orders, you shall go there, and shall die there."

The divine will had been given formal expression, her vocation was manifest. Mme. de la Peltrie made a vow to go to Canada, to build a church there under the invocation of St. Joseph, and to consecrate herself unreservedly to the service and education of the savage girls. Trials, however, are the seal set on works that come from God. They are at the same

time the crucible in which great souls charged with providential missions are purified. Trials, therefore, were not wanting to Mme. de la Peltrie, and for several years they held her back from carrying her vow into execution. And now, while she is waiting, the hour ordained by her Sovereign Master is drawing nigh. Having attained to the free and absolute control of all her actions, she betook herself to Paris in 1638, to consult Fathers de Condren and Vincent de Paul, two illustrious spiritual directors at that period. "Father de Condren, Superior-General of the Oratory, and Vincent de Paul, Superior of the Lazarists, earnestly exhorted the young widow to pursue her purpose, assuring her that it was of God, and congratulating her on the mission that had fallen to her lot."

On leaving the convent of the Oratory, Mme. de la Peltrie went to the Jesuit Novitiate, where, after several days, she met Father Poncet de la Rivière. This father had entered the Society of Jesus about nine years previous to this date, after having achieved most brilliant success in the courses of rhetoric and philosophy. His talents inclined him towards speculative studies, and he seemed in his element when in the midst of the most difficult of scholastic problems. Applied to theology in the College of Clermont at Paris, he there evinced such great aptitude for this study that his superiors sent him to Rome for a higher course under the most famous interpreters of St. Thomas and the Holy Scriptures.

But this apostle dreamt of combats other than those of the scholastic arena. Ordained priest, he asked his Father-General, Mutius Vitelleschi, to be sent on the Canadian Mission, and set out for Paris in company with Father Chaumonot, another missionary of New France. *En route*, they made a pilgrimage on foot from Rome to Loretto.

Had he been given, at this sanctuary of Our Lady, an insight into the marvellous happenings of which the soul of Mary of the Incarnation was the theatre? History intimates as much without any explicit declaration to this effect. It only narrates that scarcely had he arrived in Paris, and without having been able to learn by any human means of the miraculous vocation

of the Venerable Mother, Father Poncet wrote to her at Tours and sent her at the same time a picture of Mother Anne of St. Bartholomew, and a small cane, a souvenir of his pilgrimage to Loretto. The letter ran thus: "I am sending you this cane and this picture to urge you to go and serve God in New France." "I was surprised at this message," relates Mary of the Incarnation, "seeing that he was ignorant of what was passing within me, and that I had kept the whole affair a profound secret."

Mme. de la Peltrie, having learned of Father Poncet's presence in Paris and of his approaching departure for America, had come to ask him to what religious she should confide the education of her little savage girls. "To Mother Mary of the Incarnation and the religious of her Order," was the Father's answer. And so it was done.

All during this time God's Holy Spirit was preparing the way for other acts of devotedness in behalf of the sick of New France. A hospital was urgently needed. Father Le Jeune did not cease repeating this again and again in his Relations. In 1634 he wrote: "If we had a hospital here, we should have in it all the sick and old people throughout the country." And in another letter: "The hospital will have powerful results. It is certain that all the sick savages will come there to die. . . . When they see themselves in comfortable beds, well fed, well lodged, well cared-for, do you doubt that miracle of charity will win their hearts? We are indeed longing to see this wonder."

The pressing appeal which he had addressed to the ladies of France in his Relation of 1635, and which had moved so deeply Mme. de la Peltrie, produced the same lasting impression upon the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. She said to herself that God asked of her to *bring aid to Jesus Christ's suffering members* in New France, and she resolved to obey the Divine call. The Duchesse d'Aiguillon had never met Mme. de la Peltrie; she did not even know of her. So when we read the lives of these two great benefactresses of Canada, it is impossible not to be struck by the traits of resemblance traced on their mutual destiny.

The Duchesse d'Aiguillon, daughter of René de Wignerod and François du Plessis, and niece on her mother's side of Cardinal Richelieu, had married Antoine de Beauvoir de Doure, Marquis de Combalet. Later, by favor of her uncle, she became Duchesse d'Aiguillon. Like Mme. de la Peltrie, she had wished to consecrate her youth to God ; like her, she had been prevented from doing so by the will of her father. Like Mme. de la Peltrie, she lost her husband, killed while fighting under the walls of Montpellier, after a few years of married life. Like Mme. de la Peltrie, her widowhood had been devoted to every work of piety and charity, especially those of the Missions, and finally, like her, she had heard the voice of God and saw the road she was to follow, while reading the Relation addressed in 1635 by Father Le Jeune to his Provincial, Etienne Binet. Mme. de la Peltrie consecrated her fortune to the education of the Indian girls, and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon founded the Hôtel-Dieu at Quebec, the direction of which, at the suggestion of Father Le Juene, she gave to the Hospital Sisters of Dieppe.

On May 4, 1639, three Ursulines with Mme. de la Peltrie, and three Hospital Sisters, under the auspices of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, embarked at the port of Dieppe, the first to found at Quebec a seminary for girls, the second the Hospital of the Augustinians. Three Jesuits accompanied these seven pioneer heroines, Fathers Vimont, Poncet de la Rivière and Chaumonot.

SIMI AND THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER VII.

The Power of God's Grace.

(Continued.)

WHOM God loves, He sanctifies by sufferings. Thus Simi, who was His chosen child, and had already gone through such painful trials, had still more awaiting her. The chief of the Spanish company at the lines at once took the young girl under his protection, acknowledged her a Spanish subject, treated her with extreme courtesy and defended her nobly against the attacks of her furious cousin.

Concealed within the guard-room and trembling all over with terror, she listened to the altercation between the gentlemanly officer and her angry cousin. Isaac, almost choking with rage, tried to force an entrance to the guard-room ; but by the command of the officer, the sentinels kept him at bay with their bayonets. The tears of the young girl had touched those brave soldiers' hearts—for they were nature's gentlemen, every one—and they resolved to defend her from anyone who should dare to try to recapture her. When Isaac saw the determined position of the guards he thought it prudent to retire for the present, and as he moved away he cried out with a fierce, menacing gesture :

“By the God of Jacob ! I swear you shall pay dearly for your apostasy, vile traitress !”

A little later, when some of the kind-hearted soldiers had conducted Simi to the Vicar of San Roque, it pleased God to allow most horrible doubts to arise in the good priest's mind. Seeing the young girl was beautiful and well dressed, he thought at once that her desire to become a Christian was but a ruse to cover a love affair. His suspicion was strengthened by her ingenuous confession regarding her flight and her cousin's pursuit. The Vicar, who prided himself much on his

knowledge of the human heart, now grew obstinate in his belief that this girl was a silly love-sick adventuress. He resolutely refused to take her under his protection or have anything to do with her affairs.

Simi went forth from his house in tears. What was to become of her all alone in a strange country, without a single human being to whom she could turn for a temporary refuge? What would be her fate if she were compelled to return to her father's house? How could she then fulfil her cherished desire of becoming a Christian?

Thus sadly pondering on what step to take she slowly descended the stairs and rejoined the soldiers who awaited her. Tears of sympathy rolled down these good men's cheeks when they saw the young girl's deep distress.

"What shall we do with the child?" asked one.

"No chance left but to take her back to Gibraltar," answered the other.

"Oh, my father will surely kill me if you do," said the girl in an agony of fear. A painful pause followed; each stood looking at the other in sad silence.

"Listen to me," exclaimed Simi, with sudden inspiration. "Is there no one here who will have the charity to baptize me for love of the Blessed Virgin? Then I will have no fear to return to my father, then I will not fear death."

"Come, child, come; you shall henceforth be my daughter," exclaimed some one standing near. The voice was rough, but there was a tremulous sweet ring in the tone.

"Don Baldomero!" cried both soldiers in surprise as they recognized the old notary.

"May God reward your charity, sir!"

Simi, while speaking to the Vicar, had felt so disconcerted by his reception that she did not observe a third person in the room. It was an odd-looking figure enough; a little old man in shabby clothes, a black skull cap on the back of his head, an enormous pair of spectacles on his nose, a quill stuck behind his ear and a cigar between his lips. This old man had listened attentively to the conversation between the Vicar and the young girl, his keen, kindly eyes fixed on the expressive

face of the latter. On seeing her go away disconsolate and almost despairing, he turned to the Vicar and said :

“How if it were all true, Vicar?”

“Don Baldomero! you have very little knowledge of the world notwithstanding your years,” said the Vicar, in an annoyed tone.

“But did you not see her crying, sir?”

“Don Baldomero, Don Baldomero! we need never believe in a dog’s limp and a woman’s tears.”

“Nonsense, sir; that is only a saying. Say what you like about the dog, but I know a woman’s tears mean something.”

“As you like, Don Baldomero,” said the Vicar, shrugging his shoulders; “but you cannot convince me that there is not something behind all this idea of becoming a Christian—the girl is young and beautiful—but all is not gold that glitters, you know.”

“Then, by your leave, I’ll go and judge for myself,” said Don Baldomero, taking his threadbare cloak and old hat and hurrying downstairs after Simi. He had just been in time to catch her last words.

“Yes,” he continued, “I am poor and I have to support eight children with these old hands; but where there is enough for nine mouths a tenth can have a share, and that would just be our number if my good wife were still alive. The only thing I feel, dear child, is that you cannot have all the comforts you are accustomed to in your wealthy home, but at least you shall have affectionate, kind hearts around you, if nothing else.”

Don Baldomero was one of those simple, impulsive, noble-minded Spaniards, so often to be met with during the early part of the present century. Under his uncouth exterior there lay hidden a heart of gold. Though he growled now and again, he was incapable of injuring a fly, and he was gentle as a woman. His position as notary would have been sufficient to maintain him in comfort were it not for the large family with which God had blessed him and for which he had to work hard to keep in bread. Yet he did not hesitate one moment about sheltering this young stranger, sharing his

hard-earned meal with her and lavishing on her a truly paternal love. Since she had come to his home he had not repented of his conduct; on the contrary his affection for the lonely girl increased daily as he learned to know her better.

Meanwhile he had communicated with the Bishop of Cadiz, relating all the circumstances of the case and asking his advice on the subject. He also added that he intended to keep the young girl in his family till his Lordship would counsel him what to do.

"I assure your Reverence she is a saint," was his salutation each time he met the Vicar.

"Pooh! we shall see. But all the same I am glad you have taken charge of her, and I acknowledge that I may have been too hasty in my judgment."

One morning a mysterious looking person called at the notary's door. His three-cornered hat was pulled down low, and his cloak concealed the greater part of his face. Simi, who from a window had seen him approach, immediately recognized her cousin Isaac. Flying to Don Baldomero's office, she told him she had seen her cousin coming up the street; she knew he was coming to take her away. The old man muttered his usual exclamation, "*Caracoles*," and hurried Simi into the room on the opposite side of the narrow passage and facing his office. Thrusting her in, he closed the door and told her to lock it securely. Hardly had she done so when Isaac's voice was heard at the door and his measured step on the passage. She had not been a moment too soon! Simi threw herself on her knees before a statue of Our Lady and prayed with all her heart, for she foresaw there would be a serious conflict between the two men. Though the door was firmly closed she heard every word which was uttered in the office.

"Don Baldomero, I presume?"

"Your servant, sir."

"Sir," began Isaac, but Baldomero interrupted him timidly and asked to whom he had the honor of speaking.

"You shall soon learn, sir. I have come to see you and speak on a very grave subject."

Simi noted the effort her cousin was making to speak in a gentle, insinuating voice and how much it cost him to restrain his rage while relating the details of her flight. The notary listened in absolute silence.

"Now, sir," said Isaac in conclusion, a greater excess of anger in his voice, "if you have my cousin concealed in your house, you must yield her up to me instantly."

"Excuse me, sir; but that is impossible."

"Impossible? and pray why? I come in the name of her father to claim her; his right precedes all others."

"Except those of God, sir," said the old man solemnly.

"I came here resolved to retain my calmness and not enter into any religious discussions; it is not necessary for you to proclaim what you style the 'claims of God.' You are a father, you ought to understand the agony of soul which Simi's father is suffering on account of her treachery; it may even cost him his life. If you were to see him, pale, sad, disconsolate, clinging for three whole days to the stairs down which she had passed, neither eating nor drinking, calling always for his child, sometimes with curses, sometimes with endearing names; then indeed your heart would bleed for that poor father, you could not resist his tears. You are a father, Don Baldomero, you have a kind heart. Do not despise his tears!"

Simi heard every word, she felt as if her heart would break. Claspng her arms close around the statue of Our Lady, she pressed her lips to it in a wild effort to keep back the cry which she felt *must* escape from her sore heart if she gave the least rein to her emotion. Isaac continued to depict her father's woe, and each of his words struck home like a pointed arrow.

But the Jew began to change his tactics. He noted the impression his words were making on kind Baldomero's heart, for tears were now coursing down his furrowed cheeks. He had spoken no word all through Isaac's recital, and the latter believed the time had come where a bribe would give weight to his touching story.

Taking from his pocket a purse full of gold, Isaac counted the pieces ostentatiously before the old man's astonished gaze.

The metallic chink of the money made him start nervously.

"All this is pure gold and it is yours if you yield up my cousin." The notary felt his head swimming. He had been deeply moved by Isaac's account of Jacob's wild grief for his daughter. . . . Then . . . all this gold would be a large fortune . . . and he had so many children. It was truly a great temptation, but Don Baldomero was a gentleman and an honorable one; if he vacillated, it was but for a second. His dignity was wounded, he blushed with shame for even having looked at the gold on his table. The compassion he had felt for the sorrowing father now turned to contempt for the man who dared to propose such baseness; and to him, to Don Baldomero, who was looked on as the soul of honor! The blood rushed in a burning tide to his face. Rising with great dignity, he exclaimed:

"Sir! for whom do you take me?"

"For a poor man who, in exchange for a favor which will cost him nothing—or, rather, for doing an act of justice—may better his condition considerably."

"A poor man—yes—but a gentleman, and honorable. Know, sir, that I have the honor to be a Catholic. Know also that what you propose would be deemed villainy by a Christian!"

"Is your resolution final?"

"Absolutely."

"Look well at it," cried the Jew, with blazing eyes, as he clinked the gold once more on the table.

"Take away your gold, sir! You insult me by exposing it. I have said all I desire to say."

"Very well, then," cried the infuriated Jew, "I have come here determined to carry off Simi by fair means or foul. Yield her up or you die this moment!"

As he shouted these words he pointed his pistol at the old man's head. Baldomero had scarcely started back two paces when, simultaneously with the click of the pistol, a woman's shriek rang through the house. Both men started, and turned; then Isaac, lowering his pistol, rushed to the door of Simi's room and tried to force it open. It creaked and strained, but

did not yield. Isaac was furious. Turning again to the notary, he pointed his pistol, saying :

“Open this door, or I will shoot you !”

At Simi's shriek all Baldomero's daughters rushed in together, screaming :

“Help, help! my father is being murdered !”

The girls' cries brought the infuriated Jew to his senses. Finding he had got himself into a perilous position, he hastily muffled up the lower part of his face with his cloak and pulled his three-cornered hat over his brows, and, concealing his pistol as best he could, made off in less time than it takes to tell. On hearing such a commotion in Don Baldomero's house all the neighbors came crowding in, but it was some time before the old man could collect his senses sufficiently to explain what had taken place.

The room in which Simi was concealed still remained locked. They called and knocked repeatedly, but she gave no answer. Some one suggested a crowbar to force the door ; but Baldomero, who had put his ear to the keyhole, thought he heard a faint sigh.

“Simi !” he called softly. A moment's pause and then the key was turned and the door slowly opened. Simi stood before them pale as death, her large dark eyes fixed on Don Baldomero in a terrified stare.

“Ah !” she exclaimed as she threw herself into his arms, “he did not kill you ! Oh, thanks be to the Almighty God and Our Lady !”

On hearing Isaac's threat and the cocking of his pistol, Simi had given that one scream and fallen at the feet of the statue, unconscious. And from that day, each time that she thought of the painful scene, she was seized with such an attack of nervousness that her health became seriously injured. She grew languid and very pale, and were it not for the truly paternal care of Don Baldomero, and the sisterly love of his children for Simi, she would surely have sunk under the strain.

During the two months she remained under Don Baldomero's roof the young girl's health and spirits began slowly to return. She lived on the hope of being baptized; it was the one grand desire of her life.

Her father was not passive all this time. Day after day there came letters or messages from him. Sometimes they contained fierce threats, at others magnificent bribes—always directed to the notary—and indeed it was brave on the old man's part to remain equally indifferent to both. Meanwhile he recognized that the situation was dangerous, alike for himself and Simi. He therefore urged the Bishop of Cadiz to take prompt measures for the girl's safety.

After some delay arrangements were made by his Lordship. Simi was to be sent to the Augustinian nuns of San Cristobal, at Medina, and remain there till fully prepared for baptism. Simi left the good, kind family with great sorrow. She had found there such a kind father and such loving, affectionate sisters. They also felt great sorrow in parting with her.

In Medina, under the direction of the good daughters of Saint Augustine, she perfected her religious education, and was very soon ready to receive the holy Sacrament of Baptism.

Meanwhile the story of her conversion had spread all over the country, and had excited the deepest interest in the young convert. The kind-hearted people of Medina vied with each other in showing her attention, and the highest nobility of the town considered themselves happy and honored the day they could succeed in having her as their guest. Her beauty, her modesty, her intelligence, and her gentleness had won her universal sympathy; indeed, so much was she loved that the whole town of Medina would have risen to a man in her defense, should her relations make any attempt to recover her.

On Trinity Sunday, June 7th, the town presented an unusually festive appearance and great animation. The young Jewess was to be baptized that day, and as the Bishop desired to give the ceremony an extraordinary solemnity, he was coming to administer the sacrament in person.

All the streets leading from the Convent of San Cristobal to the parish Church of St. Mary, were decorated with drapings of flowers. People in holiday attire stood waiting patiently near the convent and around the church; the children

ran about gaily without precisely knowing why they were glad ; every face shone with sympathetic happiness.

At length the convent opened and as Simi's white-robed figure stood framed by the dark old doorway, the people outside greeted her with an enthusiastic *viva*. Clothed in pure white, a wreath of flowers on her magnificent hair, which hanging loose on her shoulders almost reached to the ground, her natural beauty so enhanced by the emotion which reflected itself on her cheeks and shone in her eyes, Simi looked so lovely that the people thought her more like an angel than a being of flesh and blood. She was escorted to the church by the nobility of the town and numerous guests. Amongst the latter could be distinguished good Don Baldomero, looking very jubilant and very pompous, and much better dressed than usual. Simi walked through the streets, which were literally lined with people, and as she went she heard benedictions on all sides and she knew that many tears were shed. An incident occurred which increased the enthusiasm of the sympathetic crowd. When half-way to the church the line of the procession was broken, a woman rushed through the breach and clasped Simi in her arms. It was Dolores, her faithful Dolores !

"Dolores ! Oh, this is the happiest day of my life !"

"And of mine also," exclaimed the girl, once more straining her young mistress to her heart. The news of Dolores' arrival ran from lip to lip, for all knew the part the good girl had taken in Simi's conversion, and now her advent was greeted with joyful acclamations.

The ceremony was performed with all those touching rites which the Church employs in the baptism of adults. The Bishop himself poured the regenerating water on her head, giving her the name of Maria Dolores, on account of her great devotion to Our Lady under that title. When, afterwards, the Prelate gave her the Sacred Body of Our Lord, her soul was simply glowing in ecstasies of love, her tears of joy were now almost as numerous as those she had hitherto shed in sorrow—and truly poor Simi had had the latter in abundance.

ST. PHILOMENA.

BY ALBA.

Canto IV. Triumph.

(*Continued.*)

ETERNAL city, lo! we quit
Thy palaces in moonlight sleeping,
Where seems the shade of Peace to sit
On each fair tow'r, sweet vigil keeping.
Leave we, likewise, the glowing streets,
Where thousands idly lounge, or hurry
Deep in the world's empoison'd sweets,
As in a grave, their souls to bury.
Leave we the squares all glitt'ring gay
'Neath luxury's unchalleng'd sway,
The freaks and pageants that call forth
Loud plaudits from unthinking mirth.
Bid we farewell to that soft ray
Which shines upon the seeming Peace
More false, more treacherous than they.
Hush we the breath; the whisper cease;
For lo! that flimsy frost-work bright
A secret dire enfolds to-night.
Oh! palace of imperial name,
Where dwell the mighty and the proud,
Canst thou, without one flush of shame,
Beneath thy marble dare to shroud,
Veil'd by the signs of worldly bliss,
A darkling labyrinth like this—
An endless waste of windings drear
Wherein the bravest heart might fear
The dreadful path to follow on,
Nor blush its quickest throb to own?
The roof, low-arch'd, whose echo moans
Despairing answer to the groans
That, tremulous, and faint, and low

Murmur above, around, below ;
The famish'd tiger's distant howl
Blent with the lion's angry growl,
Which to the captive's frenzied ear
Bespeak the dread arena near ;
The slimy walls which, through a gloom
Deep as the darkness of the tomb,
Now flash the flaring torch-light back,
The doors which on the smoky track
Of the red blaze, relentlessly
Frown, like grim warders of the way,
Guarding its secrets dire from all,—
Such sights and sounds may well appall
The spirits of the shivering pair
Who to explore its depths now dare.
One strides with quick, unsteady pace,
As hurrying through th' unholy place,
Fearing to turn his head, lest he
Some vision of remorse should see,
Some spectre from a bloody tomb
Come to pronounce his own dark doom.
His trembling comrade near him crouches,
Holding aloft the torch, whose glare
Reddens the roof it almost touches,
And shows the shiv'ring figure there,
Whose tott'ring steps can scarce pursue
Their path that hideous labyrinth through.
Oft does he shrink, and would flee back
But for the Dark One on his track ;
Then strives, in agony's excess,
Close by that Dark One's side to press.
Now, with white lips he seems to seek
Or voice, or words, or strength to speak,
Still ceasing ere he half begins,
Till fear, at length, the vict'ry wins.
“Emperor—hear—oh ! let me live !
Daring poor counsel thus to give !
Emperor—hear me—oh ! return,

Nor draw on Rome unsparing doom !
In judgment's flames she soon will burn,
If here, within this living tomb,
Thou shalt attempt yet further harm
To that fair Christian maiden's form.
When late in passion's accents thou
Our band all hastily didst summon,
Adown the stream with speed to row,
And bring thee back that wondrous woman,
Would that thine eyes had then beheld
The miracle unparallel'd
Which marked her the Elect of God !
Then, when the Tiber's shore we trod,
And saw her slumb'ring peaceful there,
Like some white bird of beauty rare,—
When in our arms we dar'd to raise
And bear her to the bark again,
No cloud, no shadow of amaze
Dark'ning her face, so lovely then,
She sat, lost in a reverie
That strangely awed our souls to see !
With stealthy pace, and downcast head,
Along the galley's deck we tread,
The boldest comrade of our band
Whisp'ring his words behind his hand—
Once more, within this prison den
Thy pow'r encircles her again ;
Who—who shall say what fate may burst
Upon our heads, thus doubly curst !
Let not my counsel meet thy scorn ;
And when the night gives place to morn,
A chosen band shall come with me
To set the Christian maiden free——”

With pleadings wild, impetuous,
His wav'ring lord he urges thus.
An instant stands the monarch, mute,
With glance and air irresolute,

While the cold dew his pale brow loading
Echoes the soldier's dire foreboding.
But now the flush of reckless will
 Across his face hath past ;
Transgression's cup resolv'd to fill,
The pathway of his choice he still
 Will follow to the last.

"She must be mine—she shall—she must.
 Coward ! lead on, the way to shew,
Or lo ! this dagger's deadliest thrust
 Thy blenching heart right soon shall know."
Onward they stride. At length they stop
 Beside a low-brow'd dungeon-door,
Where streams of oozing water drop
 With mournful splash upon the floor,
And where the savage monsters' cries
Nearer in dreadful chorus rise,
 Waking the echoes drear.
Hearken ! A cry ! 'Tis not the yell
Of desert panther, known so well.
It broke from human lips ! With hand
Upon the lock th' intruders stand
 Chain'd by resistless fear,
And, breathlessly expectant, strain
Their ears to listen. Hark ! Again
That cry, so woeful, yet suppress'd,
As if the suff'ring soul distress'd
 Would fain its agony subdue.
Now, from the prison-vault within,
Faintly some smother'd accents win
 Their way, the yet clos'd portal through.

"Thy will be done ! Yet hear, oh ! Lord,
 Thy servant's agonizing pray'r.
Merciful ! Holy ! breathe the word,
 And this last bitter anguish spare.
Remember, when Thy goodness call'd

My spirit forth from Pagan gloom,
By threaten'd vengeance unappall'd,
Untempted by the world's gay bloom,
I joyfully Thy voice obey'd,
And earthly friends and favor laid
An off'ring at Thy feet. And when
My father, to my fond pray'rs giv'n,
Was, for Thy faith most holy, driv'n
Far from his home, by cruel men—
When unbefriended and unknown
We wander'd houseless, and alone,
Yet not so lowly but that we
Struck by pursuing death might be—
When—of those sorrows all must dread—
My father oft, by grief made wild,
Would with reproaches load my head,
And call me—Philomen, his child—
The author of his ev'ry wrong !
Oh ! my dear Lord, Thou know'st how long,
How patiently I bore it all,
For Thy dear sake, at Thy dear call,
Nor offer'd from its weight to shrink.
Bid me not, then, this chalice drink.
Yet woe is me ! Why do I plead
These few light sufferings,
Nor to His mercies great take heed ?
Alas ! the world still flings
Its mist unholy o'er each scene,
And keeps, poor heart, thy sorrows green.
Its vapors false thine eyes still hold,
And gild the dross, and dim the gold.
He cast thee from thy lofty state,
Where knelt the world, as at a shrine,
For that its glitter, idly great,
Incrusted o'er destruction's mine ;
And from thy home, that thou might'st trace
His footsteps through the wilderness ;
And took thy jewell'd garb away

(By eyes immortal unesteem'd)
To robe thee in the poverty
At Heav'n's bright Court so glorious deem'd.
The sorrows that would claim thy sighs
Are mercies in a mournful guise.
God owes thee nought for suff'rings borne,
But thou to Him a meet return
For love unfathom'd shewn—
Then come, to-morrow's mortal pain !
Wilt thou refuse the draught to drain ?
His Holy Will——”

(*To be continued.*)

MISSION NOTES.

The current number of *The Belgian Missions* opens with an instructive and interesting article on a topic that may even yet prove for some a cause of doubt and misgiving. We refer to the work of gathering cancelled postage stamps to help swell the resources of the Foreign Missions. “This work,” the article says, “has been in operation at the seminary in Liège, Belgium, since October, 1890. It has already achieved wonderful results and its future is full of promise. Strange to say, the pious work had its origin in a friendly wager. A priest, a teacher in the Normal School at Saint Trond, had a brother on the missions, curate to the Congo village of Saint Trudon. He determined to raise funds for his brother. With this end in view he made with one of his companions a bet to the effect that within less than three years he would gather 40,000,000 old stamps and sell them for 10,000 francs, or about \$2,000. The man's zeal and the novel nature of the wager urged his friends and his pupils to vigorously take up the work, and by the end of a year all felt sure of the scheme's future success. About this time, October, 1890, some young men, interested in the plan, entered the seminary at Liège and set themselves at once to giving the work a completer organization and a wider scope. In a word, they conceived the scheme of raising funds for the foundation of Christian villages in the Congo country. After the three years agreed upon, the bet that gave the enterprise a start was won, the 40,000,000 stamps had been gathered and with all Europe, for a market, had realized

a sum of money far in excess of most sanguine expectations. The result was that in 1894 10,000 francs were sent to the missionary priests from Scheut to found the first Christian settlement in the Congo district under the name of Saint Trudon. Emboldened by their success, the promoters of the work extended their efforts to every country in the world; they appealed to an American lady, who lent all her zeal to the undertaking; they perfected their organization and introduced methods for selling their queer merchandise at the highest possible profit. The revenues rapidly grew from six to ten thousand francs annually, and help was dealt out not only to the missionaries from Scheut, but also to the White Fathers, to those of the Society of Jesus and to the Fathers of the Sacred Heart. The missionaries from Scheut have up to date received 23,000 francs for their settlement of Saint Trudon, the White Fathers have received 14,500 francs for their settlement of Saint Lambert. The latter settlement, founded as late as 1899, after many and serious setbacks promises to become in time the head centre of a splendid Christian community in the Uru. For the missions of Kwango, managed by Fathers of the Society of Jesus, 13,000 francs have been already forwarded, enabling the missionaries to erect five chapels named after patrons dear to promoters of the pious work, Saint Leo, Saint Victor, Saint Hubert, Saint Remacle, Saint Juliana. Finally, the sum of 10,000 francs has been promised to the White Fathers for the establishment of a Christian village under the title of Saint Leopold at their mission, close to Stanley Falls. The Fathers are already in receipt of half the sum. We must add to the above amounts another 2,000 francs spent on the education of native children in the Belgian tongue. The work therefore of collecting old stamps has already netted 57,000 francs for missionary purposes in the Congo. It is far from being at a standstill. Its managers have reason to expect that the closing year of the century, the tenth of its existence, will see the amount raised to 80,000 francs with good prospects for making it 100,000 francs by the end of 1901.

“The work is simplicity itself and consists entirely in gathering and selling old stamps. These two departments of the business call of course for many willing hands, active, capable and devoted. At the Liège Seminary from twenty to thirty students consecrate to the work whatever time the rule allows them for purposes of recreation. Widespread collection is secured by a vast amount of correspondence. Young men acquainted with the principal

languages enlist the services of relatives and friends scattered in every known quarter of the globe. The *sorters* form another very important department. These are charged with the task of choosing from the bundles sent to Liège whatever may be of more than ordinary value from the stamp collector's viewpoint. They have to separate stamps of common degree from those of the rarer kind, and have to carefully distinguish between the precious and the low-priced. The sellers in this, as in every species of trade, must be right capable men and eminently honest. They do business with wholesale dealers in the markets of Brussels, London, Paris, Lyons, Cologne and elsewhere. They have customers, too, among the retailers so numerous to-day in the large and small cities of Belgium. They have to keep themselves posted with regard to the *philathelic* publications or stamp-literature of France, Germany, Belgium and other countries and note fluctuations in the stamp market. They have to, in a word, know thoroughly and detect at a glance all the thousand details likely in the opinion of experts to raise or lower the value of stamps. The uses to which the stamps are put is a question that causes much concern to outsiders. The promoters of the work can give little or no information on this point. What interests them is the fact that they sell without difficulty not only thousands of the variety called rare, but thousands of pounds, and hundreds of thousands of the commoner sort. Lately, for instance, they received an order for 3,200 pounds of European stamps from a wholesale dealer in Paris, who says he wants them for the Paris Exposition. The young men engaged in the work are not at all curious to know to what possible uses these 16,000,000 stamps can be put at the Paris Exposition. Their sole anxiety is to gather them because of the profit attached. They therefore earnestly hope that friends of the good work will lend them the help of a supreme effort. Pressing appeals have just been dispatched to promoters of the scheme in different countries. In a certain large city in Germany placards urging this appeal have been posted, with the authorization of the Bishop, on the doors of the Cathedral and principal churches. It looks like madness to encourage a crowd of people of every age and condition to collect old stamps; but the scheme loses all appearance of madness when we reflect that it simply coins money for so pious and so worthy a work as the Missions of the Congo. And since experience abundantly proves its usefulness, readers

must decide for themselves whether this work of collecting old stamps deserves their support and co-operation. Put one side, therefore, the cancelled stamps of each day's mail; take the trouble to look over your old letters, detach stamps of earlier dates and the seminarians at Liège will easily find willing purchasers. You will be helping on a good work and what is more you will be gaining each time an indulgence of forty days, granted by His Holiness Leo. XIII."

Under this strange caption, *The Ngil*, Rev. Father Trilles, a missionary, narrates one of his experiences in the wilds of Africa. With some changes we take the story from the *Annals of the Holy Childhood*: "I arrived in a village peopled with colored folks belonging to the Fang tribe. In the evening I was surrounded by the whole population for a friendly exchange of ideas. We talked about many things, and these big children, as the negroes are justly called, never tired putting the strangest and the most stupid questions to me for answer. Lo! there is a sudden halt; as with a blow the animated conversation ends in complete silence. From the lower end of the village comes an awe-inspiring shout, a mysterious sound out of the far-distant forests. The whole crowd disperses. The women are gone in the twinkling of an eye, my catechists are fled, and the men are retired to their huts. The terrible shout is shrieked again: 'The Ngil comes!' The Ngil is a sorcerer dreaded by all the women and nearly all the men. His mission is to hunt up the thieves and murderers, all the women who have done wrong, and in every instance pronounce the penalty of death against the guilty. This was the cause of the general stampede. The Ngil approaches. Realizing my critical situation, I feel a great desire to run away; but on reflection conclude to stay. Should I, a priest, make room for the passage of the minister of the idols? Never! The negroes would be right in saying: 'He fears our fetiches as much as we do, therefore they are mightier than he is; why should we listen to him?' That's why I remain quietly at my post and wait. 'Make yourself small when there is danger,' is the Chinese saying. The heroic Frenchman keeps quiet, puts his hand on his sword, and shouts: 'Attention!' that is, 'Lift your weapon for the combat!' I am a Frenchman and a priest; in this double capacity I expect the enemy; my sword, the crucifix, I hold aloft in my right hand. Finally, the notorious Ngil comes, carrying poisoned arrows in one hand and in the other, on top of a short

stick a human skull blackened and daubed with poisonous matter. His head is adorned with a wreath of feathers and his dress is made up of the fibres of banana plants. Visibly surprised and enraged at my temerity, he commanded me with that strange voice to leave the scene immediately. On my refusal to obey he throws one of his arrows at me. The arrow went by, barely missing my ear. He shouts, grows angry, and launches a second, which remains stuck in the folds of my cloak. He reaches for a third, when I step forward and say in measured terms, 'Ngil, get away from here as quickly as possible or you shall be killed. I know your laws ; you have no right to lay hands on me ; depart hence!' 'Why do you despise me?' he says. 'I do not despise you. Off with you ! You cannot scare me !' Drawing quite close, with his eyes rolling wildly in their sockets, he says, 'Since you pretend to know me, I will convince myself by asking you a few questions.' He swings the skull over me in such a manner as to sprinkle my head and shoulders with the poisoned ashes. 'Who am I?' he begins. 'You are Ngil, who, they say, bring to light bad women, murderers and thieves. I have known you for a long time back, but never saw a sign of your power. I should like to know it.' 'You shall soon have a chance to know it. Did you ever hear who my wife is?' I had learned enough from our Christians to be able to answer, and so replied, 'I know your wife ; her name is Amage.' 'And now, what am I going to do to my children?' 'You are going to try by means of that skull to learn who is guilty' 'And how will they behave?' 'They will lift up their hands to the sky, and pray to the Ngil as to their father.' 'And will I treat you as I do them?' 'No ; for as a child of God and as a priest of Him who has power over you I am no subject of yours.' 'It is enough. Peace be with you. I know you no longer fear my wrath.' The Ngil then moved on. I followed, together with his attendants. The adventure had been more serious than I thought. The authorities at Libreville would have been of little use to me in a strange village, hidden in a country full of brushwood. Had I been killed they would have laid the whole affair to my own imprudence, reporting me as 'lost,' and this would have ended the whole story."

L'Independant, of April 28, has this to say of France as the mother of missionaries :

"During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Spain and

Portugal led the nations in apostolic work because they outstripped the others in New World conquests. But during the century just closing, France has become beyond question the leader in missionary enterprise. At the present writing, out of a total of 13,314 missionary priests, two-thirds are Frenchmen. Four-fifths of the 4,500 Brothers and the 42,000 Sisters who teach the uncultured savage are of French birth. Between the year of its foundation, 1822, and 1897 the Society of the Propagation of the Faith has applied to the work of the missions 303,063,986 francs. Of this sum France alone has contributed 192,704,379 francs, all the other countries of the world giving the remainder, or 110,359,607 francs. Two additional facts are besides worthy of comment. First of all, in spite of attempts made to destroy Catholicity in France, the growth of religious congregations is daily assuming proportions that surpass belief. Then, as a setback to the wicked designs at the bottom of the military law, ecclesiastical students are become more numerous in most of the dioceses. Angoulême is a conspicuous example. Its clergy was so thinned out after the Revolution that recruits had to be sought in neighboring dioceses. To-day it is in a fair way to supply itself without help from the outside.

"Nothing can exert so beneficial an influence for renewal of religious practices in districts well-nigh strangers to piety for a century; and this widespread awakening of faith must in turn operate to swell the numbers of religious vocations. It is an astonishing fact that France is a country, whence Catholicity flows to bless the entire world; whilst Spain for all practical purposes is in complete decadence; whilst Italy is without any perceptible growth, and Austria is absolutely at a standstill. Why, then, hurl taunts at France? Why, most of all, institute unfavorable comparisons between France and England?"

ST. MICHAEL'S, ALASKA, January 29, 1900.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER :

The September issue of the *Messenger* caught up with me here. This station was known to the early Russians as Fort St. Michael's and was among the first of their establishments along the coast. In 1895, the date of my first visit, I was not a little surprised at the neat appearance of the struggling settlement and at the air of prosperity lent it by a comparatively large colony of white residents. Handsome buildings, spacious stores and warehouses, along with a well-equipped hotel, argued an ambitious

future for the little town. Now, however, after an interval of five years, St. Michael's is become nothing short of a thriving city. Residences, stores, hotels, have been multiplied and the labor demanded by the several commercial companies has added very materially to the population. The summer is, of course, St. Michael's busiest and most crowded season. The winter cold drives many back to the milder climate of the States. Blizzard-like storms are frequent visitors to these shores. This year, however, has been exceptionally free from discomfort. On the morning of Sunday, October 1, our attention was called to a little steamboat, "The Beaver," in great distress, midway on her trip to the opposite side of this bay. The wind blew a gale and whipped the sea into a fury. High waves washed over her decks, and at times she was completely buried from view. Only two men were aboard, the engineer, I suppose, and the fireman. They soon concluded that crossing was out of the question and set loose their signals for help. Fortunately a larger boat with steam up was then at anchor in the harbor, and she was soon under way to the rescue. They saved the crew, but the "Beaver" and her cargo went to the bottom. By the end of November the bay was locked tight with ice. On December 23, the thermometer registered 36 below zero in the sun, and we have been for a month enjoying brisk, bracing and racy weather. Our work here is really reached only its infancy. We count much on the holy prayers of the children of the Sacred Heart. With their help we hope to become by and by a prosperous League Centre.

Your Brother in Christ,

J. POST, S.J.

AT PEACE.

BY S. T. SMITH.

LORD, I am tired. But Thou wilt give me rest.
The way was long, and none did walk with me.
Now that I find me closer to Thy breast,
It matters not. I learned to want but Thee.

SHRINE ANNALS.

The letters which are sent us faithfully from Auriesville bring pleasant news about the work which has been done there since April 21. Reviewing what we wrote for the May PILGRIM about our visit there on that day, we wonder how we could have omitted mention of one impression which we experienced very painfully while there, the feelings of sadness and of something like discouragement when we saw the continued ravages of the storms, particularly in the Ravine. No doubt the uppermost impression of that visit, the happiness of saying the anniversary Mass in memory of Catherine Tegakwita, and of praying amid those hallowed scenes quite obliterated every other for the time, and we are glad now that we spared our readers what would have grieved them sorely, the more so that we can at length reassure them that all is well and that the repairs and improvements which were promised in our last issue have been completed.

On the Shrine grounds proper every second tree has been removed from along the fences and transplanted to other parts of the grounds or to the Ravine. Behind each of the station crosses is a Carolina poplar tree, and the thickest shade trees have been removed from the well to make a background for the old Shrine. New shrubbery beds have been made at the corners of the roads and on the Calvary, and vines or rosebushes have been planted about the porches of the sacristy and priests' house, and at every station of the cross.

In the Ravine the land slides have been removed, the banks on the roadsides retained by heavy stone walls, well covered with vines, and a hedge of willow trees. The west bank of the stream has been supported by railroad ties on which the new bridge rests firm fully six feet above the bed of the creek. Woodbine covers both banks, and young trees are planted there in plenty. The grotto also has its rosebushes and ivy, myrtle is planted up the hillside, and the terraces beneath are covered with woodbine and protected by rustic fences, so that during pilgrimage services only the clergy and choir can have access to the grotto itself.

The fence about the large stone has not been removed, but it has been contracted, and over the portion of the stone nearer the grotto, a platform has been made on which the pulpit will be placed. For the first time the Ravine will be the beautiful place

we have always longed to see it, and on the roadside near its entrance, St. Joseph will have a shrine, as soon as some devout client of his shall have provided the statue.

The PILGRIM for July will contain the usual information about the pilgrimage season for 1900, and subscribers will have their copies in good time before the pilgrimages. For very good reasons the crowning of the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows has been postponed until the summer next year, as by that time we hope to have the Pietà in marble after the model described in the PILGRIM for January.

Monday, May 28, a lecture on "Father Isaac Jogues, Pioneer Priest of New York State," will be given in the College Theatre of St. Francis Xavier's College, West Sixteenth Street, New York, by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J. The proceeds of this lecture will be devoted to the Shrine and the cause of the servants of God who lived and died there. The lantern slides, fully eighty in number, illustrate scenes of the life and labors of Father Jogues and his companion, René Goupil, and the site of the town near where Catherine Tegakwita lived. These slides have been selected with great care, and some of them are finely colored. Under the direction of the Rev. J. B. Young, S. J., members of the choir of St. Francis Xavier's Church will sing at different parts of the lecture psalms and antiphons which serve to set forth the sentiments of the heroic missionary.

This lecture will be repeated in Philadelphia Monday, June 11, in Mercantile Hall, and it is hoped that it will develop new interest in the Shrine and Cause of the missionaries.

* * *

We have been requested by one to whom the Shrine is much indebted, the lady whose donation of gold for Our Lady's altar first suggested the plan to crown her statue, to record her thanksgiving for success in a suit for the possession of valuable mines, and to recommend her petition for the favorable termination of the case.

* * *

A piece of property, about 10 acres, adjoining part of the Shrine land, is offered for sale, and we are requested to make this known to pilgrims and others interested in Auriesville. Letters asking for further information may be addressed to our office.

The improvements made at Auriesville during the past year, and the repairs made necessary by the damages described in our March and April numbers, are ample reasons for the appeal which we must make for donations to meet these expenses. The Shrine is supported by the charity of its patrons, and, unless these expenses be cleared, we shall not only be in danger of going into debt, but also prevented from doing what we should for the pilgrimages. There are different objects toward which our friends may contribute, the Cause of the servants of God who lived and died at Auriesville, the Shrine itself, the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs, the crown of thorns in gold. There is one way in which all can help the Shrine, even though they cannot contribute for any of these objects, and that is by subscribing to the PILGRIM, or obtaining subscriptions for it. Last year one friend of the PILGRIM obtained for it over 100 new subscribers. These subscriptions, besides supporting the PILGRIM itself, would, if numerous enough, produce some slight revenue for the Shrine; and, what is of still greater importance, they would help us to make known to many people the interests of Auriesville and lead them to practise devotion to Our Lady of Martyrs. Below you will find a blank for sending your subscription, or, if you be a subscriber, for sending us the address of some friend whom you wish to become a subscriber.

....., 1900.

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Acknowledgement is made of the following contributions :

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

JULY, 1900.

No. 7.

A CLIENT OF OUR LADY OF SORROWS.*

IT is a common though erroneous opinion that the day has gone by when sanctity is worked out along the beaten paths of penance traversed by so many a saint of God. The discipline and hair cloth, the long fast and the midnight vigil are factors, we are told, only in the holiness of the mediæval monk, and for times when the passions of men were stronger, and reason alone was not as now sufficient to hold in check man's lower nature. Our modern hagiographer, even of the Catholic school, passes quickly over the uncanny details of corporal mortification to examine into the psychological phenomena which led to such imprudence, or if, breaking away from this new style of writing Saints' lives, he makes mention of their austerities, he is taken to task by the reviewer for his bad taste in obtruding facts of this kind upon the reader's notice. The angelic purity of St. Aloysius is of course held up for admiration and imitation, but the acts of penance by which he procured and safeguarded such spotless virtue are to be concealed from view or dismissed with a few brief lines.

It is startling, then, and almost a shock to our refined sensibility, to have presented us a youth almost of our own times, whose life and death are still remembered by many now living, modeled on the sanctity of ye olden type; to glean from his sweet-faced picture, where the eyes are bent in love

*Life of the Venerable Gabriel of our Lady of Sorrows, of the Congregation of the Passion. By Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P. Publisher, H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

on a skull, a scourge and the image of Mary pierced with her sevenfold sword of sorrow, the truth proclaimed by our Holy Father in a recent letter that "the continual prayer of the just man avails to placate and bring down the blessings of heaven, especially when to such prayer bodily mortification is added." This we take to be the lesson taught by the life of the Venerable Gabriele dell 'Addolorata, Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, a client of our bereaved Mother Mary in obtaining the grace of his vocation, in the name that was given him on the day of his reception of the religious habit, in the spirit of the Order where his sanctity was attained, and above all, in every thought and deed and aspiration of his short but fruitful life on earth. "Being made perfect in a short time, he fulfilled a long space."

Francesco Possenti, in religion Brother Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, was born March 1, 1838, in the little town of Assisi, so famous as the birthplace of the Seraphic Founder of the Friars Minor, and, as is the pious custom of Catholic countries, was baptized the same day at the very font where centuries before St. Francis of Assisi had received the grace of regeneration. Francis' father was a trusted official in the service of the Papal government, while his mother, descended from a noble family of the Marches, was still more distinguished by her many virtues and the unremitting, personal care she gave to the bringing up of her large family of thirteen children. On February 9, 1842, four years after the birth of Francis, she was called to her reward, and Signor Possenti, realizing how greatly his official duties would interfere with the proper management of his family affairs, entrusted the care of his nine surviving children to a devoted and experienced servant named appropriately Pacifica.

In the lessons of the second Nocturn of Matins, where we have a sketch of the life of the saint whose feast is celebrated, we frequently find that from early youth, sometimes from very infancy, he gave evident signs of future sanctity. Such an assertion cannot, however, be made with regard to young Possenti. He was in some respects the most troublesome child of the family, the *enfant terrible* whose frowardness caused no

end of anxiety. Headstrong, giddy, often positively disobedient, he had moreover a most uncontrollable temper, although like most of those who give way to violent anger, the outburst was shortlived, and always followed by sincere repentance and a humble craving of pardon from his offended father. The same defects of character reappear in his school and college days, first with the Christian Brothers and afterwards with the Jesuits at Spoleto, of which city his father had been appointed governor. The habits of thought and action that come with years went far to remove any outward manifestation of these faults, and if we add to this, that he was of a sunny, cheerful disposition, clever at his books, a leader in all sports, and much sought after in all social entertainments, we can well understand that he was undoubtedly a general favorite. Dances and parties, novel-reading and theatre-going had for him special attraction, and yet we have the clearest testimony that his moral character remained unblemished amid temptations that have caused the ruin of many another soul. This grace we may well attribute to the protection of our Blessed Lady, for whom he always had the tenderest devotion. "From his earliest school days," writes his sister Teresa, "he showed special devotion to the Blessed Virgin, never missing the Rosary we recited at home every evening. He often visited the sacred image or Icon of our Lady in the Cathedral, and if perchance the doors were closed, he would devoutly venerate the statue placed over the entrance, *la Santissima Vergine del Portico*, as it was called."

Frequent Holy Communion and attendance at daily Mass were other practices of devotion which we should hardly have expected in this ambitious, worldly-minded youth. The fact was that underneath all his apparent levity and vanity there was a firm and deep foundation of solid piety, resting on the principles taught him by the sons of De La Salle and Loyola, strengthened and fortified by the advice and good example of his truly Catholic father. Nor were his thoughts all of this world. "How many times," says his college friend Bonuaccia, "do I remember seeing him during his thanksgiving after Communion, his head bowed in deepest reverence, his hands

clasped, his eyes moist with silent tears, as if he were pondering over some great thought, and maturing some great design." This design was nothing less than his entrance into a religious order. God had whispered into his ear the Divine invitation, "Come, follow Me," and two attacks of serious sickness, from which he always considered he owed his recovery to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the Jesuit martyr, Blessed Andrew Bobola, quickened into action his yet feeble resolution to heed the call of grace. He applied to the Provincial of the Jesuits for admission into the Society, and his request was granted. But the struggle had not yet ended. The joy of success, the spell of secular pleasure, still held him back, and so we find him at the age of eighteen, within a few months of graduation from college, with his high resolves still unfulfilled. It needed Mary's aid to win the day, and this was vouchsafed him on occasion of the Octave of the Feast of the Assumption, August 22, 1856, when, during a solemn procession in her honor, there was borne in upon his soul the firm, irrevocable conviction that his place was in the cloister, not now of the Society of Jesus, but of the heavy black-robed, barefooted sons of St. Paul of the Cross, the Passionists. He opened his heart to his director and professor, Father Bompiani, S. J., who, after a rigorous examination of his vocation, pronounced it to be of God, and promised to write to the Provincial of the Passionists to secure his admission. He communicated his determination to his father. It was a heavy blow to him, now in his sixty-sixth year, and beginning to lean on Francis as the prop of his old age. He represented to his son the hardships and difficulty of the life he wished to embrace, he called the proposed step a whim, a sudden fancy, which must be first tested by time and the decision of prudent theologians, but in the end the father's feelings were conquered by his sense of duty as a Catholic, and on the morning of September 10, 1856, accompanied by his uncle, a Capuchin friar, and his brother Aloysius, a Dominican, Francis entered the Passionist Novitiate at Morrovale. Rare combination, at once a sign and a symbol of the charity existing between the various Religious Orders, that the

initial step in the carrying out of a vocation declared to be of heaven by a Jesuit and nurtured by prayer in the sanctuary of the Servites of Mary at Spoleto, should be witnessed by a son of St. Dominic and a son of St. Francis! The leave-taking at home must have been all the more painful from the fact that it immediately followed the brilliant crowning of his course of philosophy, where Francis' Commencement speech had won the applause and admiration of a large audience, and clergy and laity were congratulating the proud father on the worldly future that awaited his gifted son. Bonnaccia has left in writing a description of his friend on occasion of this last appearance in public. We may quote it in full to mark the contrast with the frontispiece of Father Hage's book, to emphasize the victory over flesh and blood achieved by Francis Possenti. "His clothes were unusually elegant; a matchless and richly folded shirt front adorned with jewels, bright buttons on his cuffs; a silk cravat around his neck; his hair studiously parted; add to this picture his white kid gloves and patent leather shoes, and we have a pen picture of young Francis Possenti, as he stood smiling and serene, facing his many friends and the distinguished audience, about to be the pleased spectators of his triumphs."

The next day after his arrival at Morrovale Francis entered upon a ten-days' retreat, to be ended by his reception of the religious habit on the Feast of the Seven Dolors, September 21. This circumstance determined also the name given him of Gabriele d'Addolorata, an appellation which was for him more than a name, and which was to shape and color his whole religious life, and impart a direction and a peculiar charm even to his practices of piety. Mary was the very soul of his life, the source and model of his sanctity, and it was the greatest joy of his life when, after five years of repeated begging for this favor, he was finally permitted by his superiors in 1861 to bind himself by vow to use every means in his power to promote her honor. This devotion was fed and inflamed by frequent reading of St. Alphonsus' "Glories of Mary" and the "Love of Mary" by Dom Robert, a Camaldulense hermit. Both the rule and the spirit

of the Congregation to which he belonged gave a special form to this attraction of grace. It was not to Mary in her joys and triumphs, in the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Assumption or the Coronation that his thoughts and words went out with loving affection, but to Mary standing in grief beneath the Cross, the Addolorata, the Sorrowful Virgin, the Queen of Martyrs. Under this aspect she was the constant subject of his meditations, the theme of conversation ever on his lips and breathing in his letters, and again and again he craved the permission, which was denied him, of burning her holy name on his breast with a red-hot iron or of cutting it there with a sharp knife.

But his devotion to Mary's sorrow was but the supplement, the incentive to the more earnest practice of the distinguishing virtue of a Passionist, love and imitation of Jesus crucified. Each religious Order has its distinctive spirit which differentiates it from all other Orders, and the members are only advancing in perfection in proportion to their growth in this spirit, and in the degree in which they have it permeate their every thought and deed. Of this spirit of his Order Gabriel had fully possessed himself, and no truer son of St. Paul of the Cross ever followed out the rule of its founder even to the minutest details. Love and imitation are correlative, and the love which was fanned by meditation, by spiritual reading, by hours spent before the Blessed Sacrament, sought expression and outlet in the constant, untiring effort to bear about in his body "the mortification of Jesus." Not content with the many austerities of rule or custom, the fasts, the discipline in common, the rising at midnight to recite the Divine Office, he begged with all the earnestness and insistency of one asking some special indulgence, to be allowed to practise extra corporal penances, and although some liberty was allowed his fervor in this matter, obedience checked all that was excessive or immoderate or calculated to injure his health. This abstinence was in itself no little sacrifice to so ardent a lover of the Cross, but in the broader field of interior mortification, in the acting contrary to every sense by denying to eye and ear, taste, and touch, and feeling, all natural gratification, he found fre-

quent and unforbidden acts of penance pursuant to his brief yet heroic resolution, "I will strive to resist all my inclinations." Modest in word and gait and look, though without prudery; humble without affectation or ostentatious self-dispraise; obedient even to the least indication of the superior's will, promptness itself in attendance at community exercises, abhorrent of all exemptions, he was withal so cheerful, so joyous that his presence was a benediction, and only the directors of his conscience knew the depths of sanctity which lay hid beneath his calm exterior, and the heroic virtues which filled each moment of his day. So great was his love of prayer, so intimate his union with God, that like St. Aloysius it was more difficult for him to divert himself from spiritual things than for the man of the world to apply himself to them. Nothing of his natural affection for his father and relatives had been lost. Elevated, spiritualized, his love for them found vent in fervent prayer for their welfare, in letters of advice and counsel pregnant with his devotion to the Addolorata, suggesting the sacrifice of this or that little amusement or pleasure as an offering to Mary. And yet we must not fancy that his life ran on without trial or temptation, or that his ascent of the mount of perfection did not find him at times hard pressed for breath or weary to faintness. There was a struggle to overcome his old-time inclination to anger, which now from motives of zeal would at times burst forth. Spiritual aridity, dryness, darkness, repugnance to persons or things, came at times to cast their shadow over his peaceful soul, and to enhance by the combat they brought on the merit of his victory over self.

But it was during the sickness that overtook him after a few years of religious life, and which was eventually to lead him to the grave, that the virtues we have just set forth were to shine with greater lustre. Even with all the checks imposed by the prudence of his superiors, the life of Gabriel d'Addolorata was an intense one, wearing on flesh and blood. Holy Scripture speaks of much prayer as a means in its very exercise of weakening and holding in subjection man's body, and the life of this holy young Passion-

ist was an almost unbroken prayer, his heart burning with the fire of that same divine love which erstwhile wasted the frame of an Aloysius or a Stanislaus. First, there were "little headaches," as he called them, which he vainly endeavored to conceal in order to escape the exemption from the austerities of his rule which he knew would be thrust upon him. A change of climate was deemed advisable, and he was sent to Isola in the Abruzzi—a spot most favored of nature, where the ever-varying panorama of mountain, woodland and stream, it was hoped, would furnish agreeable distraction and recreation, and the mountain air would bring color back again to his pale face. The color came, but it was the hectic flush of the consumptive, and too soon it was clear beyond all doubting that tuberculosis had claimed him as its victim. For three years he lingered on in the thralls of this dread disease, for which he had even prayed as offering him the most exercise of the virtue of patience and affording opportunities of breathing acts of God's love to the very end of life. His one thought was of heaven, his one desire to die, and it required the command of his superiors to have him join in the prayers that were being made for his recovery. Floods of divine light and consolation were inundating his soul, and revealing the emptiness of the world he was soon to leave. On the morning of February 27, 1862, the end came. He had humbly begged the community which knelt weeping at his bedside, to pardon the supposed bad example he had given them; he had received with sentiments of the tenderest piety the last sacraments. Uncovering his breast, he had placed over his heart the crucifix and his cherished image of the Addolorata, the symbols of the two influences which had dominated his life since his entrance into religion. His lips moved in prayer, and among his most frequent ejaculations could be detected, "O Mother mine, make haste," which has led to the opinion that our Lady was assisting at his bedside. For a moment, there was a passing struggle as the devil made a last effort to capture his soul by some foul suggestion, and then ensued calm and peace, "and in this state, without even the slightest motion of his figure, he ceased to breathe and

passed from this life as one who drifts into slumber." His face was wreathed in smiles, and his eyes bent even in death upon the two precious pledges of salvation that his hands held tightly pressed upon his breast. He was, like St. Aloysius, in his twenty-fourth year, and like to him, death had come when he was almost on the eve of attaining the supremest joy on earth—the honor and the glory of standing as a priest before God's altar. "Consumed by the ardor of divine love rather than by the violence of disease," say the illustrious Cardinals who have been most active in promoting the cause of his canonization, "comforted and rapt in an ecstasy by the apparition of his Heavenly Mother, he was sweetly received by her; and laden with merits, left for heaven."

Such in briefest outline is the life and death of Gabriele dell' Addolorata, the client of our Sorrowful Mother even in the somewhat wayward days of spirited boyhood, her devoted servant, her passionate lover and imitator during the five years and seven months of his fervent, mortified life as a member of the Congregation of the Passion. The fame of his sanctity has now spread far and wide and many miracles of grace or of restoration to health attributed to his intercession have increased devotion to him and prepared the way for a recent decree of the Congregation of Rites that the cause of his beatification may be proceeded with. His tomb at Isola has become a place of pilgrimage, but as in the honor paid to Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catherine Tegkawitha, at Auriesville, pending the authoritative declaration of the Church, all direct and public cultus has for object our Blessed Lady under the title so dear to the heart of Gabriel. This community of interests, so to speak, this common object of devotion should make the life of the saintly young Passionist of special interest to readers of the PILGRIM, and lead them to believe that in praying for his beatification and canonization, in invoking his intercession, they are doing an act both grateful and pleasing to their heavenly patroness, the Queen of Martyrs.

ST. PHILOMENA.

BY ALBA.

CANTO IV. TRIUMPH.

(Concluded.)

HARK! 'Tis the rav'ning tiger's yell!
H The bloody hour draws near!
Fearfully rings the signal fell.

" 'Tis Philomena's funeral knell!

Oh Life, to nature dear! '

Part we midst agonies like these,

By savage fangs asunder torn

Gazers more savage still to please?

Must the proud Roman's mirthful scorn

My parting spirit's requiem be?

Hark! 'Tis their shouts I hear! And see,

They ope the portal of each den!

Each famished monster bursts its chain,

And forward rushes! Save me, God!

My flesh—my eyes in rage they tear:

Th' arena flows with blood—with blood!

The current rises—spare, oh spare!—

Alas! alas! Poor raving one,

Where have thy wandering senses gone?

Shall plaints like these from lips like thine

Rise to thy Master's Throne Divine?

He whose omnipotence can make

The martyr kiss with joy the stake,

Whose flames his quivering limbs consume,

Can He not make death's agony

The same bright festival to thee,

And change to bliss thine awful doom?

Hail, trembler, hail to-morrow's sun!

Not on dismay its beams shall shine.

A martyr's triumph shall be thine.

God is with thee; His will be done!

“ Yet how with martyrs shall I dare
My own frail weakness to compare ?
Where is my strength ? My courage, where ?
How have I earned the priceless grace
Which bore them to their resting-place ?
Where is the faith so firm, so bright,
Which ever on the Blest One leant ?
The toilsome day, the wakeful night
In fervent adoration spent ?
A servant profitless am I,
Scarce fit to live, less fit to die.
My wayward thoughts forever stray
To scan each coming agony.
Perchance some sin yet unforgiven
May bar, e'en now, my path to Heaven.
If it be thus—oh, dark despair!—
Tempter, begone! It is not so.
Jesus, where art Thou ? Mary, where ?
Leave me not in this hour of woe!
The darkness of these prison-walls
Deeper around my spirit falls,—
The past, the present densely shrouds,
And wraps the future in its clouds.
Where is thy hope, oh ! Philomen ?
Who shall thy fainting soul sustain,
Or soothe thy sufferings ? What shall be
Thy portion in eternity ?
Thy childish griefs thou can'st not plead,
Nor can'st thou as a martyr bleed ;
Nought thou can'st urge may win to save
Or soul or body from the grave.
Yet God hath to His faithful given
A changeless promise, signed in Heaven
And sealed on earth. Repose thee here,
And death and hell thou may'st defy.
With Jesus and with Mary near,
Can it be terrible to die ?
Father ! I rest Thy love upon,

Nor life beseech, nor sufferings shun.
Even now, all trembling and dismay
Are fleeting from my soul away,
And deep, unutterable rest
Falls sweetly on my troubled breast.
Now, breaking through the darkling gloom,
Heaven's opening glories meet mine eyes ;
Their beams my prison-walls illumine—
Oh, bliss ! Behold my sacrifice ! ”

Softly away the whispered words
In dulcet music fade—
Music celestial, breathed from chords
By angel fingers played,
Whose sweetness through the cavern drear
No earthly echo wakes.
Mutely the monarch, pale with fear,
A hurried signal makes,
Which bids his trembling comrade turn
The ponderous key. The hinges mourn,
And creak, and groan, as backward swings
The heavy door which wide he flings.
Lo ! bursting forth, a blaze of light
Dazzles his fear-bewildered sight !
Is *this* the black abode of night ?
The dungeon safe where hate lays by
Victims to gloat death's hungry eye ?
They enter. From his powerless hand
Th' attendant drops the flaring brand,
And prostrate falls upon his face.
Well may he thus. Beyond the space
Which lies between them and the wall
Farthest removed—an interval
Now glorious as the sun—a flight
Of glittering steps, as marble white,
Rises aloft, till mortal sight
Hath lost it in a flood of light ;
Upon each step an angel stands

On either side, within his hands
A harp of soft mellifluous sound,
Whose fairy breathings whisper round.
Above their heads, bright garlands shorn
From Eden's fairest bowers are borne
By clouds of smiling cherubim
Who chant proud triumph's joyful hymn.
Beneath, upon the lowest stair,
Between their ranks, a litter fair,
Shining as dews of early morn,
Is waiting, ready to be borne
Up the bright way to Heaven by those
Attending angels who repose
Close by its side. Upon the ground,
Her soul in blissful rapture drowned
The captive Philomena kneels,
No mortal sees, nor suffering feels.
The garments that around her flow
'Neath that mysterious radiance glow
White as the snows of Appenine
When dazzled by the noonday's shine.

What thinks he now, that monarch fierce?
His eyes are dull; they cannot pierce
The clouds of unbelief that lower
Around his soul, with fiendlike power.
Nought does he see; the dungeon grim
Is but the dungeon still to him;
The prostrate guard, the flickering torch
That lies, half quenched, within the porch,
He sees them not. There is but one
His frenzied eye hath rested on—
The white-robed maiden kneeling there,
Lost in her reverie of prayer.
Upward she looks, with steadfast gaze,
As if, beyond that vision's blaze,
A vision still more glorious shone,
Seen by her eyes alone.

In vain the monarch speaks, in vain
The pleading or the wrathful word ;
Fettered by Love's ecstatic chain,
They fall upon her ear unheard.
At length she murmurs, while new grace
Irradiates her beauteous face—

" Master beloved ! I come to Thee."

Maddened by rage, by jealousy,
Forward the furious king hath darted,
His dagger from its sheath hath started,
And deep in Philomena's breast
Hath sought and found a bloody rest.

" Hail, Philomena ! pure as the morning !
Bright be thy dwelling-place, fair thine adorning,
Earth's mimic splendors steadfastly scorning—
Virgin most holy, hail !

" Hail, Philomena ! Now thy sword sheath it ;
Vanquished Temptation quivers beneath it.
Raise thy triumphant head ; laurels enwreath it.
Martyr most glorious, hail !

" Hail, Philomena ! Heaven's bells are ringing,
Angels their festal day canticles singing,
Thee to thy bright throne joyously bringing.
Bride of the day-star, hail !

" Hail, Philomena ! Never, oh ! never
Shall thy blest soul from its blessedness sever.
In His bright vision repose thee for ever !—
Hail, Philomena ! Hail !"

Whose was the shriek that wildly rung
The vaulted arches through,
Echoed by many a goblin tongue,
Mocking, yet fearful, too ?
Not his, the trembling satellite
Who now, with dew-chilled brow upraised
Beholds, where late the vision bright

In all its glory blazed,
Nought but the bare walls, grim and black,
Traced by the reptile's shiny track,
And a white figure on the floor
Seen by the torch's fitful glow
In death's deep stillness lying low,
Her garments stained with streams of gore.
Nor was it hers, that awful cry.
No, Philomena ; thus to die
Within the arms of that bright throng
Who bear thee now, with joyous song,
Up to thy Bridegroom's throne on high—
This did not wring from thee a cry,
But spread upon thy face so fair
The blissful smile that lingers there,
Daring death's shadow to eclipse
Its radiance on thy stiffening lips.
Whose was the cry ? It broke from thee,
Assassin of the innocent,
Forth from thine inmost bosom rent,
Thine own fell handiwork to see.
Oh ! maniac king, well may'st thou rush
Far from these dungeon-vaults away,
Lest underneath their walls they crush
A heart more merciless than they !
Vainly thou fliest ; by thy side
The shadow of thy crime shall glide,
And hunt thee to the tomb !
Vainly thou diest ; thus to see
The shadow of thy crime shall be
Thine everlasting doom !
Trembling soldier, bear her hence ;
Beauty, virtue, innocence
Once within that corse abode,
Loved by angels, prized by God.
Bear it tenderly away ;
Angels guard the breathless clay.

Though the soul its shrine hath left,
'Tis not yet of life bereft.

Still within that shrine there be
Seeds of immortality,
Planted by the living bread
Which so oft these lips hath fed.

Bear her tenderly away ;
She in Heaven for thee will pray,
Till the Christian's glorious name
Thou triumphantly shalt claim.

When the martyr's circlet red
Shall entwine thine own glad head,
Joyfully thy soul shall then
Bless the name of Philomen.

SIMI AND THE QUEEN OF SORROW.

BY LUIS G.

CHAPTER VIII.

Within the Cloister.

NE year later, June 18, 1818, the same Bishop vested Simi in the habit of the barefooted Augustinians in the town of Medina. Simi, though deeply grateful to the Augustinians of San Cristobal who had been so kind to her during her stay with them, preferred to pass to the stricter branch, where she could practise more austerities and be still a child of St. Augustine, for whom she had a great affection.

Her consecration to God was the occasion of another great festive day in Medina ; again the people vied in showing their affection for the child of their adoption, Marie de los Dolores. The noblest gentlemen of the town, with the Lord Mayor at their head, begged from door to door for alms for Simi's dower. Not a person in the town, however poor, withheld his mite ; and so abundant was the money collected in one

day, that not only was there the full amount required for Simi's dower, but enough over to enable her former maid, Dolores, to enter as a lay sister in the same convent. Henceforth and forever they were sisters indeed !

Simi Coens, now known as Marie de los Dolores, made her solemn profession July 19, 1819, receiving then the new name of Mother Mary Amor de Dios. Her life in the cloister was a continual exercise of every virtue. Gentle, affectionate and sympathetic, she was dearly loved by the community, amongst whom she ever shone as an angel of charity and peace. Austere towards herself to a heroic degree, she was always indulgent and benign towards others. St. Teresa of Jesus was her constant model, and she succeeded marvelously in acquiring that same broad, amiable spirit which has made St. Teresa one of the most lovable of saints.

Mother Mary Amor de Dios was also favored by God with transports in prayer and great supernatural lights, which she tried to conceal from her sisters ; but she could not always succeed in blinding their lovingly keen eyes. By order of her confessor she had written down some of those celestial favors, but at his death she considered herself free to destroy these writings.

The charity, which she practised in such a high degree towards her sisters in religion, was also her dominant virtue in her intercourse with seculars. She filled the office of portress for twenty years, and thus she came to be known and loved by all in Medina. " Her charity," writes one who knew her well, " was so extensive that it embraced all classes of people—the rich, the poor, the old, the young, the joyous and the sad. For each she had a soothing word or an alms, a present or a prayer, according to each one's need."

During the sad period of the Revolution when the revenues of religious communities were confiscated, the barefooted Augustinians suffered very severely. The strong mind and unshakable faith of Mother Mary was a veritable Providence to the community. Not only did they obtain sufficient means to support the Sisterhood, but during those hard days not a

single portion of the usual alms was withheld from the poor who flocked to the convent gates.

When age and infirmity obliged her to give up the duty of portress, and she was no longer able to minister to the wants of her beloved poor, she devised an ingenious way of helping them. She used to beg some of the sisters to carry her in her chair to the choir and leave her there until she had recited the whole Rosary that God might soften the hearts of the rich and make them generous. Nor did her thoughtfulness end here. She constantly exhorted the portress, whoever she might be, to great charity towards those suffering members of Christ. She delighted in hearing the minutest details about them and always showed much greater interest in their affairs than in those of the most influential friends of the community. The former directly represented Jesus Christ, she used to say in her spirit of faith.

One sharp thorn rankled in the heart of this holy woman—the probable fate of the father and brother she loved so dearly. With many tears and sharp penances she implored God to grant the conversion of even *one* member of her family. She had heard nothing of or from her father for several years. One day brought the sad news that he was dead. He had died an obstinate Jew. Mother Mary offered this painful sacrifice to Our Lord, adoring the inscrutable ways of Providence. Yet she did not despair. God would surely grant her at least *one* soul, some member of her family who would follow her into the one true fold. “Even *one*, my God!” was her constant, piteous plaint at the foot of His throne. And that *one* soul was the soul of her beloved brother, Daniel.

Years passed on, and it seemed as if Heaven did not hear her prayers; but she neither wearied nor wavered. She *must* win at least one soul by her constancy and faith. And God heard her prayers in the end, granting her even more than she dared to ask for.

Some muleteers, who went to Gibraltar for various goods, once brought her tidings of her loved brother Daniel. He was a wealthy man and had a magnificent warehouse in Gibraltar. It chanced that the muleteers had gone to his shop

to make some purchases, and one of them, noticing the strong resemblance which the Jew and his children bore to their beloved Mother Mary Amor de Dios, began to question him about his family. The muleteers, who knew their dear Mother Mary's history by heart, now gave Daniel much information about his sister which moved him deeply. He told the good men that the remembrance of that dear sister was one of the sweetest memories of his childhood, that he had always felt a secret sympathy with her and never could bear to hear her name reviled by his kindred. How the devoted loving sister exulted at the good news brought her by the simple, inquisitive muleteers! Her brother still loved her after all those years of separation!

Her heart overflowed with joy and her prayers for his conversion became more vigorous than ever. Later on she received still more consoling news of this cherished brother. She was told that he was a Christian at heart, and that he practised his faith in secret; but God did not permit Simi to know this with certainty till some years later. A long time elapsed without any news of him at all, and then Simi knew he must surely be dead. She knew only too well how her name was execrated by all her kindred and guessed rightly they would not send her any notice of his death or give her any information regarding him.

Several years went by in this state of uncertainty, when one day in the year 1875, Mother Mary Amor de Dios received a letter from a gentleman who was a great friend of the community. Enclosed was a newspaper cutting, giving the details of the conversion and baptism in Rome of a young Jewess. A cry of joy escaped from Mother Mary's lips:

"Thanks a thousand times oh, my God! You have heard my prayers!"

The young Jewess was a native of Gibraltar, named Simi Coens! It was her own niece, daughter of her sweet, her gentle brother Daniel. The paper went on to relate how, at his death, her father had exhorted the young girl to become a Christian, and what a hard struggle she had with her relations to carry out his wishes. Her history was very similar

to Mother Mary's own, and, like hers also, was marked by the special guidance of Divine Providence. At last her doubts about her brother Daniel were set at rest forever. He had died a Christian.

* * * * *

Mother Mary Amor de Dios passed the remaining years of her life in preparing for death; though truly her precious life had been one long preparation for that awful hour. As her great age prevented her from going about on foot, the sisters used to carry her to the choir, where she was accustomed to pass long hours in prayer before the Most Blessed Sacrament, or offering petitions to the Blessed Virgin under the title of Our Lady of Consolation, which is especially dear to the Augustinians.

Towards the end of March, 1886, a violent heart attack brought the holy nun almost to the gates of death. Her community wept for her as dead, but she still lived, God wishing to purify her by greater sufferings. Almost a year went by after that first attack, and the poor patient had to submit to frequent returns of the heart trouble; but she never uttered a complaint or murmured that her exile was prolonged. She was now always in her chair and a constant prey to torture. Each succeeding attack was more serious than the preceding, and each time, the sisters believing her end had come, would kneel around her chair weeping and praying.

Once on recovering consciousness she saw the candles lighted before the crucifix. She seemed surprised to find herself again in life. Turning to the sisters who knelt around her, she said smilingly :

“Dear sisters, why do you detain me so long on earth?”

Her holy soul passed peacefully away on January 8, 1887. She received the last sacraments surrounded by her weeping community, and appeared conscious to the last.

A few hours before her death the confessor asked her if she would like to confess again, or if there was anything troubling her mind.

"Blessed be God ! I can say with truth that I do not feel a single stain on my conscience," she answered with great simplicity.

A strange thing occurred the night of this saintly nun's death. Among the countless poor whom she had helped in a thousand ways there was one in particular to whom she had been everything—friend, mother, adviser. This was a poor young girl whose father had died while she was still very young, and whose mother was a helpless cripple. Mother and daughter had been sleeping soundly that night of the 8th, when suddenly the girl started from her sleep, having heard her name distinctly called. She sat up in the bed, and was dazzled by the bright light in her room. Presently she saw a nun whom she at once recognized as Madre Maria, though the face looked young and radiated bright rays of light. The nun was crowned with flowers ; angels sang a joyful hymn around her, and a sweet perfume filled the air. While the young girl gazed in mingled terror and gladness, the vision smiled sweetly at her ; and, while saying the words, "Adios, Maria, I am going to heaven !" she disappeared, leaving the room plunged in darkness as before. Maria's cry awakened her mother, to whom she related what she had seen and heard, adding amidst her sobs that she felt certain that her dear Madre Maria Amor, de Dios was dead. The woman tried to calm her daughter, saying it was only a dream ; but both were so impressed by it that they passed the rest of the night reciting the Rosary. When dawn appeared Mary rose in haste to go to the convent to get news of her beloved friend. Early as the hour was, the church doors stood open, and the first thing that met the girl's eyes on entering was the light flickering through the darkness from behind the enclosure. Approaching the latticed grating she saw the catafalque surrounded by tapers. On it lay the body of Mother Mary. Very beautiful she looked even in death, a calm sweet smile still resting on the marble lips, as if she had only fallen into a restful slumber ! Maria inquired at what hour the holy nun had died. It was precisely at the hour in which the vision had visited her mother's dingy room !

Not only her own community, but all the inhabitants of Medina venerate this holy woman as a saint. She has been some years dead, yet she is invoked with the utmost confidence by all in distress. They have a strong belief in her intercessory power, and many are the petitions which go up to God from the side of the lowly sepulchre of her who was once the persecuted little Jewess—Simi Coens.

SHRINE NOTES.

Sunday, July 1, members of St. Joseph's parish, Cohoes, N. Y., will make a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs under the direction of Mgr. Dugas, the rector of the parish, assisted by Father Ruest. The usual Masses will be said on the arrival of the pilgrims, and the Rt. Rev. Monsignor will preach a sermon in French. After a brief intermission the Way of the Cross will be made by all, and at the devotional exercises in the Ravine, a sermon will be preached in English by one of the Fathers in charge of the Shrine. This is the second pilgrimage from this parish. It will be the first pilgrimage of this year, and it is expected that large numbers will attend, not only from St. Joseph's, but also from other parishes in Albany and Troy.

The third annual pilgrimage from Saugerties and other proximate stations on either bank of the Hudson is announced for Saturday, July 21, on which date the Shrine will be opened for the season, a priest residing there until the end of August to say Mass daily and to conduct the customary pious exercises.

The crowning of the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs will not take place this year. It has been decided to postpone this ceremony for several reasons, one of which is the impropriety of inviting the faithful to an extraordinary pilgrimage this year of jubilee when the pilgrimages to Rome have very properly precedence over all others. The crowning will take place next year very opportunely, since the faithful who cannot visit Rome this year will then be encouraged to make local pilgrimages, from church to church in their neighborhood, and will be therefore disposed to attend as pilgrims the special ceremony this crowning will be.

Friends of Auriesville will hear with regret that the Jesuits have left the parish of St. Joseph's, Troy. It was Father Loy-

zance who, when rector of this parish, bought the land on which the Shrine now stands and started the pilgrimages. His successors, Father McQuaid and Father Walker, together with their assistants, have been devoted to the interests of the Shrine, and the pilgrimages under their direction have been always the largest in number. Father Curtin, of Watervliet, is now in charge of the parish, and Father McDermott, of Johnstown, who is well known to the pilgrims, has succeeded Father Curtin. Father Dolan, of Fonda, has succeeded Father McDermott, and Father Driscoll, lately of St. Ann's, Albany, is to be pastor in Fonda. To all these good priests, our sincere friends, we wish every blessing in their new charges, and we are sure that every patron of Auriesville will join with us in this wish.

The lecture on Father Isaac Jogues, pioneer priest of New York State, was given at the College Theatre, West Sixteenth Street, New York, on Monday, May 28, and in the New Mercantile Hall, Broad, above Master Street, Philadelphia, on Monday, June 11, before large and appreciative audiences. The lecturer takes this opportunity to thank all who assisted him in making these lectures successful, and to express the hope that by this means he may be able later to make the cause of Father Jogues and the interests of the Shrine more widely known.

During the month of July we shall mail to our subscribers and to all who have shown themselves interested in the shrine at Auriesville, a circular about the Shrine, its purpose, needs and prospects, together with information about the pilgrimage in the month of August. Much of this information will be published in the *PILGRIM* for that month. Those who may wish special information should apply to our New York address, 27-29 West Sixteenth Street, or, during the pilgrimages July 20 to September 8, Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y.

Lourdes in 1899, is the title of a small pamphlet from the pen of a Kildare priest, Rev. James Hughes, and published by Gill & Son of Dublin. The writer had the rare privilege of visiting the shrine in company with the Scotch pilgrims and is enthusiastic in his account. "The day at Lourdes," he says, "has neither beginning nor end." Masses begin at midnight and all through the night and morning men and women are thronging the altar rails for Holy Communion. After breakfast comes the High Mass for the pilgrims, chanted by the multitude in devo-

tional Gregorian. Then the long procession of sick and infirm to wash in the waters of miracle, lasting till the afternoon procession of the Blessed Sacrament. At nine in the evening Exposition for the night begins with all the music done by the worshippers. After describing the several functions, the writer continues: "As the Grotto was only a short distance away, I bethought me that it would be a favorable time to pay it a visit. I hoped the place empty; it would be so delicious to dream an hour away in the midnight silence. Vain my hope; no doubt many as well as myself came cherishing the same hope of speaking to their Mother in the tender intimacy of solitude. Little chance, however, of enjoying any such treat! People keep coming and going away, and this continues throughout the whole night. Once in a while the sweet silence was broken by some group starting the Rosary afresh, not regarding how little they were welcome to do so. A party from Brest, not content with this, sang many hymns. I willingly forgave them the singing of one with a refrain that quite charmed me, 'Catholique et Breton toujours.'" Speaking of the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, he says: "I declare I never saw, nay, I never felt, such lively faith in the Real Presence of our divine Lord, as during that sublime hour. As much from their faces as from their words, you saw how thoroughly they knew that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by. The impersonality of the Blessed Sacrament was not felt by any one. This was the fact that particularly impressed me. No, it was not to *It* they cried, it was to *Him* they spoke. They saw Him there as plainly, as really as He was seen that day He granted the prayer of the blind man of Jericho." Passing out of the church at early morning he records this other impression: "A scarcely less touching sight attracts my notice. Seated on the floor, with heads resting against pillars or benches, are numbers of poor weary pilgrims, whose slender purses do not permit the luxury of a lodging. There they lie, sleeping peacefully after their weary day in the third-class carriages of the pilgrim train. It is a pathetic sight, and hardly less so by-and-by when they unroll their little bundles and draw forth the loaf of hard bread and the frugal measure of white wine for the morning meal. Far from being out of keeping with the sacredness of the place, it seems quite natural and so fit that in their Father's house they should sleep and take their rest."

SOME UNKNOWN SHRINE OF OUR LADY.

V.—THE GREEK (UNITED) CHURCH OF THE BASILIAN FATHERS AND THE IMAGE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AT HOSZOW IN GALICIA.

If we journey from Stanislaw towards Stojow, we may see on the left side of the road, on a pretty hill, rising perpendicularly near the river Swica, a small round Greek church, which is an ornament to the whole adjacent country. This is the "bright hill of Hoszow," as the pious people call it, for it bears a renowned miraculous image of the Blessed Virgin. Till the year 1842, there was only a small wooden church, but the Father Superior of the monastery of Hoszow built a new one of stone, modest in size, but most beautiful in appearance. The monastery of Hoszow, which was formerly situated in the depth of a forest somewhat to the south of the present one, dates from the year 1570. It was built by a pious lady of the noble family of Hoszow, who endowed it with some property. But when, in the year 1780, the monastery obtained possession of the whole hill of Hoszow together with the adjoining fields, woods, and meadows, it was transferred to the place where it now stands. Besides the family of the Hoszows, many other persons contributed to endow the monastery; among these were Bishop Lemberg, who subscribed 3,000 Polish florins, Stanislaus Kossakowski, the Castellan of Karnicus, and others.

On the high altar of the beautiful church is placed the image of the Blessed Virgin; it is painted on canvas, in imitation of the image of the Virgin of Czenstockowa, and is renowned for many miraculous favors. At first it was in the possession of the Hoszowa family, which then lived at Dunajou. There, hanging on the wall, it was honored by the whole household. Every Saturday, a lamp was kept burning before it, as was the custom of all Polish houses. In the year 1736, on the day of the Finding of the Holy Cross, those who lived in the Castle perceived an unusual light coming from the image; moreover, the whole image was covered with perspira-

tion, and they beheld tears flowing freely from the eyes of the Blessed Virgin. The priests of the parish were called, who, acknowledging the miraculous phenomena, took the image with them, because the pious Michael Hoszowski did not deem himself worthy to keep such a treasure in his own house. Nevertheless, it is not known for what reason, the image was not placed in the church, but was kept in the sacristy. Only the year following, with permission of the Metropolitan, it was carried in solemn procession to the church on the day of the Transfiguration of our Lord.

Since that time our Lady at Hoszow has been celebrated for many miracles, carefully recorded by the Basilian Fathers. This record book has come down to us, and during the space of fifty years we see there recorded 117 miracles. Thither hasten the faithful, and many favors are vouchsafed them by the Blessed Virgin. From early spring till late autumn the people arrive, not only on feast days, but there is no day on which some, nay, hundreds or thousands, do not come to lay down the burden of their conscience by a sincere confession, and to obtain joy and strength at the altar of our Lady.

In the year 1886, towards the end of July, a lady arrived who for twelve days lay prostrate before the altar during the Holy Sacrifice, bathed in tears, and imploring mercy. Her son, who had to pass his final examination, had, fallen sick of a severe headache. The physicians pronounced it an affection of the brain, which was very dangerous. She returned home full of confidence in the help of the Blessed Virgin, and she was not deceived. For, on the 15th of August of the same year, her son was perfectly restored to health, and passed his examination without the slightest difficulty. In thanksgiving for this favor she sent eighteen wax candles and a silver votive offering for the altar of the Blessed Virgin.

MISSION NOTES.

A city in remote China is become within the past few weeks a new storm-centre of war and political disturbance. Peking would seem to be in the hands of the Boxers, a band of lawless ruffians notoriously hostile to foreigners and tolerated, if not in secret encouraged, by the Chinese government. Naturally enough the different European countries and our own are solicitous for the welfare of their subjects, resident in Peking on purposes of diplomacy, and commerce, and religion. Very little news concerning the actual condition of things in the isolated city finds its way to the outside world, and that little is calculated to awaken no small alarm. We must carefully guard against giving any credence to the vague rumors now going the rounds of a hostile press and connecting Catholic missionaries with the late troubles. These men and women, actuated by motives of zeal for the spread and growth of God's Kingdom, have no doubt incurred the lasting enmity of whatever element in China is opposed to law, order and morality. Besides, the Christianity, under whose standard they fight, inevitably paves the way to a broader and more enlightened civilization, and the average Mongolian is as much in dread of Western methods as he is of poison. Owing in part to the energetic measures taken by the French Government, Catholic missionaries have been enjoying since March 15, 1899, a wide array of privileges denied the representatives of the sects. On that date an Imperial decree was issued entitling them to a social and judicial position in the country, that the Viceroys, Mandarins and other Chinese officials are bound to respect. In spite of empty surmises and groundless statements, no specific act of abuse in connection with these splendid prerogatives has yet been alleged by reputable and capable writers. For the rest, our missionaries and their Catholic communities are, according to all reports, uncommonly free from serious molestation in the series of raids set on foot by the Boxers. This exemption is due, it would seem, not to any special favor shown them by these enemies of religion, but to the simple fact that for now some years the priests have established distinctively Catholic villages, well fortified against the periodic descents of brigands, and equipped with quotas of citizens efficiently armed and drilled for purposes of self-defense.

Ever since early in 1897, the record of the Catholic Chinese missions has been one of almost unbroken persecution, and it is only now, when the Protestant missions have been attacked, and the Chinese government has shown open sympathy and encour-

agement to the organized bands of robbers, that the Powers have united to take action. All along the local mandarins, despite Imperial decrees, have remained inactive while hundreds of Catholic villages, chapels and institutions have been burned or looted, and the native Christians made prisoners, horribly tortured, and not unfrequently put to death. In October, 1898, Father Chanis was martyred in the Province of Kwang-tong, on December 11, Father Victorin, a Franciscan, was put to a death of protracted torture in the Vicariate Apostolic of Southern Hou-Pé, while as far back as the November of the preceding year, 1897, two German missionaries, Father Nies and Father Henle, were killed by the sect of the Great Dagger at the Mission of Tchang-tza-Kia-tchouang. These were the most prominent victims, but to these were added hundreds of native Christians. Despairing of any assistance from the Chinese authorities, the Catholic missionaries counseled their parishioners to seek refuge in the large cities, or availing themselves of their rights, armed and drilled their communities to resist by force the assaults of the robbers. In this connection it may be well to notice that the Catholic Missioners always speak of their persecutors as robbers, bandits, members of secret societies such as the Great Knife, the Great Dagger, and never employ the term "Boxers" now in general use. These robbers in fact formed a sort of C. P. A., as may be judged from the motto placarded on their clothes, "Protect the Kingdom—Exterminate Religion." During all these trials the Catholics have remained steadfast in their faith, and have even increased in number. To take only the Provinces of Kiangnan and Southeastern Pe-tschi-li, entrusted to the Jesuits, Kiangnan has 156 priests, 1,230 Catechists of both sexes, 725 Christian communities, 115,177 Christians, and 34,481 catechumens. The mission supports 390 schools for boys, 449 schools for girls, numbering 11,262 and 5,309 scholars respectively. It directs, moreover, a large and small seminary, several colleges for the higher education of youth, and a considerable number of hospitals, orphan asylums and dispensaries. The missionaries also manage a magnetic and meteorological observatory, a semi-weekly Chinese journal, and a Messenger of the Sacred Heart in Chinese.

In Southeastern Pe-tschi-li, near the scene of the present disturbance, there are 57 Jesuit Fathers, 688 Catechists, 668 Christian communities, and a Christian population of about

50,000. Furthermore, there are 637 chapels and churches in this Mission, and 212 schools for boys and 189 for girls, with a total attendance of 4,974 children. Other Missions in China are in charge of the Franciscans, Dominicans, Lazarists, Augustinians, and priests from the Seminaries for Foreign Missions established in Paris, Belgium, Germany and Holland.

The following table, which has been compiled from the official "Missiones Catholicae" issued by the Propaganda, Rome, represents the state of the Catholic Missions in the Chinese Empire at the beginning of the year 1898, and, as stated above, the number of missionaries, converts, churches and schools has increased during the last two years. There are five ecclesiastical Provinces, comprising 40 Vicariates or Prefectures Apostolic:

VICARIATES OR PREFECTURES.	Inhabitants.	Catholics.*	Churches and Chapels.	European Missioners.	Native Priests.	Schools.	Seminaries.
Amoy.	4,500,000	5,760	32	11	8	15	1
Fokien	20,000,000	34,250	40	17	13	24	1
Honan, North	6,000,000	2,250	22	8	3	14	3
Honan, South	14,000,000	7,830	60	7	4	38	1
Hong Kong	3,000,000	7,000	38	7	5	33	1
Hunan, North	10,000,000	215	5	6	2	3	..
Hunan, South	10,000,000	5,670	48	4	10	7	1
Hu-Pé, Northwest	6,000,000	9,690	50	9	12	21	1
Hu-Pé, East	16,000,000	16,000	75	12	20	28	1
Hu-Pé, Southwest	9,000,000	4,900	29	12	9	18	1
Ki or Kul-Dia	..	112	2	5	..	1	..
Kan-Su	21,500,000	3,010	15	17	..	8	1
Kiangnan or Nankin	50,000,000	10,070	763	88	34	739	2
Kiangsi, North	10,000,000	4,570	34	9	3	16	..
Kiangsi, East	10,000,000	10,860	47	10	10	93	1
Kiangsi, South	10,000,000	4,220	22	7	4	14	1
Kwang-Si	10,000,000	1,110	15	12	..	10	..
Kwang-Tung	30,000,000	34,990	143	48	11	100	1
Kui-Ceu	10,000,000	15,730	77	33	7	118	2
Manchuria	20,000,000	21,830	160	30	12	117	3
Mongolia, East.	15,000,000	7,890	29	18	4	25	1
Mongolia, Central		14,900	55	23	11	35	1
Mongolia, Southwest.		4,430	29	21	1	18	..
Pe-tschili, North.	12,000,000	38,640	287	23	24	133	2
Pe-tschili, Southeast.	7,135,420	45,510	578	42	16	400	1
Pe-tschili, Southwest.	8,000,000	28,740	266	13	15	87	2
Schansi, North	6,000,000	13,150	186	9	15	70	2
Schansi, South	6,000,000	8,301	71	15	3	31	1
Schan-tung, North	12,000,000	14,900	182	7	16	77	2
Schan-tung, East	10,000,000	9,030	61	31	5	33	2
Schan-tung, South	..	7,480	57	9	2	25	1
Schensi, North	7,000,000	20,400	146	18	16	25	1
Schensi, South	5,000,000	9,180	51	15	5	75	1
Setchuen, Northwest.	20,000,000	39,600	55	36	45	234	2
Setchuen, East	15,000,000	31,000	64	40	35	137	3
Setchuen, South.	15,000,000	18,000	36	34	10	67	1
Tibet	4,000,000	1,320	12	15	1	11	1
Tsche-Kiang	25,000,000	10,500	59	13	13	64	2
Yun-nan.	12,000,000	10,390	53	27	7	51	1
Totals	449,155,420	532,448	3,930	759	409	2,915	49

* Catechumens are not included in these figures.

At the beginning of the Holy Year the Patriarch, Archbishops and Bishops of the East Indies issued a Pastoral Letter, breathing a truly apostolic spirit and full of salutary lessons. The keynote of the whole document is sounded in this opening sentence, "In the effulgent light of historical tradition it is easy to interpret and understand the great religious movement, fostered and blessed from its beginning by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., which animates the whole Catholic world to promote, at the closing of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth, extraordinary manifestations: (1) of reparation for the offenses committed against God; (2) of thanksgiving for the immense favors received from the Divine Mercy; (3) of ardent prayer to obtain from the same Mercy in the future even yet more abundant blessings both in the natural and the supernatural order, and (4) of unconditional adhesion to the Church, inseparable in redeeming and saving power from Jesus Christ, her Founder and Invisible Head, as well as from her Supreme Chief on earth, the Roman Pontiff." The letter then goes on to develop at great length and in vigorous language these four points. It calls attention to the disruptive forces now at work in the domain of religious doctrine, the logical outcome of the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century, and to the efforts of sectaries to separate Catholic nations from the Divinely truthful source of unity, the Apostolic See of Rome. Formidable obstacles are thrown in the way of the liberty of Bishops, evident in secular interference with the schools and in the culture of a false science that pretends to find opposition between Reason and Revelation. Liberty of worship or State indifferentism is preached everywhere. License of speech and license of the press are everywhere encouraged to the detriment of society and morals. Gratuitous and compulsory schools are reared on all sides to subtly instil into young hearts atheism and materialism, thus forming precocious criminals, a standing menace to authority and social order. The Gospel test is distorted to usurp and destroy the sacred property of the Church. In open contradiction with the principle of liberty and the right of association, religious congregations are dispersed and persecuted. Marriage is abased and desecrated by divorce, to build the family on irreligion and sin. The letter then goes on to enumerate some of the blessings conferred by Providence on the century about to terminate. Never in all history did there exist so great union between the Bishops and with the Pope. In the

midst of uncertainty and vacillation the influence of the Sovereign Pontiff stands forth unshaken and unchanged. Against the evil wrought by godless schools, parochial schools and Catholic colleges, thanks to the generosity of the faithful, are everywhere in operation. Model seminaries raise to a higher level the education of the clergy and equip these champions of the faith with all the requisite tools for modern warfare. The Orders providentially instituted in past ages have been restored, and others of both sexes are being established to meet the needs of the day. The Catholic press is become a factor in civilization, issuing Catholic publications, which excel their rivals, if not in number, at least in literary and scientific merit. In Catholic Congresses ecclesiastic and lay orators of the first rank defend with solid science and weighty eloquence the most vital interests of religion and society. Missions in heathen countries are being vigorously and successfully pushed. Devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament and the Immaculate Virgin is on the increase. Love of Jesus is fostered by devout unions, prominent among which are the Apostleship of Prayer in League with the Sacred Heart. Pilgrimages are in universal use to keep alive the faith and piety of God's children, and reverence for the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ on earth, visibly grows the world over. Then follows an exhortation to prayer and penance. Missions must be conducted in every parish, pilgrimages to shrines of devotion must be set on foot. Special attention is called to the tomb of the Apostle St. Thomas and to that of the glorious St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, at Goa. The inhabitants of Goa have remained up to the present singularly free from the scourge of the plague. "In conclusion," the letter says, "we confidently hope that the faithful will join heartily with us and with the reverend clergy in these most solemn acts of faith, of consecration to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of firm adhesion to the Roman Pontiff."

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FOR THE CROWN OR CHALICE.

One gold ring and two earrings.

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 8.

FEALTY.

BY REV. F. J. MCNIFF, S.J.

BUT yesterday I thought Our Lady came,
Alight with loveliness,
And blessed me while I slept, and spake my name.
And lo ! all care, distress,

And carking grief, and whatsoever bane
Sin hath, was soothed away.
And I, my soul all love-enraptured, fain
Would tell my gratitude and pray

Her greater favor, but she instantly :
“Nay, child,”—her eyes empearled
With tears that only mothers weep—“Nay, thee
I always loved, but thou canst not serve me,
And love and crave the glamor of the world.”

THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

THROUGH the fault of the Company of the One Hundred Associates, which had not brought out to America the several thousand colonists whom it had engaged itself to establish, support and feed for three years, Quebec, at this period, scarcely counted two hundred and fifty inhabitants. Their first embarkations caused great hopes to be conceived, but subsequent events did not correspond with this beginning. And so "through the inaction of this Society," says Father de Charlevoix, "the colony, in place of increasing, was diminished in numbers and strength from day to day." We must, however, do it this justice : it never made any opposition to the free development of the Catholic religion ; it showed itself severe in the choice of colonists, of whom the most part belonged to the steady and believing Breton nation, to the strong and industrious Norman race. This choice of colonists, the zeal of the missionaries and the example of their leaders contributed to make of this little corner of the world "a land of heavenly blessings." Quebec was in 1639, from the standpoint of religion and morality, what we have seen it to have been in 1633. "Virtue," says Father Le Jeune, "here walks with head erect. She is in honor and in glory ; crime in obscurity and confusion. . . . It is a species of miracle." This religious, by a slight exaggeration, attributes this result exclusively to the efforts, prudence and wisdom of the Governor, M. de Montmagny.

Charles Huault de Montmagny, Chevalier of the Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem, had succeeded Champlain in the government of the Colony. A man of courage and generous instincts, a vigilant administrator, he joined to civil and military capacity the highest Christian virtues. If he did not cause the memory of his predecessor to be forgotten, he softened by the harmonious blending of his brilliant qualities the universal regret which the death of the founder had caused.

Great was the joy of the Governor and of the whole Col-

ony, on learning of the arrival of the religious from France. On the afternoon of August 1, all the French, with the Governor at their head, were standing on the shore. The cannons boom from the fort. "They wished to make the natives appreciate the assistance that is being offered them, and to initiate them into the honors which should be accorded charity." The following day, the Ursulines and the Hospital Sisters visited in boats the Mission for the savages at Sillery. Then, these religious whom the same spirit of heroism had brought together, separated to become, each according to her rule, the servants of the sick and the teachers of the savages. Father Le Jeune went each day to pass several hours in their respective temporary convents, to teach them the savage tongue.

The heroism of these religious who had become in a strange land the auxiliaries of the Apostles of the Gospel has inspired the following reflections of a French historian: "The German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish missionaries who were spread over the New World had not found in the traditions of their native land, nor perhaps had it entered into their high idea of devotedness, the charity of women, joining to the grace and sweetness of their sex the energy and enthusiasm of the priestly traveller. The French Jesuits understood the assistance which a more delicate hand, a gentler voice, a more sensitive soul were destined to render to the savages. They knew that in France at that time woman was called to a grand apostolate by the exercise of charity: She was showing herself there, the fortune of the poor, the consolation of the afflicted, and with the heart of a virgin, she had a mother's bowels of mercy for the orphans. She took upon herself all their miseries as of sisters whom heaven had reserved for her tenderness. She bade farewell to life's happiness to consecrate her youth and beauty to all the world's sufferers. The Jesuits opened up to her a still wider field. They asked her to come and sanctify their Mission, to inspire the young Canadians with sentiments of modesty and virtue, and to lavish upon the sick the care of Christian charity."

Whilst the Ursulines and the Hospital Sisters of Dieppe

were establishing themselves at Quebec, other Hospitallers recently founded at La Flèche by M. de la Dauversière were getting ready to join them. Born of a noble old Breton family towards the end of the 16th century, Jérôme Le Royer de la Dauversière was one of the first pupils of the Royal College of La Flèche, founded by Henry IV., and directed by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. There, he had known upon the scholars' benches Marin Mersenne, René Descartes, and Budes de Guébriand; he had studied and grown up with students who were later on the honor of the Church of France, Arthur d'Espinay de Saint-Luc, Joubert de Baraut, François de Cauler, du Plëssis-Gesté de la Brunetière, Henri de Baradat; he was bound by close friendship to his fellow-students, Charles Faure, the great reformer of the Congregation of Saint-Geneviève, and Nicholas Fournier, who introduced Father Faure's reform into the Abbey of Beaulieu. On leaving college, he succeeded his father in the post of tax collector for the district of La Flèche. He was afterwards promoted to the position of alderman. Married to a pious lady, Jeanne de Beaugé, he had many children, all worthy of himself.

He was moreover a Christian of deep piety. According to his biographers, God favored him with such extraordinary graces that Father Stephen, a Recollect, advised him to go to a Father of the Society of Jesus, more capable than himself to direct him in the ways of heaven. Jérôme chose Father Francis Chauveau, Director of the Externs' Sodality. He was at that time a prey to terrible temptations. His new confessor, a man of judgment and good sense, listened coldly to the supernatural communications of his penitent, and contented himself with recommending to him the practice of prayer, good works and penance. He was almost inclined to see in him the weak mind of a visionary.

On February 2, 1631, Jérôme heard a voice from heaven ordering him to found at La Flèche a Hôtel-Dieu and hospital Sisters, and to establish afterwards a colony at Montreal, and then a hospital whither these religious would one day go to consecrate themselves to the alleviation and instruction of the

sick. A laic without reputation, a married man, a father of a family, called by God to a mission of such a nature! . . . Father Chauveau declared the project extravagant, contrary to all laws of fitness and to all ideas of prudence, and from every point of view impossible of realization.

And yet progress was made. Despite all opposition, contrary to the forecasts of the wise, the Hôtel-Dieu of La Flèche was built; then, one fine day, Mlle. de la Ferre, at the advice of M. de la Dauversière, entered it with three companions, all resolved to live and die in the service of the sick. They were destined to become the foundation stones of the new institute.

Eight years had rolled by since that 2d of February, years full of marvelous facts, of providential circumstances, in which the voice of God spoke louder than that of reason. The accomplishment of the first part of the divine programme was almost complete; there remained the second and more difficult part, that which regarded the establishment of a colony and the foundation of a hospital in Montreal. "Is this design surely of God?" Jérôme asked his director. "Do not doubt it, monsieur," answered Father Chauveau, at last conquered by the force of facts. "Employ in it your whole fortune."

Here, however, insurmountable obstacles seemed to put themselves in the way. He had to acquire the ownership of the island, and the proprietor, Jean de Lauson, was not disposed to sell it. He must therefore organize a society of solid Christians, rich, devoted, determined to give generously towards the foundation of a colony, and not expecting to get back for their sacrifices other profit than the glory of God and the evangelization of the savages. He must find a governor disinterested, virtuous, full of prudence and tact, at once a soldier and an organizer, capable of directing this enterprise of colonization, to maintain in order and to lead to battle a body of recruits, laborers and artisans, all formed to the use of arms. In a desert island, uncultivated, exposed to the incursions of the Iroquois, such a body of men was of prime importance.

Was there not here enough to discourage M. de la Dauver-

sière, a timid man, without support, without experience, without wealth, having no knowledge of the world, and little fluency of speech? He was indeed thoroughly disheartened. But Father Chauveau had become confident. He sustains his penitent's courage, and he orders him to set out for Paris, where he would without doubt find means to execute his project.

Jérôme betakes himself to the Church of Notre Dame where our Lord says to him: "Work vigorously at my work. My grace is sufficient for you, and it will not fail you." The future will soon verify this promise.

Father Charles Lalemant, Procurator of the Canadian missions in Paris, had just arrived from Quebec. He was a friend of M. Lauson. He sets out with M. de la Dauversière for Vienne, and obtains from the Intendant of Dauphinè, hitherto unapproachable on this point, the cession of the island of Montreal. The nucleus of the association, which took the name of the Society of our Lady of Montreal, was soon brought together as if by enchantment. Father Chauveau introduces M. de la Dauversière to Pierre Février, Baron of Faucamp, his penitent and friend, whose purse was always open to holy undertakings. When Jérôme met for the first time M. Olier, the latter said to him: "Monsieur, I wish to be of your party. I know your plan." The Baron de Renty, who had been for a long time a penitent of Father Saint-Jure, united himself to these first three associates. Two others soon followed. The Society was founded.

The most difficult part seemed now accomplished, and the associates, persuaded of their ultimate success, begged from God a leader capable of carrying out according to His Divine Will this vast enterprise. One day as Father Lalemant was in his room at the College of Clermont, a gentleman from Champagne knocked at his door. It was Paul de Chomedey, Lord of Maisonneuve. The religious was not acquainted with him. From the age of thirteen years, Maisonneuve had evinced his courage in the war with Holland. Since that time he had never put aside his sword, but in the midst of camps, where his life was passed, he had always kept free

from blemish his fidelity to God. To-day, in age and strength and maturity a full-grown man, this valiant and accomplished gentleman dreamt only of sacrifices and acts of devotedness in the cause of God among the savage people of New France. Preoccupied with these thoughts, he fell by chance upon one of Father Le Jeune's *Relations*: he read it, he learned that Father Charles Lalemant is in Paris, and he hastens at once to lay open to him all his generous plans for the future.

A few days later, M. de la Dauversière, not knowing to whom to entrust the direction of his enterprise, also came to consult the same religious. "I know," answered the Father, "a gentleman of one of the best families of Champagne, who would perhaps be well suited for your design." And he names M. de Maisonneuve, whose gifts he describes. M. de la Dauversière repairs to the residence of M. de Maisonneuve, who immediately places himself at the disposal of the associates. "I have," he says, "no self-interests in view. Through my yearly revenue of two thousand livres, I have enough for my support, and I will most willingly employ my money and my life in this new enterprise, without ambitioning other honor than to serve my God and my King in my profession."

In the spring of the following year (1641), MM. de la Dauversière and de Maisonneuve, and a first band of brave and active men had come together at La Rochelle, ready to sail for New France. "But on the eve of their departure, they perceived that an absolutely necessary aid and one which all their gold could not procure, was wanting. This was a prudent and intelligent woman of well-tryed courage and masculine resoluteness, to go along with them to this country to take care of the cuisine and other provisions needed for the colony's sustenance and at the same time to act as nurse to the sick and wounded." M. de la Dauversière could not send the Hospitallers of La Flèche, as their institute had not been approved.

The Providence which had been directing all things up to this made like provision for this pressing need of the colony in a manner all unknown to the Associates. Father de la Place, a missionary of New France, was then stopping with the Jesuits at

La Rochelle, getting ready to return to Quebec upon the same vessel as the Montreal associates. One morning, after Mass, he was called to the parlor by a lady of great virtue, Mlle. Jeanne Mance, born in 1606 at Nogent-le-Roi, some leagues from Langres. She had an ardent desire to labor for the salvation of the Indian tribes of Canada.

The preceding year, with the permission of her director at Nogent, she had consulted in Paris Fathers Lalemant, de la Place and Saint-Jure. This last, the rector of the Jesuit Novitiate, one of the most skilled men of that period in the science of directing souls, had told her that he had never met in any vocation such evident signs of the Divine Will. "It is a work of God," he added; "you ought to make it known to your relatives." Still she was desirous of having the further advice of Father Rapin, the Provincial of the Recollects, and of the Holy Mother, Marie Rousseau, and persuaded that God wished her in Canada, she set out for La Rochelle, without so much as knowing what was to be her destiny in the land of her desires.

Father de la Place evinced great joy at seeing her, and spoke to her at length of the Society of Our Lady of Montreal, of whose existence she was in ignorance. The next day, M. de la Dauversière assigned her a place in the society, which he engaged her to enter. "I will willingly join it," answered Mlle. Mance, "if I have the consent of my director, Father Saint-Jure." "Lose no time, then," replied M. de la Dauversière, "and write to him by the next courier." Father Saint-Jure's answer was not long in coming. It was: "The hand of God was visible in this work, she must not fail to accept the union which had been proposed to her and that Our Lord assuredly asked this of her."

In the month of August, M. de Maisonneuve arrived at Quebec, and the year following he took possession of the island which he consecrated to the Holy Family and called Our Lady of Montreal. Father Bartholomew Vimont, who three years before had replaced Father Le Jeune in the office of Superior of the Mission, accompanied the new colonists, and upon the very spot where was to rise the city of Montreal, or Villamarie, he addressed them in these words

which M. Dollier de Casson has preserved for us : "What you see here, gentlemen, is only a grain of mustard seed ; but I have no doubt that this small seed will bring forth a great tree, that it will one day make marvelous progress, will multiply and spread out in every direction."

The words were pronounced in the presence of some forty colonists, on May 17, 1642, in an abandoned island, not far from the ancient Hochelaga of the Algonquins, on the Pointe-à-Callière, the very spot where thirty-one years before Champlain had landed for the first time. When Mgr. de Laval visited, eighteen years later, the nascent colony, the Pointe-à-Callière, protected by a fort and surrounded by a strong wooden rampart with four bastions, counted a population of two hundred, occupying some fifty houses ; it had a seminary, a hospital, and a wooden chapel serving for parish church. It was a model parish resembling more a religious community than a parish. Each day, all the faithful assisted at Holy Mass ; nothing was under lock or key, neither houses, nor coffers, and yet nothing ever disappeared. Far around the land had been cleared, and the seed was yielding abundant harvests in the surrounding plain. Redoubts thrown up here and there gave protection to workmen, while in the neighborhood of the colony for a part of the year were spread out the wigwams of the converted savages.

At the request of the associates, the Jesuits had accepted charge of the church of Villamarie. We know the names of these apostles whose zeal and piety made of these French colonists, in the words of Sister Morin, a small nation of saints. They were Poncet, du Peron, Druillettes, Buteux, La Jeune, de Quen, Albanel, Richard, Le Moyne, d'Eudemare and Bailloquet. Father Pijart closes the list of missionaries. We shall meet them again.

The Sulpicians, who replaced the Jesuits in 1657, in their management of the parish, admirably developed the work already begun. And to-day, as we contemplate the great city of Montreal, superbly built, the principal seat of commerce between the two Canadas and the United States : as we gaze upon its numerous churches, frequented by a population of

upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand Catholics, its large and beautiful institutions of learning and charity, one cannot but think of the words of Father Vimont, spoken two centuries and a half ago: "What you see is a grain of mustard seed, but this little grain will bring forth a great tree."

MATER INTEMERATA.

BY H. M.

FAIL MARY, full of grace ! Could I but paint
The beauty of the angel hither sent
At Love's behest by the Omnipotent,
In answer to the prophet's long-voiced plaint,
A picture I might form of thee, but faint,
How faint a one ! I'd know the tenement,
But not the tenant-soul within it pent,
That never knew probation, nor the taint
Of Adam's sin.

'Twas not thy form or face,
But thy pure soul's unsullied loveliness
That won for thee the angel's : Full of grace,
That wed divinity with lowliness,
And made the Saviour take His flesh from thee,
In lowly Nazareth of Galilee.

A SAINTLY SATISFACTION.

BY E. C. STREET.

IT was a great day for the little French-Canadian village of Ste. Diane when the energetic Curé announced that he had at last sufficient funds in hand to warrant the laying of the foundation stone of the long-talked-of new church. At least three generations of the good people of Ste. Diane had had to content themselves with the wooden structure that had served the pioneer settlers ; for look you, there had been a convent school to build for the girls and a Brothers' school for the boys, and folk could not do everything at once. But now the two schools were paid for—and good, substantial stone structures they were, too—and Monsieur le Curé saw his way to commencing the pretty stone church, the plans of which had been lying in his desk for many months. It was indeed a great day for Ste. Diane.

When the wherewithal is in hand it does not take long to inaugurate a work, so a month later saw an army of workmen engaged upon the foundation of the new church under the direction of a young New Yorker named Lacey, who was at once contractor and architect. George Lacey made a sensation among the feminine portion of Ste. Diane's residents. In the first place he was handsome ; in a big, fair, muscular way that contrasted favorably with the brown, alert little local beaux, whom they knew too well to feel romantic about. Then it was understood that he was rich, and as a matter of fact he was. As he would himself have expressed it, he " was pretty well fixed," nor was he averse to the world's knowing it. And, last and perhaps most potent reason, he was proof against the brightest glances and most alluring smiles that could be brought to bear on him.

It was very provoking, but the village fair ones were constrained to admit that he took as much notice of the plainest as of the prettiest, and that was just no notice at all, except when the exigencies of politeness obliged him. Not that he was unconscious of the interest he excited. It was simply that

such conquests were too easy. He liked an element of uncertainty in his flirtations, and as none of the simple country girls were likely to furnish him with that, he left them severely alone. However, this lordly indifference on the part of the hero was destined to be ruffled. Madame Robert, the amiable wife of the Mayor, was taken suddenly ill, necessitating the summoning home of her daughter from school at Montreal. The poor lady's illness proved fatal and in a few days her sorrowing family laid her to rest under the shadow of the church in which she had been baptized and married, and within sight of which she had spent the fifty years of her quiet life.

On the following Sunday Eugenie Robert attended Mass and George Lacey saw her for the first time.

Her face attracted him at once; not because it was a particularly beautiful one, but because it possessed that which is rarer than beauty; the expression of sweetness and purity that carries with it a suggestion of underlying strength. "No commonplace demoiselle, that," he said to himself, surveying her critically from his seat across the aisle. "I must find out who she is." The task was an easy one, and before long the good-looking young contractor was a frequent visitor at the home of the good Mayor. The oftener he saw Eugenie the more strongly he felt attracted to her. He was charmed by the childlike purity and candor of her soul and in the privacy of his own thoughts often contrasted her favorably with the up-to-date, meet-you-on-your-own-ground style of women with whom his lot had hitherto been cast. It was not his first love affair, by many; but it was the first time his emotions had been stirred through his better nature; and for the first time in his life he knew what it was to feel diffident of himself. Indeed, so strong was the latter unusual sensation that it was some time before he could bring his courage up to the task of endeavoring to awaken a responsive affection in her heart.

Had he known himself better he might have refrained; but when worldly wisdom warned him she was not of his caste, did not possess the dash, the glitter and the style that would place her at the head of his set in New York—a position he had always meant that his wife should assume—he persuaded

himself that he had learned to value sweetness and modesty above brilliancy and that he preferred a household angel to a society queen. In reality he did neither, and in the depths of his own heart he knew it; but he had never yet refused himself the pleasure of the moment on account of possible future consequences and he did not do it now. Of Eugenie's side of the question he never thought at all; a fact which speaks more strongly for the utter selfishness of his character than anything else could.

It was not long before his attentions to the Mayor's daughter were the talk of the village, and no one evinced surprise when it was announced that a wedding was to take place so soon as Eugenie's mother should be a year dead. On the whole, the sentiment of Ste. Diane was one of approval dashed with a little envy. Eugenie Robert was voted the luckiest of mortals, and the only person who saw deeper than the surface and looked beyond the present was perforce obliged to keep his own counsel. Wise old Father Lavallee, the parish priest, had travelled in his time and seen much of the world, and he knew better than anyone in Ste. Diane, save Lacey himself, what a great change awaited Eugenie in her new life. Not that he distrusted her good sense or her solid piety; he knew both would be proof against the allurements and follies of the world of fashion; but he feared for her happiness in the hands of the man who was to be her husband. His keen grey eyes had seen deeper than others and he had formed a pretty accurate estimate of George Lacey's unstable character—an estimate that young man would not have considered at all flattering had he been aware of it. "He does not appreciate Eugenie," he said to himself more than once, when he met them walking together. "To marry those two is to try to blend oil and water; yet what can one say? He is a Catholic, even if not a very practical one, and he is certainly of an age to understand that marriage is no trifle. Perhaps, after all, matrimony will change him for the better;" but though the kindly old priest tried to hope for the best he usually finished by shaking his head doubtfully.

So the days rolled on. The new church rose rapidly and

George Lacey, in spite of his work found time to walk and talk with his betrothed and to learn daily more and more the exceeding beauty of her character ; which, contradictory as it may seem, the more he admired the more bent was he upon re-moulding to suit his own views on various points. As might be expected of a pupil of the *Sacré Cœur*, Eugenie was an enthusiast about her religion. Not indeed in a demonstrative way, but with a depth and tenderness of devotion that he felt rather than saw, and which had a singularly irritating effect upon him ; why he could not have told. Another thing that he thought needed re-adjustment was her view of the possibilities of the new life before her. To his secret impatience her thoughts seemed to turn rather to the amount of good she should have it in her power to do, than to the luxuries and pleasures that awaited herself. Her views on the responsibilities of wealth both annoyed and amused him.

"Do you know," he said to her one day, half in jest and half in earnest, "I think you would ask nothing better than to go about like a modern Saint Elizabeth, distributing your goods to the poor."

"But I have not any goods," she exclaimed, opening her hands with one of the quick little gestures he always admired. "If I had, do you know what I should wish to do?"

"Build a church, I suppose."

She smiled and her eyes grew luminous : "No, I do not aspire so high. What I should wish to do would be to build a home out here among our beautiful mountains for poor incurables."

"Set up an opposition establishment to the Sanitarium, eh?" and he nodded toward a great white building on the opposite hillside.

"The Sanitarium is for those who can pay well," she answered gravely. "But there are hundreds who cannot pay, and these have to drag out invalids' lives in poverty and hardship."

"I perceive that I shall have to keep an eye on my pocket-book by and bye," he said banteringly, and Eugenie at once

changed the subject, blushing warmly at the allusion, and half inclined to regret having put her secret ambition into words.

With the approach of Christmas the weather grew too cold for further work on the church and Lacey intimated his intention to spend the next couple of months in New York. "You will be pleased to see your friends," Eugenie said a little wistfully, when he told her he was going.

"I wonder if you will miss me?" he asked sentimentally.

"I shall miss you very much," she answered frankly; "but I am to have a friend of mine on a visit during the holidays, so I shall not be quite so lonely."

"Indeed! who is your friend?"

"An old schoolmate named Isabel Vaughan. She left school two years ago and has since been teaching music and singing for a living. Her people were wealthy at one time but met with reverses. It was a great change for poor Isabel."

"No doubt. When is she coming?"

"To-morrow, so you will see her before you leave. I think her the most beautiful girl I have ever seen."

"I am sure she is not," he interjected promptly with a look there was no mistaking; but Eugenie only smiled and said: "Wait until you see her."

The next evening duly arrived and with it Isabel Vaughan. The first glimpse of her almost took Lacey's breath away. "By Jove, she *is* a beauty," he said to himself. "The sort of thing one reads about in novels and never sees in real life—or almost never. Wonder if the brains are on a par with the face." He certainly had good grounds for his encomiums. In feature, coloring, form and expression Isabel Vaughan was daintily perfect. Beside her Eugenie paled into insignificance. Greatly to his satisfaction he soon found that nature had been as kind to her mentally as it had been physically. In wit and jest and clever, cynical epigram, she was more than his match; and he went home that night feeling as if he had been imbibing champagne, and more than half inclined to remain in Ste. Diane after all.

Two hours in her society the following day decided him and he determined to stay. Of course he did not admit to himself for a moment that he was staying on Isabel Vaughan's account ; but if he disguised the truth from himself he did not deceive her. With a woman's quick instinct she guessed what his sudden change of plans meant and she set herself deliberately to complete his subjugation. No thought of the heartache and humiliation she was preparing for her friend had power to touch her. "She will be happier without him," she said to herself cynically ; "he would break a heart like hers in six months whereas he just suits *me*." Probably she was right ; but it is due to her to say that had the opposite been the case she would have taken exactly the same course. The fact of the matter was that she pined for money and for the advantages attached to its possession, and she was prepared to go almost any length to secure them. She loathed poverty heartily and had no intention of spending her life in its grip if she could help herself. But the only way to wealth for a " penniless lass " is that of a rich marriage—a fact she had learned early in life ; and so she had made up her mind to take that way at the first opportunity. If another woman's happiness stood in the way, as it did in this case, so much the worse for the other woman.

Clever, beautiful and unscrupulous, it is little wonder that she had no difficulty in winning so fickle a heart as Lacey's from Eugenie ; and that day by day her ascendancy over him grew stronger. By and bye the villagers began to nod knowingly to one another, and to say that it was strange how Eugenie could be so blind to what others saw so plainly ; and to wonder why M. Robert did not interfere. But Eugenie kept her own counsel and gave her father such explanations as prevented any outburst of the anger that was smouldering within him. "Wait, only wait," she would say to him gently ; "and all will be well. Believe me, all will be well ;" and her father would rejoin with a growl : "Let him take care, that is all."

At length Isabel's holiday drew to a close and it was the last day of her stay in Ste. Diane. She was to leave at seven in the evening and about four Lacey strolled in, as was his

usual custom. He stayed about half an hour and when he was leaving he managed to convey a note to Isabel unobserved by Eugenie. As soon as he was gone Isabel went to her own room and opened the note with haste. It ran as follows: "Meet me in the vestibule of the church at six o'clock; there will not be anyone there at that hour. I *must* see you before you go." A hard smile disfigured Isabel's face as she read and she said aloud: "At last." She spent the next hour in packing her trunk, then put on her outdoor garments and went downstairs, with an excuse ready prepared. Eugenie, however, was not visible, and she passed on and out. Three minutes later she was standing at the porch of the church reluctant to enter in case she might be seen, and yet unwilling to go away without having given Lacey an opportunity to declare himself. He had come as near to a formal proposal, as a man can do; but some lingering sense of shame had always deterred him, so that she was not quite so sure of him as she would have liked to be. Otherwise she would have not run the risk of being seen meeting him as she was now doing. At last she pushed open the door and stepped into the porch, where a flickering oil lamp disclosed to her the form of Lacey awaiting her. He advanced at once and took her hand, saying in a low tone: "How good of you to come." Before answering Isabel withdrew her hand and pushing open the swinging inner door of the church peered in. All was in darkness save for the tiny altar light at the far end, and so far as she could see the building was deserted. Breathing more freely she let the door swing to again and went back to him. "If you have anything of importance to say to me, say it at once," she said imperatively; "we must not delay long here,"

"You must guess what I have to say, Isabel," he said rapidly in a low tone. "I have no right to say it, I know; but if you will only promise to listen to me, as soon as I am free to speak I will ask Eugenie to release me at once. You *will* promise, will you not, dear?"

"And what about Eugenie's side of the question?" she asked coldly. It was no part of her plan to appear to be won too easily.

Just then the inner door of the church was pushed open and Eugenie Robert stood in the opening. She started violently when her eyes fell upon the tableau in the porch and made a half step forward, then drew back again, saying to herself with paling lips: "It is my right."

Neither Isabel nor Lacey had heard her, they were quite absorbed in one another and the latter was saying half sulkily: "Of course I know I am acting shabbily to Eugenie; but I assure you she will not break her heart. She is not that sort."

"Fortunately." There was a sarcastic ring in Isabel's tone that made him wince and he broke in quickly: "This is mere fencing, Isabel; and I want a straight answer. If Eugenie releases me, will you be my wife?"

Isabel hesitated for one long second. What better instincts she still possessed rose in rebellion against the dishonorable part she was playing; but it was only for a moment. Ambition proved stronger than conscience and she said quietly: "If Eugenie releases you, I will be your wife. No," hastily drawing back as he would have embraced her: "that will keep until later. What do you propose to do next? Her father will make things unpleasant or I am mistaken."

"Perhaps you had better leave the remainder in my hands," said a low, clear voice; and Eugenie stepped forward and confronted them. Isabel started and gave vent to a low exclamation, while Lacey flushed to the roots of his hair with chagrin. He had never felt so utterly at a disadvantage in his life.

Without waiting for an answer Eugenie went on with a calmness that surprised them both: "I have not been oblivious of what has been going on, so I cannot say that I am surprised at what I have overheard. It has merely precipitated matters a little. I had meant to wait until you were gone, Isabel, to dismiss Mr. Lacey; for I wished to avoid an *esclandre*. As you very justly fear, my father would certainly resent the turn affairs have taken and much gossip and talk would be the result. This may be avoided if you will be guided by me. You, Isabel, will go home to-night;

and you, Mr. Lacey, will find urgent business in New York a few days hence which will necessitate the transfer of your contract to somebody else. By degrees it will come to be understood that our engagement is at an end and no explanations need be given. This much consideration you owe me. Afterwards you will, of course, make your own arrangements. Shall we go now?"

Abashed before the girl whose gentleness they had mistaken for weakness, Lacey and Isabel silently signified their assent and followed her back to the house. That hardest of all tasks, the keeping up of appearances, had to be done, and so Eugenie walked down to the train with her visitor and walked back with Lacey; while all the time a burning sense of humiliation and slighted affection was eating into her heart. She was unutterably thankful when the evening was over and she was free to retire to her own room. Very little sleep visited her eyes that night. She had given the first girlish affection of her young heart to George Lacey and he had trampled upon it. The friend, too, whom she had trusted, had proved unworthy and treacherous. Small wonder that the simple country girl should feel that she could never love or trust again, and well it was for her in that hour that she had kept close to God in her happiness. The next few days seemed never-ending. Knowing her father's quick temper she dreaded the least hint of the state of the case reaching him. The exposure she shrank from would have followed to a certainty; indeed, she was by no means sure that he would not lay violent hands on Lacey. Obedient to her wish, the latter left for New York within the week and she breathed a sigh of relief when the train with him on board pulled out of Ste. Diane.

A fortnight later her father rushed into the house waving a letter over his head. "Wonderful news, Eugenie," he gasped, dropping into a chair, for he was waxing stout. "Listen, child! Your uncle, my brother, who went to Boston thirty years ago, has died and left you his entire fortune, one hundred thousand dollars. He never had any children of his own and his wife died years ago. My child, embrace me!"

* * * *

Six years have passed away, making little outward change in Ste. Diane. The new church is finished; there is another Mayor and the name of his predecessor is now "writ in marble" in the little graveyard; and there is a new and commodious building crowning the summit of a hill half a mile outside the village—a building that is the pride and the boast of Ste. Diane; for is it not a monument to the charity and piety of one of the daughters of the parish? Eugenie Roberts' dream of a free Sanitarium for poor incurables has taken tangible form, and the great mass of the world's misery has been decreased by just a little. In one of the bright and airy rooms of the hospital Eugenie herself is sitting when we meet her again. An open letter is in her hand and an expression of sorrow clouds the serenity of her face. The years have made but little change in her. She is dressed very plainly in black and her dark hair is arranged with severe simplicity. Evidently the pomps of fashion do not enter into the scheme of her life now. Presently her eyes wander back to the letter and she reads it again. It begins and ends abruptly, but she can read between the lines and her heart aches for the writer. It runs thus: "If you want satisfaction for the injury once inflicted upon you, you have it to the full. George Lacey and I have separated. We hate each other cordially. If you do not want revenge and can so far forgive the past, use the enclosed for the benefit of your home for incurables and in your charity say a prayer for one of the most miserable of God's creatures." Between the sheets of the letter lie notes to the value of a thousand dollars. Eugenie's dark eyes fill with tears and she says softly to herself: "Poor Isabel! May the dear Lord pity her!" Then she rises and goes slowly across the hall into the chapel and bending low before the tabernacle makes an act of thanksgiving for the cross which was once so hard to bear. Father Lavallee, hearing the confessions of the patients in the sacristy, looks out and sees and nods to himself. He also has a dream which may prove prophetic. In Eugenie and her devoted assistants, he thinks he sees the nucleus of a religious order. Will his dream be realized? Who can say?

SHRINE NOTES.

The Shrine needs generous aid from its friends this year. The improvements made last summer and the repairs necessitated by the storms of the past two years have left it in arrears. We appeal confidently to our subscribers and other friends to help us to remove this debt. If our appeals have not been more frequent or urgent the past two years, it was because we could not estimate how much was needed any more than we could have foreseen the extent of the damages which had to be repaired. The Shrine was never in a more favorable condition for the reception of pilgrims and for the various religious exercises which are held there, but this required an outlay of much money, not to speak of the trouble it gave us. It is burdensome enough to attend to the Shrine and to keep it ready for the pilgrimages without having to sustain the anxiety of removing debts, which must be cleared before anything can be done to enlarge the tract of land required and make permanent improvements, or arrange for better accommodations for those who wish to spend some time at the Shrine.

It is now sixteen years since the site of the first Jesuit Mission to the Indians in the Mohawk Valley was identified and purchased and the pilgrimages inaugurated there. For ten years it was customary to have but one or two pilgrimages yearly, on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary or on the Sunday following. As it was not worth while improving the grounds or erecting chapels of any sort for such rare pilgrimages, nothing but what was absolutely necessary was done, and consequently during this time the memorial cross, the old Shrine and the stations were all that marked the site. With an extension of the time for the pilgrimages and an increase in the number visiting Auriesville, improvements became necessary—fences, roads, drains, shade trees, a covered chapel, the grotto, a dwelling for the fathers attendant on the Shrine—and all this has required additional expense. Damages which could not have been foreseen or averted have increased this expense, and this is why our present appeal is so urgent.

As our readers are aware, these expenses must be met by the contributions of our friends, and these have not been wanting in the past. Since 1885 these contributions, large and small, have

amounted to \$19,096.53. All will agree that we have kept our expenses surprisingly low when they consider that with this sum we have purchased 28 acres of land at the exorbitant price we were compelled to pay to obtain a foothold in Auriesville ; erected the old Shrine, the open chapel, the priests' residence and other structures ; improved the Shrine grounds by putting up fences, making roads and drains, planting shade trees and repairing the storm's ravages in the Ravine ; supplied the chapel with altar, vestments, statues and furniture, and the Way of the Cross, with its stations and Calvary ; and, besides all this, maintained the Shrine for fully 16 years, meeting charges for taxes, insurance, board, and, because of our distance from it, caretaking and travel, along with the clerical and other expenses incidental on the pilgrimages each year. No one will wonder that we should need from three to four thousand dollars to help us meet immediate claims. When we remind our readers that we intend next year to have the solemn ceremony of offering to Our Lady of Auriesville the gold Crown of Thorns, they will understand better why we should be so eager to be relieved of every debt against the Shrine before incurring the expenses necessary for so solemn a celebration.

Twice before, in 1896, and again in 1898, we had occasion to call on our friends to help to defray special expenses and although the amounts received were not quite equal to the amounts expended, they were still sufficient, along with what had already been given, to keep us out of debt. Now that we have had to incur this debt we trust that the friends of Auriesville will help us to clear it without delay. An encouraging feature in response to previous appeals was that the number who contributed small sums increased with each appeal. If the PILGRIM subscribers would contribute but from one to five dollars each, though we shall not limit their generosity to that, we should have no difficulty in removing this debt at once. If every PILGRIM subscriber would obtain for us two or three other subscribers, we should not only reap the benefit of their subscriptions but widen the circle of our appeal, and in this way lessen the obligation of each contributor. We trust we have said enough to make all who are interested in the Shrine and the devotion and cause it represents, appreciate our needs and feel bound to do all in their power and as soon as possible to assist us to make the Shrine clear of debt as it has hitherto been.

We regret very much that we must make this appeal or that we should need to talk of money at all in connection with the Shrine, but since it is necessary we have no hesitation in calling for assistance upon kind friends who have all along contributed to the Shrine for the benefit derived from their own almsgiving, without any promise of return from ourselves beyond the spiritual alms of remembrance in our Masses and prayers at the Shrine whenever we have the good fortune to be present there. Clients of Our Lady of Martyrs need not even this inducement, because they know by experience the power of her intercession as well as the efficacy of devotion to her under this title. These who cannot respond to our appeal with a donation, will, we trust, pray that other generous friends may help us to make up our deficit.

Contributions may be sent to the New York office of the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, 27 and 29 West Sixteenth street, New York, or during the pilgrimage season from now until September 8, to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, New York.

The *Messenger* for September, has for frontispiece a half-tone engraving of the Pietà, by Achtermann, the design which has been selected for the Shrine, and on which the gold Crown of Thorns will be placed next summer with solemn ceremony. A copy of this engraving will be sent to all who respond to the appeal made in these pages.

An acquisition for the collection of Indian remains we have been making is a copper ring bearing the seal IHS, like those which the missionaries used to give to their neophytes. It was found on the site of an Indian grave in Scipioville, New York, twelve miles southwest of Auburn.

We need not remind either those who are fortunate enough to visit Auriesville, or those who are prevented from doing so, that the chief object of the pilgrimages is to honor Our Lady at the Shrine erected to her as Queen of Martyrs, with a view to obtaining by her intercession, not only what we need for ourselves, but the beatification of the missionaries who died for the faith at this hallowed spot, and of the saintly Indian maiden who was born there, Catharine Tegakwitha, to whose intercession we are happy to ascribe a remarkable cure. Besides invoking Our Lady, we may also privately ask God to show forth the proof of the

sanctity of these holy souls by granting the favors asked through their intercession.

The usual Novena preparatory to the feast of the Assumption will begin Monday, August 6th, and close on Wednesday, the 15th. Even those who cannot visit Auriesville, are requested to join in this Novena for their own and our intentions. The special days of pilgrimage are the Sundays in August and the Feast of the Assumption, Wednesday, August 15th.

THE PILGRIMAGE FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, COHOES, N. Y.

On Sunday, July 1st, a pilgrimage of about 475 persons came from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, N. Y., under the direction of Rev. Father Ruest, assistant to Monsignor Dugas. The pilgrimage was under the auspices of the Men's League of the Sacred Heart, who, with their banner at their head, led the procession up the hill and furnished the music at the High Mass. They were followed by the Married Ladies' Sodality, wearing medals attached to purple ribbons, and the Young Ladies' Society with white ribbons. The piety and good order so evident in all the exercises made this pilgrimage one to be held up as a model. As the procession moved up the road from the station a French hymn was sung, and at the end of the Mass a sermon in that language was preached by Father Ruest. At 1.30 P. M. the Way of the Cross was made, after which all immediately moved in procession, four abreast, to the Ravine. On the way down the Rosary was recited, and here again the thoroughness and value of the Sodality organization was brought into prominence. Thirty of the officers acted as leaders in giving out the mysteries and in reciting the beads. At the Ravine there were the usual hymns and devotions and an English sermon by Father Lamb, S.J. High winds rendered impossible the customary procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and the exercises closed with Benediction at 3.30. The pilgrims left Auriesville about 4.15 for home. This was the second pilgrimage from this large French parish, and all were delighted with the improvements made around the grounds and in the Ravine since their first visit.

The third annual pilgrimage from Saugerties and other cities on the Hudson above Poughkeepsie, under the direction of the pastor of Saugerties, Rev. Father Murray, took place Saturday, July 21, and an account of it will be given in our next number.

THE PILGRIMAGES FOR 1900.

WHERE AURIESVILLE IS.

Auriesville is in Montgomery County, New York. It is a station of the West Shore Railroad, forty miles west of Albany, fifty miles east of Utica, 175 miles from New York City, and equi-distant some 265 miles from Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, and Montreal.

The New York Central Railroad, the most frequented line of travel, runs parallel with the West Shore, but on the opposite side of the river (the historic Mohawk). Two stations on the New York Central are convenient to Auriesville, Fonda and Tribes Hill, the former three miles west, and the latter one and one-half east. Public conveyances are procurable at a slight charge from either to the Shrine. The New York Central being such an important artery of travel, its greater frequency of trains and superior service make it to many the more desirable route.

SUMMER TOURISTS.

Summer tourists on their way to or from Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Watkins, Clifton Springs, the Adirondacks, Plattsburgh, and the Lake District of interior New York, who hold tickets calling for travel on the New York Central or West Shore road, have the privilege of stopping over upon notice to the conductor, enabling them to visit the Shrine at their leisure. Visitors at Lake George, Saratoga, or the Catskills can conveniently make the journey back and forth to Auriesville on the same day.

HOW TO REACH AURIESVILLE.

For the benefit of those who desire to visit the Shrine, we subjoin a schedule of convenient trains.

FROM NEW YORK BY WEST SHORE R. R.

LEAVE.	†	5*
Franklin Street . . .	11.15 A. M. . . .	9.15 P. M. . . .
West Forty-second Street	11.35 " . . .	9.30 " . . .
Weehawken	11.50 " . . .	9.45 " . . .
Arrive Auriesville . . .	5.18 P. M. . . .	

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

11.20 from Penna. Depot, Jersey City, connects with train No. 7.

NOTE—Train No. 5 leaving Franklin Street, 9.15 P. M., West Forty-second Street, 9.30 P. M., Weehawken, 9.45 P. M., will stop at Auriesville, on notice to conductor to let off passengers from New York City, or New England States. Reaches Auriesville 3.50 A. M.

FROM POINTS WEST BY WEST SHORE R. R.

LEAVE.	8†	6*	18*
Buffalo		7.20 P. M.	7.00 A. M.
Rochester		9.25 "	9.10 "
Syracuse		11.25 "	11.40 "
Utica	6.35 A. M.	12.54 A. M.	1.35 P. M.
Fultonville	8.22 "	2.15 "	4.28 "
Arrive Auriesville.	8.29 "		4.43 "

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

NOTE.—Train 6 will stop at Auriesville, on notice to conductor to let off passengers from west of Buffalo.

FROM ALBANY BY WEST SHORE R. R.

LEAVE.		FROM N. Y. C. H. R. R. STATION.	VIA RAVENA.
Albany.		7.50 *A.M.	2.30 †P.M.
South Schenectady			4.36 "
Amsterdam		9.05 A.M.	5.05 "
Arrive Auriesville		9.18 "	5.18 "

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

FROM NEW YORK OR ALBANY, BY N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

LEAVE.					
New York	12.10 †A.M.		8.45 *A.M.	10.30 †A.M.	2.00 *P.M.
Albany	7.00 †A.M.	8.15 A.M.	1.30 P.M.	2.45 P.M.	5.50 " "
Schenectady	7.38 " "	8.46 " "	2.07 " "	3.15 " "	6.25 " "
Amsterdam	8.13 † " "	9.13 " "	2.40 " "	3.42 " "	6.51 " "
Tribes Hill	8.25 " "		2.51 " "		7.02 " "
Fonda	8.37 " "	9.30 A.M.	3.01 " "	4.00 P.M.	7.10 " "

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday. ‡ Does not leave New York on Saturday.

FROM TROY BY N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

LEAVE.				
Troy	7.35 *A.M.	8.50 †A.M.	2.15 †P.M.	5.10 †P.M.
Schenectady	8.46 " "	10.08 " "	3.15 " "	6.25 " "
Amsterdam	9.13 " "	10.41 " "	3.42 " "	6.51 " "
Tribes Hill		10.53 " "		7.02 " "
Fonda	9.30 A.M.	11.02 " "	4.00 P.M.	7.10 " "

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

FROM BUFFALO BY N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

LEAVE.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Buffalo				4.55†	6.00†	8.10*
Rochester				6.42	8.15	10.05
Syracuse			7.15*	9.25	11.10	12.35
Utica	5.25†	7.00*	9.30	11.10	1.20	2.05
Fonda	6.47	8.31	11.14	12.41	3.06	3.28
Tribes Hill	6.55	8.40	11.24		3.16	
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	M.	P. M.	P. M.

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

HUDSON RIVER STEAMERS—DAY.

Leave New York, Desbrosses Street Pier, 8.40 †A. M., West 22d Street Pier, 9.00 A. M. Leave Brooklyn, Fulton Street (by Annex), 8 A. M. Arrive Albany 6.10 P. M., connecting with West Shore or New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Fare from New York to Albany, \$2.00; Excursion, \$3.50.

† Daily, except Sunday.

ALBANY BY PEOPLE'S LINE—NIGHT.

Leave New York, Pier 32, N. R., foot Canal Street, 6† P. M. Arrive Albany 6 A. M. Connects with West Shore 7.50 A. M. train which leaves N. Y. C. station, Albany, and arrives at Auriesville 9.18 A. M., daily.

Fare, New York to Albany, \$1.50. Staterooms accommodating two persons, \$1.00 to \$3.00 according to location. Cabin berths, 50 cents.

Passengers arriving in Jersey City via Penn. R. R. will take Desbrosses Street Ferry, which landing is only one pier from People's Line Dock.

Those arriving in New York via Baltimore and Ohio, Phila. and Reading, and Central R. R. of New Jersey will take Belt Line cars from Liberty street.

† Daily except Sunday.

FROM BOSTON BY BOSTON & ALBANY R. R.

LEAVE.			
Boston	5.00† A.M.	10.45 * A. M.	11.00 * P. M.
Worcester	6.30 "	11.45 "	12.20 A. M.
Springfield	8.28 "	1.08 P. M.	4.15 "
Pittsfield	10.28 "	2.46 "	6.11 "
Chatham	11.23 "		7.07 "
Albany	12.10 M.	4.10 "	7.57 "

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK BY PENNA. R. R.

LEAVE.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
Philadelphia	5.18*	6.50†	7.33†	8.20*	9.50*	10.21*	11.00†
Trenton	6.04	7.44		9.05			11.44
Newark		8.57					
Jersey City	7.32	9.10	9.21	10.20	11.40	12.31	12.55
New York	7.43	9.23	9.33	10.33	11.53	12.43	1.13
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	M.	P. M.

LEAVE.	A. M.	M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Philadelphia	11.10†	12.00†	4.02*	4.22†	5.00†
Trenton	11.12	12.45	4.47		5.47
Newark					6.57
Jersey City	1.47	1.55	6.10	6.20	7.11
New York	2.03	2.13	6.23	6.30	7.23
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. ‡ Limited express, composed entirely of parlor coaches, on which extra fare is charged.

NOTE.—The 8.20 A. M. train from Philadelphia makes direct connection with the 11.15 A. M. West Shore, which leaves from Penna. Depot, Jersey City, arriving at Auriesville, 5.18 P. M.

FROM MONTREAL BY DEL. & HUDSON R. R.

LEAVE.		
Montreal	8.40 † A. M.	7.00* P. M.
Plattsburg	11.15 "	9.35 "
Saratoga	3.05 P. M.	1.35 A. M.
Troy	4.15 "	2.40 "
Albany	4.10 "	3.10 "

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

NOTE.—Trains from Montreal, Plattsburg, Saratoga and intermediate points make good connections at Albany with the West Shore or N. Y. Central R. R.

LETTERS FROM THE MISSIONS.

COROZAL, May 15, 1900.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

I suppose you know that Father W. J. Wallace is Superior of the Honduras Mission. Father Rigge has a small naphtha launch. He is resident pastor of San Estaban, a small town about thirty miles up the New River. He passed here last Wednesday on his way to the Rio Hendo. There are a number of small settlements along that river, and he will spend two or three weeks evangelizing the natives—a genuine missionary excursion. I hope his health, which is not the best, will stand the test. He has his school-teacher with him. They will not have to complain for want of hardships. With best wishes,

Yours faithfully,

C. J. LEIB, S.J.

BRAZIL, May 17, 1900.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Father Taddei, S.J., Diocesan Director of the League of the Sacred Heart, has organized a pilgrimage to Rome, Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes. The pilgrimage will be headed by the Archbishop of Bahia, with the Bishops of S. Paulo and Petropolis. Several prominent priests and laymen will be of the company. Our promoters work with zeal and abundant success. One of them a few weeks ago brought a German Protestant lady into the Church, and many a rusty sinner owes his return to the Sacraments to their efforts. As there are in this city many spiritually neglected Italians, I devote a great deal of my time to their religious welfare, teaching catechism every Sunday to an average of two hundred children. The Legion of Honor of the Sacred Heart makes great progress among the young folk. Several hundred boys and girls receive Holy Communion in a body every third Sunday of the month. The good example of these children makes a salutary impression on their parents. With kindest regards,

Your grateful servant,

JOSÉ GUIDI, S.J.

MANGALORE, INDIA, May 22, 1900.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Your very kind letter and check to hand. I have sent both to our Bishop and he will see to carrying out your intentions. It was good of you, indeed, to think of the Mission of Mangalore,

so poor in every respect. I am myself in a distant corner of the Mission, in charge, as treasurer, of St. Joseph's Asylum, with its double orphanage, hospital for pagans and catechumens, cottages for converts, and an industrial department for men and boys. All edibles are become exceedingly dear. This is especially true of rice, which is the average Indian's daily bread. Provisions threaten to run short within the next two months. St. Joseph must provide. Dear Father, it is not my intention to ask for anything. I simply want to tell you how much Mangalore deserves to be ranked among the needy missions. Should our St. Joseph whisper a kind word into your ear on our behalf, we pray you, listen to him. Should some generous friend need to know whether money can save souls here, tell that soul that many a poor pagan finds in our hospital a short cut to Paradise. Occasionally, too, our patients leave one or more children as legacies, and these, offered up to Jesus, grow to model Catholics in our orphanages, becoming later on the heads of Christian instead of pagan families. Again thanking you, I am,

Your humble servant,

C. LAZZARINI, S.J.

CANNANORE, INDIA, June 4, 1900.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER :

I received Your Reverence's letter and check with the twelve parcels of religious books. I am much obliged and deeply grateful to yourself and to the generous lady, your friend, who takes such interest in the poor youth of India. The gift is a God-send. Your books came just in the nick of time, enabling me to reward boys and girls for their proficiency in religious instruction. To obviate the danger of unwholesome reading I opened just two months ago a "Sunday Circulating Library." It is of course run on no grand scale. My parishioners are extremely poor. In the lot of books you sent some will prove admirably useful for the Library. May God inspire other generous souls to come to my rescue in this matter of the Library! Religious tracts and volumes old or new, containing pious and entertaining stories, can prove most serviceable. I need hardly say that we daily remember in our prayers the pious lady whose liberal donation came through your hands. Your five copies of the *May Messenger* came all right, for which sincere thanks. In union with your prayers, I am

Your servant in Christ,

S. F. ZANETTI, S.J.

These extracts from a letter of Father Miguel Saderva, Rector of the Ateneo Municipal, Manila, speak for themselves: "In spite of everything said and written to the contrary, the inhabitants of the Island of Negros desire the return of the Friars, as a chief of Silay assured me. The Free-Masons are howling and clamoring to prevent the people's voice from being heard, but with God's blessing the people's cry shall yet reach men's ears. Four Dominicans have already started for the Batanes Islands, invited by the natives, who went to implore them to come to their country; and I recommend the insertion in the *Messenger* of the following touching incident. When the Tagalos were about to take away these missionaries as prisoners, one of them, resident on one of the islands, was unable to consume the Sacred Species and had to leave the Lord's body in the tabernacle. The natives have since watched day and night in the church, keeping a lamp constantly burning before the altar. In the simplicity of their hearts they deliberated among themselves whether it would be best to leave the Blessed Sacrament where it was or remove it to the parish church of the principal island. After some consideration they determined to leave the Divine Treasure where it was, reckoning themselves unworthy to carry in their hands the tabernacle of the Lord of Hosts. We shall soon know whether Heaven is going to reward this piety for preserving the Sacred Species unharmed in their midst for now two years. Fathers Bitrian and Givalt likewise recount some touching incidents that occurred in their travels through Zamboanga, Iolo, Cotabato, Tamontaca, Davas, Sigaboy, Mati, Baganga, Manay, Caroga and Hinatuan. All the natives of these islands long for the return of the missionaries and loudly call for their beloved Fathers. The inhabitants of Carago especially mourn their loss. The Americans stationed there desire themselves the return of the missionaries; for they realize that since their departure the people living in the mountains have abandoned their homes, leaving whole villages uninhabited. Such is the fear they have conceived for the Americans."

To keep its readers in touch with current events in China. *Les Missions Catholiques* sent an early request for news to all the heads of the different Congregations engaged there in missionary work. Here are some of the answers already published:

"Father Desmarquest, S.J., Treasurer of the Missions at Pet-chili, telegraphs without any details the death of two missionaries; probably murdered by the Boxers. One of the two was Father Modeste Andlawer, an Alsatian, 53 years old; the other was Father Remi Isoré, of the diocese of Cambrai, 48 years old."

Father Tournade, Treasurer at Paris for the Jesuit Missions at Kiang-Nan, forwards this message: "Situation serious; no details."

M. Delpech, Superior of the Seminary for Foreign Missions at Paris, under date of June 26th, writes: "Su-Tchnen on June 22 was quiet; no other news."

M. Milon, Secretary-General of the Lazarists, telegraphs: "We are absolutely without news concerning China."

From Berlin comes the following announcement: The *Germania* says with reference to the Catholic situation in Southern Chantoung that the Fathers at Steyer have received the following despatch from Vicar Freinademetz, residing at Tsing, near the Imperial Canal: "The missionaries are without protection; their lives are in great danger."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. L. S. H. Buffalo, N. Y.	\$5.00
Anon	10.00
A. M. H. Canton, O. — Three gold rings for the Crown or Chalice.	

Acknowledgement is made of the following contributions:

FOR THE FAMINE-STRICKEN IN INDIA.

G. J. R. and Mr. C., Nauvoo, Ill.	2.00
Anon, per Rev. J. Scully, S.J.	1.00

FOR REV. FATHER HECKER, S. J., INDIA.

M. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5.00
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FOR REV. J. L. MENEZES, INDIA.

Miss O. McC.	2.00
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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 9.

FATHER JOGUES AT THE LAKE OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

BY WILLIAM HICKLING.

Laudato si, mi Signore, por sor acqua
La quale è multo utile et humele et pretiosa et casta.

—*St. Francis' Canticle of the Sun.*

THE beautiful inland sea now popularly known as "Lake George," was originally named *Lac du S. Sacrement* by the great martyr missionary to the Mohawks, the Rev. Isaac Jogues, S.J. On the eve of the festival of *Corpus Christi*, the Father arrived at the outlet or northern end of this most picturesque water, when on his way to accomplish a mission attended with peril, yet nevertheless most dear to his heart. His immediate object was, to conclude a peace between the French in Canada under Governor Montmagny and the Mohawk Indians, amongst whom he purposed, later, to take up missionary work. He passed the night where he first reached the lake. The next morning, May 29, 1646, he named the lake while the Church throughout all the world was celebrating the great feast, and then started to travel afoot southward to the Mohawk castles, where councils were held under "the great pine tree." He doubtless followed the known Indian trail, and, getting well into the valley, passed near Johnstown and Fonda, reaching Tribes' Hill, which then must have been a beautiful and romantic situation, and marching on by the way of the present Auriesville; little

dreaming that one day his shrine would be set up there, and that thousands of devout Catholics two hundred and fifty-four years later would be making pilgrimages and offering their prayers at this place.

Reaching the Mohawk country in safety, he met the heads of the tribes in council and concluded the peace, the French and the Indians exchanging presents, the latter receiving many strings of enameled porcelain beads, which they valued highly.

Leaving with the people a box containing probably small articles for altar use when he should return as a missionary, Father Jogues and his party started on their return June 16th, heavy laden, carrying provisions and baggage, the account says, like Arabic horses. On their return, they struck the head or south end of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, and there delayed while the Indians built canoes. In these they embarked and paddled the entire length of the lake, reaching the outlet, where first they spent the night on the lake. Here they encamped again, and the next day, probably, the eve of the festival of St. John the Baptist, making the portage, they re-embarked on Lake Champlain and reached the first French settlement about the 27th of the same month.

Father Jogues was the first white man and the first Jesuit, then known by the Indians as the "Black Robe," who visited the lake. Champlain in 1609, saw the *Carrillon*, but there is nothing to indicate that he ever viewed this unequaled body of water, which exclusively bore the name given by Father Jogues during one hundred and eleven years, the lake being generally regarded as of high strategic value and the gateway to Canada.

Just one century after it was named by Father Jogues, it was visited by General William Johnston, of Johnstown, who says :

"I went on Lake Saint Sacrament in 1746, when, to show the enemy [the French] the strength of our Indian alliance, I desired each nation to affix their symbol to a tree to alarm the French. The Oneidas put up a stone, which they painted red." (*Doc. Hist. N. Y.*, Vol. IV., p. 271.) August 28, 1753,

General Johnston was again at the lake, with his English army, for a campaign against the French, and changed its name to "Lake George," in honor of the king. This is to be deeply regretted, and, upon the whole, it may perhaps be regarded as an act of vandalism. The water of this mountain-born lake, by its singular purity, has been valued for baptismal use. Also, by its transparent purity, it symbolized the saintly life and stainless character of the Martyr. No circumstance, however, could have justified the change of name, and, as "The Lake of the Holy Sacrament," this exquisite sheet of crystal, which recalls the Sea of Glass before the Throne, will ever be remembered by truly Catholic souls. The name applied to it by Cooper, "The Horicon," was an invention, as, later in life, the novelist confessed.

The piece of verse herewith given is simply a portion of an extended work composed in 1868, devoted to the history, legends and antiquities of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament. The work was submitted at the time to a Protestant friend and critic by whom it was criticised unfavorably. Consequently it was laid aside, and remained almost forgotten until the present year; when, on looking through the manuscript, the author was struck by the sacramental character of its teaching, altogether un-Protestant, indicating what appeared to be the tone of his mind at the remote period of 1868 when he was not yet a Catholic. His interest was, therefore, excited afresh; while the particular portion now submitted also interested some of his Catholic friends, who suggested its publication. If he were attempting a similar task at the present time, he would, no doubt, employ more varied measures; yet he nevertheless allows this effort of years long ago to stand in its original form, thinking that the reader may bear with the infelicities he is likely to discover for the sake of the subject.

Those familiar with the history of the sainted Jogues will readily perceive where history ends and fancy begins; though, in the exercise of the imagination, the author has kept within the limits prescribed by the character of the martyr.

Father Jogues was pre-eminently a lover of nature, and must have been profoundly impressed by the unequalled

beauty of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, as he paddled in his light canoe over its entire extent, from Diamond Island to the Rapids and the sounding Carrillon, where the waters make their splendid plunge, escaping into Lake Champlain. At the Lake the visitor often recalls the lines of Newman :

“A sea before
The throne is spread; its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass;”

And exclaims with St. Francis of Assisi :

“By Sister Water, O my Lord ! Thou art praised.”

In his first captivity among the Mohawks, Father Jogues compared himself to “St. Bernard, a disciple of the trees of the forest,” saying : “I had formed a large Cross on a majestic tree, by stripping off the bark, and at its foot I spent almost the whole day with my God.” (N. Y. Hist. Coll., 1857, p. 195.)

In acknowledging the benefits derived from the splendid American forests, which spoke to his soul with many voices, he could say his *experto crede* with Bernard. Like one also in the Forest of Arden, Father Jogues in the wilderness of Lake Saint Sacrament found “sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything.” On the Lake the Canticle of the Sun is always timely, its spirit being in entire harmony with the genius of this rare body of crystal.

Where springs the Hudson 'midst a tranquil vale,
Whose verdant forests fragrant airs exhale,
Its current dreaming of the distant sea,
Though still soft lapsing past the inland lea;
And where, empurpled, in the evening skies,
The Adirondacks in their grandeur rise,
In that fair region where no rude alarm
Disturbs the magic of the sylvan charm,
A deep lake shimmers whose weird beauty seems
The grand creation of bright Summer dreams.

A sky-born water fed by sparkling rills,
It lies encradled 'mid the ancient hills,
Whose verdant summits, clear reflected, rest
In sweet effulgence on its glassy breast.
Long ages perished ere a human eye
Surveyed the mountain in its majesty,
Or human bosom felt a kindred glow
With morning blushing on the wave below.
Then round the lakeside, in keen quest of prey,
The bear in silence took his sullen way,
And stealthy panthers watched the antlered stag,
Or drove him headlong from the cruel crag.

The wolf's fierce challenge rang around the shore,
In echoed answer to the torrent's roar,
And eagles wheeling o'er the cliffs on high,
Screamed weird responses to the loon's lone cry.
Thus years rolled onward, sunsets died away,
In regal glory on each cove and bay,
And untamed nature reigned along the strand
Where silver ripples play on golden sand.

At last, established in his lordly hall,
Quebec strong-bastioned, safe from fear or fall,
And nobly mirrored on St. Lawrence's tide,
A glowing picture of old Gallic pride—
Brave Lord Montmagny would with Mohawk treat,
And peace, long purposed, in good faith complete,
While far the banners of the Cross advance
With glowing ensigns of imperial France.

But who the peril of the task might dare,
And 'mid deep forests and strange waters fare,
To meet the Mohawk 'neath "The Great Pine Tree,"
Where rolls the river to the distant sea?
A Father, gentle, yet above all fear,
The mission ventures as to Christ most dear,
And Jogues, the holy, in His Name, leads forth
A peace embassy from the warlike North.

With good Jean Bourdon, skilled in useful art,
And strong Algonquins brave to act their part,
The Father journeys on his devious way,
Now west, now southward as the rude course lay,
'Mid moor and mountain, flood and forest dim,
Each labor light'ning with some holy hymn,
And fresh strength gaining by his humble prayer
Borne up by angels on the trembling air.

At last they paddle in their swift canoe
O'er Champlain, shining a fair sea of blue,
Till, gladly landing on its southern marge,
They leave behind them their light, birchen barge.
Then, marching cautious on the Indian trail
Through dusky wildwood and stern, rugged dale,
They view the ledges where, as years advance,
Ticonderoga stands, the pride of France,
A frowning fortress rising o'er the plain,
That Abercrombie, strong, assaults in vain ;
And hear *Carrillon*, a resounding chime,
That woke the forest in primeval time.

'Twas ev'e in summer, e'en the splendid eve
Of *Corpus Christi*, when at last they leave
The tangled forest, and exhausted reach
A cliff, o'erhanging a bright golden beach,
And view before them the enchanting scene
That shone resplendent in the sunset sheen.
They mark the water with its emerald marge,
Each island crimson as some blood-stained targe ;
They scan the cedars, now tall, burnished spires,
Aflame, yet scatheless, wrapped in verdant fires ;
While ev'ry object round the lake below
Reveals the splendor of the evening glow.

Then first these waters met the white man's gaze.
Their crystal flashing in the golden rays ;
And while the Father scanned the glassy lake,
Its face unruffled by the loon's long wake,

He bade the savage say what name their tongue
Gave to this wonder, all unknown, unsung :
No answer pulsates on the evening air,
No name Algonquin had for scene so fair.

Soon fades the splendor of departing day,
Retreating softly on its western way,
Yet Jogues stands gazing, by a sweet spell bound,
As one who lingers on some holy ground,
All fair words phrasing to express the name
He fain would marry to its future fame ;
Until, admonished by Jean Bourdon's voice,
He turns of camp-grounds to make known his choice.
Thus 'neath the shelter of a lichened ledge
That rose abruptly near the water's edge,
Where arching branches oped to starry light,
He laid his knapsack and prepared for night.

Calm by the camp-fire, when long fast was o'er,
The Father lingered in deep thought to pore
His sacred missal with illumined page,
Well worn by service and bedimmed by age,
Each ruddy rubric, erst its rich attire,
Now pale and ashen like his dying fire.
At last the Envoy closed the treasured tome,
In thought reverting to his childhood's home,
'Mid vine-clad valleys of dear, sunny France,
Where on the greensward, with a merry dance
The peasant closes the departing day,
Or gives the twilight to some rustic play,
'Till from tall towers of quaint Norman times
The sweet bells sounding their clear, silvern chimes,
Invite the aged with the young and fair
To intoned Angelus or Compline prayer ;
Which service rendered with a holy zest,
The happy village sinks in peace to rest.

Thus mused the Father, and anon he sees
Old Orleans' minster 'mong its ancient trees ;

Again the choir in grand billows heave
Exultant anthems for this honored eve
Of *Corpus Christi*, when the canons call
The joyous faithful to the festival ;
Adoring, chalice, Christ's dear blood once shed,
And 'neath the wafer of unleavened bread
The body broken on the cruel tree,
To save frail mortals from the Law's decree.
As in his boyhood, 'mid the rev'rent throng,
He hears the organ and the swelling song.
And bows adoring as the sacring bell
Sheds through the minster its sweet mystic spell,
Nor doubts the Presence that the rites imply,
And shadow broadly to believing eye ;
Again, low kneeling, as the rubric saith,
He sees the symbol of his Holy Faith,
And where the Curé with the monstrance trod
He marks the Presence of the very God.

Thus mused the Father till his weary brows
Sink rudely pillowed on a bed of boughs,
Then 'neath the roof-tree of the star-gemmed sky,
Whence bright Arcturus casts a warder's eye,
He knew the solace of that tranquil sleep
By king ne'er tasted in his moated keep.

At morn, uprising from his bed of larch,
He strapped his wallet for his southward march ;
But first devoutly said a humble prayer,
That upward mounted on the sweet June air,
While nimble echoes far the suffrage toss,
Around the summit of the rustic cross
Reared by the Father and a tawny guide,
Who knelt all rev'rent by the Black Robe's side,
A simple Savage, yet would gladly pay
To Christ due worship on this festal day ;
And thus the Father to his sober sight
Brought cup and paten for the sacred rite,

Observed the Office, but ere south he went,
Named these fair waters, "Lake Saint Sacrament."
By toilsome stages to the Mohawk land
The Father journeyed with his peaceful band ;
Each wily red man, hailed as willing friend,
Where firm but stainless his due footsteps tend.

In solemn council the proud Mohawks meet
Montmagny's Envoy at their chosen seat ;
Jogues' late tormentor framing crafty phrase
To blunt remembrance of past cruel days ;
For though implacable and black at heart,
The astute savage blandly plays his part ;
Accepting gladly each enameled bead ;
Assuring friendship, if in time of need
A weary Frenchman should demand relief
Within the borders of a Mohawk chief ;
Nor dreamed the Father that himself would be
The first great victim of dread treachery.
The council ended, the decision learned,
With pledge of friendship the doomed Envoy turned,
And marching northward with a high content,
Arrived, full weary, at Saint Sacrament.

Afar now ranging, his Algonquin guide,
Finds in the forest, clad in pristine pride,
A royal birch tree of superior mark,
Its huge trunk gleaming in fair silver bark.
One long incision with the cruel knife
Robs the fair monarch of his robe and life.
A slender framework next he ordered, like
The bony structure of the greedy pike,
And deftly toiling on the shining strand,
With osier ready for his cunning hand,
He binds each stanchion and each knee ties fast,
The mid-rib lashing to the gunwale last.
The bark then treated with persuasive skill
He renders pliant to his subtle will,

And, slowly yielding to his savage strength,
Around the framework it is drawn at length;
When, clinging firmly to its graceful side,
With elm-tree fibre it is firmly tied,
Each fissure sealing with gum pure as dew,
And thus the red man builds his fair canoe.
Next, all impatient, he would launch away
To test its merits on yon shining bay;
Yet ere embarking o'er the lake to dash,
He carves a paddle from the supple ash.

At length the water wins its new-found bride,
In beauty floating on the brilliant tide,
The proud Algonquin stepping safe on board,
In conscious power, as some feudal lord,
And bears him stately with an honest pride,
The able builder would not deign to hide :—
Poised on his paddle, like some Eastern bonze
He stands the image of his God in bronze.
But while thus posing, his keen eyes aglow,
Caught the bright picture of himself below,
Where, full reflected in the crystal wave,
With all his trappings stood the splendid brave :—
Thrilled with a vanity his face confessed,
He plunged his paddle in the phantom's breast,
And, deftly balancing the light canoe,
With graceful motion o'er the water flew.

Meanwhile the Father, who no skilful hand
For savage labor could at will command,
Mused 'mid the forest, where the solemn shade
With weird enchantment his slow footsteps stayed;
Or read his Office 'neath the oak's gnarled form,
And said his Paters where the summer's storm,
Advancing swiftly in its angry march,
Snote dead the branches of the graceful larch;
While lightnings, flashing in the whirlwind's line,
Consumed the verdure of the plumèd pine.

But now white cloudlets float in peace at will,
The mute air list'ning to the tiny rill,
That, cautious, ventures from a tinkling nook
To join the water of a pearly brook,
Which, singing, joyous in its beauty went
To lend its crystal to Saint Sacrament.

Thus roaming, pensive, on the Indian trail,
He heard the echo of the loon's lone wail,
Saw chatting squirrels climb from branch to branch,
Or bird-like, daring on the air to launch ;
While 'mid the thicket rose the antlered deer,
His soft eye flashing with a needless fear,
And from the eyrie, 'mong the crags on high,
Through dizzy tree-tops came the eagle's cry ;
Again, emerging from the sombre shade,
He seeks the sunlight of the grassy glade,
Where, by the margin, he might clearly view
The Indians toiling at the bark canoe,
Broad scan the waters of the sleeping lake,
And mark the mountains where they softly break
In serried order 'gainst the azure sky,
Or veil their summits from the wishful eye.

At last a third day to its end has run,
And, with the rising of the morrow's sun,
Embarking, thankful, they glide smoothly forth
O'er calm Saint Sacrament and journey north.
Thus first a Black Robe his lithe paddle laves
Beneath the surface of these crystal waves,
Sails past the border of each verdant isle,
Or seeks the shelter of some cliff's tall pile ;
And all the windings of the lake explores
Free-ranging safely to its farthest shores.

Thus fared they onward till the day was done,
And purple glories from the setting sun,
Flashed through the gorges of the mountain chain,
While, 'midst the gloaming of the haze, they strain

The weary paddle on the lake's last reach,
To gain the margin of the golden beach,
And build the camp-fire ere again they leave
The spot selected *Corpus Christi* Eve;
Illuming woodland with the festal light
The faithful kindle for midsummer night.
Here while the evening hastens swiftly by,
And night bejewels the blue summer sky,
Once more the Father stays beneath the ledge
Which rose in mid-air near the water's edge,
Close by the hillock whence at first he saw
These waters rippling on the circling shore;
And whence, far southward, heavy laden went
Around the border of Saint Sacrament.

Again his lodging he prepares for night,
And, thoughtful, muses by the fire's red light,
Talks of the journey with his savage guide,
Whose skill the forest has so often tried,
Lists to the legends that the red men tell,
Of sprites that linger round each rock and fell,
Or haunt the recess of the wood and take
Their merry pastime on the sparkling lake.
He hears Jean Bourdon, whose strategic eye
Ranged o'er the region both afar and nigh,
Discerning stations with a soldier's glance
For future castles of imperial France.
Long with the savant the good priest conferred,
With pious patience each opinion heard;
How, 'gainst the English, these fair waters held,
The French possessions would to oneness weld,
And close all access to an open door
The foe might enter in a time of war;
Till growing weary, as the hour grew late,
Of treaty, fortress and affair of state,
He spread his blanket, then low breathed a prayer,
Reposing calmly in the summer air.

Swift flew the night-watch as the Frenchmen slept,
While red flames slowly 'mong the firelogs crept ;
Nought broke the stillness of the lake or hill,
Save the lone wailing of the whippoorwill,
Whose notes so plaintive, as the calm night wore,
Slow floated, dying, to the farthest shore.

At last the fire-fly folds its phosphor wing
And Saturn, paling, hides his mighty ring,
While starry watchers of the radiant skies
In slow succession veil their holy eyes.
Then morn in beauty soft begins to break,
In sweet effulgence o'er the glassy lake,
While, 'fresh from covert, larks begin their lay,
Of joyous welcome for the rosy day,
The Jesuit rises from his leafy couch
And compact buckles his impervious pouch ;
Then, humbly kneeling on the red-lipped moss,
Beneath the shadow of the greenwood Cross,
His simple cortège as accustomed raise
Their prayer, sent upward with a hymn of praise.
The Matins ended with a simple zeal,
Each takes his portion of the morning meal ;
When Bourdon enters on the dusky trail,
That leads the wanderer o'er the intervalle,
And winds through mazes past the chiming fall,
Below whose rapids the wild surges brawl,
And 'mid huge boulders, hoarsely-voiced, complain,
Gored in the passage down to proud Champlain ;
While agile red men their light boats upbore,
Safe to the margin of the distant shore ;
Where, reembarking, they must breast anew
The heaving billows in the swift canoe.

The Father tarried by the camp-fire last,
And parting glances o'er the fair lake cast.
Apocalyptic, it serenely shone,
As that John pictured, calm, before the Throne,

Its wondrous beauty with pure crystal blent
To win the guerdon of "Saint Sacrament :"
But, going, kens not that a day is nigh,
When grander vision will salute his eye,
The vision promised to the soul renowned
Who walks in paradise a martyr crowned—
His bark is waiting for Quebec at noon,
Urbs Zion mystica will claim him soon.

SHRINE ANNALS.

THE PILGRIMAGES.

For the first time in the history of the Shrine nothing was done this year to encourage pilgrimages to Auriesville. Instead of sending to the pastors of parishes in the neighborhood circulars about the times and regulations for pilgrimages, and notifications to the editors of the local newspapers, we advised some to put off their pilgrimages until next year. Not only were we ill able to meet the expense of keeping the Shrine open for the summer, we were also desirous of emphasizing the fact that this is pre-eminently a year for pilgrimages to the Eternal City, just as next year will be a year for multiplying pilgrimages everywhere in the Catholic world. In spite of our human calculations the organized pilgrimages to Our Lady's Shrine at Auriesville were never so frequent nor so numerous as they have been this past season. Nor has the number of pilgrims paying brief visits to the Shrine, or residing in its neighborhood for a while, been much less than in previous years. Needless to add their good will and piety have been greater in proportion than ever before. This alone, were there nothing else to record, would be a sufficient answer to the prayers and good wishes of the clients of Our Lady of Martyrs; but this of itself is only a proof that other special favors have rewarded the faith and devotion not only of those who were fortunate enough to visit the Shrine, but of all for

whom they prayed, and none belonging to them, or friendly to the Shrine, were omitted.

The pilgrimage from Saugerties and other cities on the Hudson River above Poughkeepsie took place Saturday, July 21st. It is thus described in the *Rosendale Journal* of July 26th :

"The annual pilgrimage to the 'Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs,' at Auriesville, N. Y., took place Saturday, July 21st. Many who had attended pilgrimages to this saintly, historical place, showed their appreciation of the past favors obtained by their presence on Saturday. Some who were obliged to remain at home for good reasons were united in spirit with the pilgrims on their journey. A special train left Highland at 7 A.M. The Rev. M. J. Murray, the popular rector of St. Mary's, Saugerties, was on hand, as usual, to greet his friends. At Kingston quite a number boarded the train, among them the Very Rev. E. M. Sweeney, V. F., of St. Joseph's, and his assistant, the Rev. R. Weir, the Rev. D. P. Ward of Kingston, Dr. J. Sweeney of New York, with a representation of lower Kingston and upper Kingston and Eddyville. At the intermediate stations others boarded the train. At Saugerties Father St. John of New York and Father Ferris, assistant pastor at St. Mary's Saugerties, accompanied by a delegation, were joyously received. At the various other stopping places as per program, others increased the number. During the journey private devotions were held, many saying the rosary and reading religious literature. The train arrived at the depot at Auriesville at 10:30 A.M., where the pilgrims were met by the Jesuit Fathers in charge. The procession to the Shrine was formed at once, and following the cross with banners emblematic the rosary was recited by Father Hill, S. J., and responded to by the pilgrims on their walk to the Shrine. Father Murray said Holy Mass, and after the Mass Father Lamb explained the object of the pilgrimage in few but very plain words, in his usual to the point method. After the sermon a visit was made to different parts of the site. At 1:30 P.M. all assembled in the chapel, and proceeded to make the devotions of the 'way of the cross,' walking through the fields to the fourteen stations. At the conclusion of this devotion

a visit was made to the ravine, where the Jesuit Father Jogues buried the body of René Goupil after he had given up his life for the faith. Father Hill, S. J., delivered an eloquent address, recalling the good deeds and sacrifices made by these heroic men in the interest of the Indians, and likewise dwelling on the virtues of the Indian maiden, Catharine Tegakwitha, the lily of the Mohawk, who also was martyred for her religion. He clearly gave the facts as far as possible obtained to the present time, and asked ardently that the prayers of the pilgrims would ascend to the throne of mercy and pity and pardon, so that in the near future their canonization may be published to the world. On the way to the ravine the rosary was recited and visits made to various shrines and grottos. At 4 P.M. the benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament took place in the chapel, Father Ward officiating. The Very Rev. Dean Sweeney of Kingston presided at the organ and led the choir at both services. After benediction the pilgrims wended their way to the train, which left Auriesville at 5:30 P.M. On the return trip hymns were sung in the cars. Some no doubt were detained by the appearance of the rainy weather in the early morning, but fortunately no exercise on the program was omitted, it seeming providential they should take place between the showers. All returned home well and happy, and thankful to Father Murray for the chance given them to show thanks for the past and ask favors for the future, spiritual and temporal. The pilgrimage was held under the auspices of the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., the Rev. Frank Lamb, S. J., the Rev. I. H. Hill, S. J., the Very Rev. E. M. Sweeney, V. F., the Rev. D. P. Ward, the Rev. F. Maughan, the Rev. F. Fagan, the Rev. Thomas Walsh, the Rev. William P. Fitzgerald, the Rev. William H. White, the Rev. S. M. Stuart, the Rev. P. F. Smith, the Rev. P. F. Donnelly, the Rev. J. J. O'Brien, the Rev. J. F. Ferris, and the Rev. Michael J. Murray, rector of St. Mary's, Saugerties.

"Among those who make this yearly visit to the Shrine was Mrs. F. Madden of Rondout, Miss Dunn and Mrs. Flynn of Wilbur, Mrs. and Misses Cummings of Kingston, Miss G. Finan of Goshen, Mrs. R. Hayden, Mrs. W. Sammons and daughter of Rosendale."

Sunday, August 12th, 1,400 pilgrims from Little Falls, N. Y., under the direction of the pastor, Rev. William A. White, and 400 from Albany, under the direction of Mr. Felix H. McCann. Others from St. Johnsville, Canajoharie and the neighboring towns swelled the number to 2,000 or more. It is difficult to convey to our readers the impressions caused by these pilgrimages. Every body of pilgrims has its distinctive traits, and if one would know the good qualities of the faithful who people the Mohawk valley he must go to Auriesville to witness them during these pilgrimages. A diary is carefully kept at the Shrine, which will some day furnish very interesting history. We prefer now to draw our accounts from the local newspaper reports.

THE LITTLE FALLS PILGRIMAGE.

The Little Falls pilgrimage took place Sunday, August 12th. As announced in the *Little Falls Times* of August 4th, it was organized under the auspices of the various Catholic societies belonging to St. Mary's Church in that city. According to this announcement:

"The following committee from the various men's Catholic organizations have been appointed and will meet in St. Mary's hall Wednesday evening to perfect arrangements: St. Mary's congregation will be represented by the church trustees, Timothy Dasey and D. F. Herlehy; The Holy Name society by Dennis Collins, John Begley, Michael Collins, John Moore, James McGurty, John O'Rourke, Charles Eagan, Daniel Fleming. The Chemicals will be represented by John Leary, John Hurley, Charles R. Conboy, Daniel Cooney, Charles Crowley. A. O. H., Dennis Keeleher, Thomas Kearney, Edward Scanlon, James O'Neil, Owen Sullivan. K. of C., Daniel Hanlon, George O'Connor, Timothy O'Brien, George Fleming, Charles McLaughlin. St. Mary's choir, William Morgan, Theo Fallis, William Kelley, Edward Walsh, William Scott.

"Committees representing the various ladies' societies connected with the church—Young Ladies' Sodality, Promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart, Holy Angels' Sodality and St.

Mary's Charitable Society—will be appointed during the week and will have a special meeting later."

The pilgrimage itself is thus described in the *Times* of August 13th:

"On the ground sanctified by the blood of two of the earliest propagators of their faith in these parts, 1500 of the faithful of St. Mary's Catholic Church of this city yesterday offered their prayers, chanted their litanies, sang *Te Deums* and listened to eloquent words in support of their faith from a scholarly Jesuit. It is not often that a pilgrimage is conducted under such favorable auspices. It is difficult to imagine one better managed or resulting in more spiritual good to the pilgrims.

"The members of the congregation gathered in goodly numbers in front of the church and at 7.45, when Marshal Dasey gave the order to move, there were at least 1000 people to obey the command. As the pilgrims wended their way to the depot to the sound of solemn music from drum corps and band, they made an impressive sight and all who saw them were for the moment, at least, pilgrims. Rarely indeed has an August day given weather so well fitted for such an outing as that of yesterday. The two storms of Saturday night and the overhanging, threatening clouds of the morning seemed harbingers of rain storms during the day. Indeed, on the way down rain storms could be seen to the north and the south from the trains and on one or two occasions coming close to them, but seeming purposely to avoid them. A cool breeze played over the promontory at Auriesville, drying the grass and making the landscape one beautiful panorama for the Little Falls Catholics. At about 2 o'clock the sun, which had been hidden during the day, came out in all its effulgent glory, as if vying with the benediction pronounced by the priest from the altar, and reminding one of the light shed to the faithful by the star of Bethlehem.

"The first train left at 8:10 and the second at 8:30. The first made the run to Auriesville in an hour and twenty minutes; the second in an hour and a half. Immediately on the arrival of the first train Father White celebrated a low Mass in the chapel. Those in the second train were attendants on the

holy sacrifice celebrated by Father Dennis O'Sullivan of the Woodstock theological school. Father Wynne, the Jesuit priest who is in charge of the Shrine property, warmly welcomed the pilgrims to the holy ground.

"At 1 o'clock the stations of the cross were begun, Fathers O'Sullivan and White leading. Those who have seen this beautiful Catholic devotion practised in the churches little realize the impressiveness of the ceremony when carried on out in the open air. The stations at Auriesville are made in a semi-circle, starting on the slope leading to the foot of the hill and ending at the Calvary in the southern part of the grounds. Following the stations the pilgrims were taken to the ravine. There the Rev. A. O. Hill of New York preached a most learned sermon which was a most happy conclusion of the day's ceremonies. From a rustic little stand in the ravine, erected over the stone which is believed to mark the last resting-place of René Goupil, the first Catholic martyr, the eloquent Jesuit told in burning words the story of the martyrs, Goupil and Father Jogues. In eloquent, forceful words he also urged his listeners to be steadfast in the faith. The sermon was brief and highly praised by all who heard it. Following the sermon, march was again taken to the chapel where benediction was pronounced and shortly after 4 o'clock the pilgrims left Auriesville, arriving here at 5:30 and 6 o'clock.

WHY CATHOLICS MAKE PILGRIMAGES TO AURIESVILLE.

"It has often been a matter of wonderment to the laymen why Catholics take so much interest in Auriesville. Lay historians make no mention of the spot, but this is accounted for by the fact that historians as a rule did not write religious history. Catholics revere the place because two of their earliest missionaries were there made martyrs to their religion. The two were René Goupil and Father Isaac Jogues. Both were French Jesuits who were propagating the faith among the Indians. In 1642 Goupil was murdered near the spot where the West Shore depot now stands. Father Jogues, his dear companion, was a witness to the foul assassination of his loved friend, and despite the earnest efforts of Father Jogues

to give his friend a Christian burial he was unable to do so because of the treachery of the Indians. Father Jogues himself at this time was subjected to awful torture. Four years afterward Father Jogues was murdered near the same spot where his friend Goupil died. The grounds where these horrible crimes were enacted were purchased by the Jesuits and were made attractive places for Catholics to visit. There are twenty-eight acres embraced in the plot, sixteen in what is called the ravine and twelve in the Shrine ground proper."

THE ALBANY PILGRIMAGE.

On the same day the annual pilgrimage from Albany took place, 400 devout clients of Our Lady of Martyrs braving the threatening weather and marching up the hill under a slight rain. Their piety was soon rewarded by fine weather, and together with the pilgrims from Little Falls they joined in the day's devotions as described in the following extract from the *Vatican*, the Catholic weekly, which improves with every issue, under Mr. Prout, its present editor, to whom the Shrine is much indebted.

"The scene at the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville on last Sunday was all and even more than was anticipated by the devout body of pilgrims who wended their way up the Holy Hill on the occasion.

"The early morn gave indications of inclement weather for the entire day, but Providence favored the pious throng and instead most beautiful weather prevailed, just the kind for the successful carrying on of the various exercises of devotion.

"The warmth of the sun did not interfere, neither was there any oppressive heat, as usual during the course of the inspiring exercises, so that all were able to follow in the Holy Way of the Cross and the other outdoor services.

"The Albany train, containing about 350 pilgrims, left the New York Central depot at about 6:30 that morning. A body of pilgrims from Hudson, led by Mr. Andrew Whalen, arrived early at the depot and joined the Albanians. At Schenectady, the only stop made, a contingent of pilgrims, directed by Mrs. William Kiernan, boarded the train.

" All along the way to the Shrine the pilgrims were engaged reciting their beads and other forms of devotion in preparation for the worthy reception of Holy Communion.

" Instead of crossing over on the West Shore road at Athens junction this year the crossing was made at Hoffmans. The train reached Auriesville about 8:30.

" A slight drizzling rain was falling on reaching the station and the pilgrims proceeded at once up the hill to the Shrine chapel where the bell was already tolling for Holy Mass. Father Hill celebrated Mass at which the pilgrims received Holy Communion. During the Mass Fathers Wynne and O'Sullivan were kept busy hearing confessions.

" The Albany pilgrims were engaged partaking of their breakfast on the cars when the first section of the Little Falls pilgrimage arrived. A procession was formed headed by a band of musicians. The solemn strains of ' Onward, Christian Soldiers ' was charmingly rendered by the band as they proceeded up the hill. Father White, who accompanied his people, was the celebrant of the Mass and during the divine ceremonies the choir, assisted by the musicians, rendered several beautiful hymns, including ' Lead, Kindly Light ' and ' Hail, Heavenly Queen. '

" Half an hour later the second section of the Little Falls pilgrimage arrived, accompanied by Father Ready, assistant priest at the Falls, and several Sisters of St. Joseph. A fife and drum corps headed the pilgrims. The fifth and last Mass was celebrated at about 10:30 at which the last band of pilgrims to arrive at the Shrine attended. The program of exercises for the day was announced by Father Wynne, the first to take place at 1:30, when the Holy Way of the Cross was to commence.

" The entire body of pilgrims took part in this devotion, which proved most edifying. The sad strain of the ' Stabat Mater ' was never heard with such impressiveness. The clear, distinct voice of the officiating clergyman, Father O'Sullivan, S. J., reading the stations, caused the pathetic story of Christ's sufferings and ignominious death to be received with a deep and lasting effect on the hearts and minds of the multitude who devoutly followed in the holy journey to Calvary.

"On the conclusion of the stations the march was continued to the small shrine of the Pietà and after brief devotions to Our Sorrowful Mother the solemn tread was again resumed by the pilgrims, numbering about 3,000, and amidst the appropriate airs rendered by the musicians on the way the rosary of the Seven Dolors were recited until they reached the Ravine or what may be properly termed Glen Goupil as it was here in this sacred place the remains of the saintly René Goupil, companion of Father Jogues, was laid to rest.

"The choir gathered around the Shrine on the hill, overlooking the Glen in which stands a statue of Our Lady of Martyrs, and sang appropriately. Father Hill, S. J., delivered an inspiring address on the lives and labors of the missionaries of the Mohawk valley, referring particularly to Father Jogues and René Goupil, who suffered cruel martyrdom in that vicinity made holy by the self-sacrificing lives and pious works of the saintly Jesuits.

"The Litany of the Blessed Virgin was next recited by Father Hill and responded to by the vast number of pilgrims. The procession was reformed, marching back to the chapel where the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by a grand *Te Deum* sung by the entire people, closed the exercises of the day.

"At about half-past four the last train of pilgrims had departed from the humble railroad station at Auriesville and all was joy and happiness among the occupants of the various coaches as they narrated the sacred impressions made upon them during their brief sojourn on the Hill of Martyrs."

THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, is always a day of special devotions at Auriesville. Although it is not convenient for many persons to come when the feast occurs on a week day, still we can always count on a fair number over and above those who usually spend some time in the neighborhood of the Shrine. About two hundred people were there Wednesday, August 15th, this year, and together with the priests in charge they made all the ex-

ercises of devotion, the Way of the Cross, the procession to the Ravine, where Father Wynne preached a brief sermon, and the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament. After the usual blessing of pious articles the pilgrims who had come from Canajoharie and Amsterdam, departed by the regular trains. The Novena in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs was concluded in the evening, and Father Wynne began a triduum to conclude the Sunday following, the exercises consisting of daily Mass, the Way of the Cross at 10 A. M., instruction or Holy Hour at 4 P. M., and points of meditation each evening.

THE TROY PILGRIMAGE.

It may seem to our readers that one pilgrimage is like another, and this is true in some measure if the external order only of the pilgrimages be considered. The hours of arrival and departure of trains vary but little, and the order of exercises is almost the same for each pilgrimage. But the pilgrims from each locality have their distinctive traits. The Troy pilgrims are always very numerous, and more than half their number come fasting so as to receive Holy Communion. Sunday, August 19th, 1,100 came, mostly from the parish of St. Joseph, now under the direction of Rev. Father Curtin, and of these nearly 700 received Holy Communion. The first section of their train arrived at 8 o'clock, under the direction of Father O'Sullivan, S.J., and the second before 8.30 under the direction of Father Slattery, of St. Joseph's, Troy. Mass was said for each section, and before the last Mass, about 500 more pilgrims had come from Amsterdam and the towns west and north of Auriesville. Before the Way of the Cross there were about 1800 persons ready to join in it. Rev. Thomas J. Gannon, S.J., led the stations, and Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan, S.J., preached the sermon in the Ravine. Another mark of the Troy pilgrims is that many of them remain in the chapel part of the day praying before the Blessed Sacrament. Still another thing which distinguishes them is the fine choir which accompanies their processions chanting the Litany of Loretto, the *Stabat Mater* at the Stations, and hymns in honor of the Blessed Virgin to and from the Ravine. The weather

for their pilgrimage was perfect and from the time of their departure from Troy, singing hymns as they marched to the railroad station, until their train, there was nothing to mar their pleasure. They will be glad to know that the members of the Italian family, who were thrown out of a wagon in a runaway accident, as the pilgrims were boarding their train, recovered soon after and escaped the serious injuries which seemed inevitable.

Sunday, August 26th, there was no special pilgrimage, but on Sunday, September 2d, the fifth annual pilgrimage from St. Ann's Church, Utica, will be made to Auriesville, and on that day pilgrims will come from St. Cecilia's parish, Fonda, and from St. Joseph's parish, Amsterdam. The following Sunday, September 9th, the closing day of the Shrine this year, the parishioners of St. Patrick's, Johnstown, and of St. Joseph's, Schenectady, will visit Auriesville. These pilgrimages will be duly recorded in the next number of the PILGRIM.

Our readers will naturally be interested in the following item about Father Marquette :

" Under the auspices of the Marquette Monument Association an interesting program devoted to the life and services of the French explorer, Father Marquette, was carried out at Mackinac Island on Wednesday of last week.

" Never before was Marquette Day so generally observed by the people of the island and the members of the association. The object of this celebration was the same as heretofore, namely, to arouse interest in the project of erecting a statue in honor of the explorer in State Park.

" The movement started in 1878 was enthusiastically carried on for a few years, and then suffered neglect until last summer, when, through the efforts of Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, President of the Association ; E. O. Broom of the same city ; Peter White, of Marquette ; Right Rev. Thomas E. Davies, of Detroit, and others, it was revived, resulting in the big meeting on August 1st.

" The exercises were held on the parade grounds at the abandoned fort, Franklin MacVeagh presiding.

"The first speaker was General John C. Black, of Chicago. Father Thomas E. Sherman followed General Black in a long and eloquent discourse on the spiritual work of Père Marquette. He dwelt mainly on the French pioneer explorer's connection with Joliet. Father Sherman said that the latter's efforts were almost entirely for the glory of France, while Marquette labored with a much nobler aim—that of gaining souls for God.

"Others who spoke were Bishop Davies, E. O. Brown, secretary of the Association; James L. Blair, of St. Louis; R. G. Thwaites and William T. Gagnieur."

THE APPEAL.

We have no reason to complain of the response made to our appeal for contributions to meet the debt contracted during the past two years for repairs and improvements on the Shrine grounds and in the Ravine. It is true that only 300 of the 2000 to whom we sent the appeal have responded, but they have already made up \$1,000 of the \$4,000 required, and some have promised to contribute later. What enhances the value of these offerings is the cordial spirit of the letters in which they were enclosed. Even some who have not as yet had an opportunity of visiting the Shrine, write as if it were an object of special affection to them. The tone of their letters is most encouraging, and their interest in the Shrine as well as the notable increase of the pilgrimages this year in numbers and frequency, make it clear that God is blessing the work, and that the time is not distant when He will prompt some charitable soul to provide the means of erecting and maintaining a permanent chapel there. Meantime the current expenses of keeping the Shrine, such as it is, for the pilgrimages must be met, and we look confidently to our subscribers and friends to help us whenever it may be convenient for them.

Many of the letters of our contributors contained requests for prayers; several of them promises to increase the offering as soon as their prayers would be heard. Letter after letter

expressed regret that the writer could not offer something worth while, or send \$100.00 instead of \$1.00. Nearly all of them wished us success in obtaining the amount required, not a few praying for blessings on our efforts to honor Our Lady's Shrine. We cannot refrain from giving our readers some extracts from this correspondence, which we appreciate quite as much for the kindness as for the generosity of the writers :

"Enclosed you will find a dollar for your Shrine, and I offer it as a true child of Mary, and I ask her to take it from me that I may remain and die a good priest. Dear father, please remember me, that I may always do much good for my Mother in heaven, that is, the Mother of Jesus."

Another writes :

"My good will has been yours for the Shrine and its cause since I read the initial and zealous letters of Father Loyzance of precious memory. The tenor of your letter merits praise. It assumes the good will of those to whom it is sent, recognizing justly and sensibly that some, perhaps very many, who would help it if they could, are confronted by duties which forbid, and, with correct spirit, it welcomes whatever may come as an earnest of the mind of the sender."

One writer regrets that we have separated the PILGRIM from the *Messenger*, as *Messenger* readers now know little or nothing of the Shrine. We regretted to have to take this step quite as much as some of our *Messenger* readers, but it was necessary to take it. The *Messenger* is for the Apostleship of Prayer only; the PILGRIM should have been the organ of the Shrine only. If, for a while, the latter was published in the interest of the Apostleship as well as of the Shrine, it was not advisable to continue this, once we could issue a *Supplement* which would serve quite as well as the PILGRIM to make known the interest of the former. It always hurts works of piety or zeal to identify or confound one with another, or at least to associate them together as if they were inseparable. The PILGRIM is now devoted exclusively to the Shrine and to the cause of those who died there for the faith. The *Messenger* for November will contain an illustrated article about the pilgrimages of the season just past.

Another contributor, once a resident of Troy, feared that

the withdrawal of the Jesuits from St. Joseph's parish in that city would make an end of the pious pilgrimages which usually came from there. This fear, by the way, was urged by others last June as a motive for retaining the Jesuits. No doubt the plea was sincere, though the present writer recalls two or three years when there was no St. Joseph's pilgrimage. That there was no foundation for this fear is clear to anyone who will read the account of the pilgrimage from Troy published in this number. We have yet to hear of a single point in which the present worthy pastors of St. Joseph's, Troy, have not equalled, if not excelled their predecessors, and it was gratifying to observe, on the day of the Troy pilgrimage, that the people had begun to realize that they, as well as their pastors, are responsible for the good standing and fervor of their parish.

We need not say that we are very grateful to all who have contributed in answer to our appeal for the removal of the debt from the Shrine at Auriesville this year, nor assure them that we have tried to repay their generosity by frequent remembrances in the Holy Mass. We are not less grateful to the many friends of the Shrine who have kindly prayed and expressed their good wishes for its welfare, and we beg them and all our readers to continue praying, as we are convinced that God will speedily grant their requests not only to have the Shrine clear of debt, but also to provide the means of erecting a permanent chapel and of promoting the cause of Father Jogues and his companions.

In answer to inquiries which we have received the past month, contributions may be made in money for removing the debt of the Shrine; for purchasing more property in its neighborhood; for the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs which is to be made in marble for the coronation, if possible, next year; for the erection of a dome for this statue; for a statue of Christ in the sepulchre, or for the sepulchre itself, for statues of St. Joseph, St. Mary Magdalen. As the crown is finished, the gold and precious stones we are now receiving will be used to make a chalice for the Shrine altar.

It may not be of much interest to our readers but it is a matter of local history connected with the Shrine, that the mortgage on the property of 500 acres belonging to Mr. V. Putman is to be foreclosed on September 20th. Part of this property adjoins ours, the hillside, bluff, fields, meadow and rising ground to the east, and the small lots, including the hotel, to the north. The piece of land of ten acres adjoining the Shrine, announced for sale in the June PILGRIM, has not yet been purchased. It is one of the most available sites for cottages, which are much needed for pilgrims who wish to prolong their stay at Auriesville.

For lack of accommodations for such pilgrims we have never encouraged many to visit the Shrine except in passing. It is a pity that many people are thus prevented from coming to Auriesville every year. One cause of this lack is the exorbitant price put on land near the Shrine. As a matter of justice, we prefer to limit the pilgrimages to Sundays or special week days, rather than permit anyone to purchase land at fabulous prices with a view to better accommodations. In large parcels land at or about the Shrine is worth from \$17.00 to \$35.00 per acre.

THE CAUSE OF BISHOP NEUMANN.

Rev. Joseph Wissel, C.S.S.R., has received the following intelligence from Rome:

ROME, June 27, 1900.—The Sacred Congregation of Rites, in its ordinary session on the 26th of June in the Apostolic Palace of the Vatican, has issued the following answer to the question: "Whether it is certain that the process, held in Philadelphia by the authority of the Apostolic See over the reputation of the sanctity of the life, the virtues and the miracles in general of the venerable servant of God, John Nepomucene Neumann, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer and Bishop of Philadelphia, is valid and to the point?" Answer in the affirmative, or it is certain.

This answer of the Sacred Congregation reflects great credit upon the priests who had a share in the process. The reputation of the sanctity of the life of the venerable Bishop Neumann has now been officially acknowledged by the Holy See, and permission will be given to continue the process.

MISSION NOTES.

A writer in the *New York Tribune* of June 4 has this to say of the famine in India: "I have read the accounts of the famine published in the American papers; I have seen the pictures; I have seen the conditions in the famine districts, and I can assure you that the actual state of affairs is much more terrible than printed or pictured. And the worst of it is that, even if the June rains are entirely favorable, no relief can be expected till the crop is gathered in October. The distress is not equal over the famine area. At its worst centres, as in Gujarat and Rajputana, conditions are dreadful beyond all description. Before leaving India I visited the Government relief works at Ahmedabad and Ghodra, in Gujarat, and saw those awful sights that photographs are making familiar to the people here. The emaciated lay around the relief camps. Many were dying each day, for they were too far gone for food to save them. The dead and the dying lay side by side, the dead being gathered daily from the living and burned. In Gujarat, before I left, more than one million cattle had perished out of a total of one million three hundred thousand. Till rains come and grass springs up, the question of fodder for beasts is more difficult than that of grain for human beings. The missionaries, both American and European, are doing heroic work. There are hundreds of brave, devoted men and women in the field. The extent of their work depends wholly on the means furnished them. Missionary relief is supplementary to official relief, but the Government recognizes that missionaries are among the wisest of its almoners."

We are in receipt of a letter from Father Claudius Ferrand, missionary in Japan, soliciting alms for an establishment, from which he expects immediate and abundant results. He is loud in his praise of the Japanese youth, calling them the finest in the world, endowed with splendid physical, intellectual and moral qualities. He encloses a photograph of some nine students, and the brightness depicted in their countenances bears out the missionary's statements. Briefly, his plan is to convert Japan by conferring the benefits of a Christian education on its boys. Atheism and materialism are rampant in the Japanese schools, and, without the guiding hand of religion, the students, young men of exceptionally brilliant parts and unusually susceptible to

the blandishments of passion, fall into every excess. Dearth of Catholic boarding-colleges adds to the loss and to meet this want Father Ferrand is bending all his forces. "With one exception," he says, "there is no real boarding-school in Japan. The students are all day-scholars, attending courses in the respective schools and lodging in town. In these lodging-houses, called Geshikuya, their hearts soon wither and with surprising rapidity abandon the path of virtue. The freedom or rather the license they enjoy, coupled with the bad example of wicked companions, drags them down to the depths of degradation, and religion nowhere exerts a saving influence on their lives. For these reasons I think of founding a Catholic Geshikuya, a kind of home in which a thorough Catholic education will be imparted to scholars attending the different schools. My house, the first of its kind in Tokio, the capital of Japan, will, I trust, pave the way to the foundation of similar houses in the great cities of the Empire. The youths selected and trained will later on have access to the best society in Japan, where they will not fail to make their beneficial influence felt. Want of the necessary means obliges me to daily refuse scores of well-disposed young men, anxious to become Catholics and derive from us that solid training of mind and heart they so much appreciate. Alms may be sent me direct by money-order or check."

The Father's address is :

FATHER CLAUDIUS FERRAND,
Apostolic Missionary,
Kojimachikt Iidamachi,
6 Chome, 21 banchi,
Tokio, Japan.

MONASTERY OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS AND MARY,
CHETTIPUZHA, CHANQUACHURY, TRAVANCORE, INDIA,

April 3, 1900.

Constrained by the love of Christ I feel called upon to approach Your Reverence with this humble appeal in the prayerful hope that it will receive your gracious consideration. Of the ten monasteries the native Carmelites have in Malabar, one is at Chettipuzhay, near Changuachury in Travancore. This monastery was opened sixteen years ago and was dedicated to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. At first a small bungalow was put up with a chapel attached. Five of our Reverend Fathers

occupied the bungalow and worked for the salvation of souls by giving retreats, by educating the Christian youth, and by converting the pagans. Gradually darkness gives way to light, and a good number of persons are led every year to Christ. We have to provide ourselves with a new monastery and chapel, and their erection fills me with great concern. The people of Travancore are generally poor, the majority of them day-laborers living from hand to mouth. A general scarcity which afflicts these parts has only made the poor people poorer still. Last year we tried our utmost to raise some money, but our attempt proved fruitless. I therefore humbly pray you to extend your sympathy and help to us in our feeble attempts in the cause of our Heavenly Master.

Your devoted servant in God,

FR. STEPEHN, of St. Thomas, O.D.C.,
Superior of Monastery.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHANAGE FOR INDIAN GIRLS,
THORNTON, LAHORE, INDIA, May 30, 1900.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER :

Thanks for the alms. You have my best wishes and prayers for prosperity and success in your work. The wretched lot of our poor Indians is something awful. With small assistance we could bring many of them to the faith. Hundreds and thousands of children are offered to us by their starving parents, but limited accommodations hamper our work. At present we keep two hundred with room for hardly more than half that number. Could I visit America, that dear country of good-hearted Catholics, to tell its people our miseries and our needs, no one could refuse me a helping hand. The thing is impossible, and I will continue to trust confidently in Providence that some good soul will take my place there and get me some help for my poor orphans. Again my thanks and best wishes.

Your grateful servant,

SISTER PAULA, Superioress.

From the annual report of St. Brigid's Missionary School, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, Callan, County Kilkenny, we learn that there has been a remarkable increase in the work accomplished for the Foreign Missions since the report published last year. Those records go far to prove that this school is capable of a high degree of development—in fact, that the work is now only in its very beginning.

Between forty and fifty have been on the roll this year, but the number varies from month to month, arrivals and departures are so frequent. In last year's report it was stated that from the opening of the school, in 1884, 103 postulants had gone forth to convents. Since then the number has reached 123. This does not include 24 young missionaries who are to sail within the next few weeks for the various scenes of their labors. Nine start for America, five for South Africa, the Australian missionaries also number five, while two are bound for Java, two for Holland, and one for France, making a total of 147. A few others will, probably, follow before the close of '99. Truly a wonderful result to be attained within the short period of fifteen years !

So far, three only have not persevered. All the rest who have been trained within the walls of St. Brigid's are working well and happily in their convent homes, as is abundantly proved by the correspondence which St. Brigid's children keep up with their *Alma Mater* in Callan, as well as by the almost incessant appeals from their superiors for fresh subjects from the same source.

Besides reinforcements to the old missions, many postulants have gone to new fields of labor. These new missions are now opening up in great numbers ; and, on the other hand, promising candidates are constantly presenting themselves who cannot afford a pension of £22 a year. Unfortunately, the Callan convent has no funds available for the purpose, so these aspirants have to be regretfully refused. A few of the foreign dioceses, no doubt, bear the cost of training and traveling, but by far the greater number of pupils, whether for home or foreign missions, defray their own expenses.

15th July, 1899.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 10.

A GREAT RELIGIOUS EPIC.

THE HURON MISSIONS—JOHN DE BREBEUF.

BY THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

CHAPTER VI.

WE have seen in the preceding chapters what means were employed by the Jesuits to convert the nomadic Indian tribes. They induced a certain number of them to settle at Sellery and Trois Rivières; they established a hospital at Quebec, and called the Ursulines and Hospital nuns to help them in their work. In this way they made their labors produce a lasting result.

They did not follow the same methods with the Hurons, who were not nomadic, but who remained in one place, viz.: in the vast peninsula, between the Georgian Bay, the Nottawasaga, Lake Simcoe and the beautiful Severn which flows into it. This territory was fifty-three miles long and twenty wide. Its rivers abounded in fish; there were vast forests and lovely prairies, and everywhere deep and safe bays for harbors. It was an ideal spot for a people made up of warriors, tillers of the soil, hunters and fishers. Two centuries and a half have rolled by since this people disappeared from its ancient domain, and the inhabitants of to-day can find its history written on the face of the land in the ruins of the villages which still remain.

Near the Hurons, to the southwest, is the nation of the Petuns, so-called because they cultivated tobacco, which in Indian is called Petun. North of Lake Erie is the Neutral nation which, by its prudence and skill, kept a strict neutrality

between Iroquois and Hurons. Further on to the south, on the north shore of the lake, dwell the Eries or the Cat nation, who are very like the Hurons in manners and language. For a long time their warriors were the terror of the Iroquois. Further still to the south, on the Susquehanna, dwelt the redoubtable tribes of the Andastes, a fierce and determined race, who had been always devoted to the Hurons, from whom they sprung, and who always kept as a sacred trust the type, the language and the manners of the parent tribe. Finally, east of the Hurons lived the wandering tribes of the upper Algonquins, the Ottawas and the Nippisings; all united in the same hatred of the Iroquois, but all of different characteristics and independent of each other.

The "Huron Misson," says Bressani in his abridged "Relation," comprised all those immense tracts of country. "Our project," he added, "was to keep on discovering new peoples with the hope that a colony among the Hurons would be established as the centre and head."

We must admit that the purpose of the missionaries was a bold one. They did not go into those distant solitudes of New France as trappers and traders. They went as apostles of Christ, and if Providence, whose will is stronger than man's, did not permit them to realize the dream of their noble ambition, they at least contributed largely to the extension of the colonies of France, and they bound together the possessions of the St. Lawrence and those of the Mississippi, Canada with Louisiana. Without striking a blow, they gave their mother country one of the finest dependencies beyond the sea that ever a nation owned, but France did not know how to keep it.

These grave words, which we take from the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, condense and express a historic fact whose truth and importance no serious historian can ever impugn. With that we have nothing to do, but it is our purpose now to unfold this great religious epic whose principal scene was indeed the country of the Hurons, but which extended beyond the great lakes of Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior, down to the sources of the Mississippi and to the Gulf.

In the first chapter we dwelt on the customs, beliefs, and social organization of the Huron tribes. Let us pass to other things.

They were a tall, elegant people, gay, witty, light-hearted and brave, but their immorality was proverbial, and their superstition excessive. They were liars and thieves almost to a man. But no nation of North America was more advanced in the arts or more susceptible of intellectual culture. Their spirit of union with each other was admirable; their sweetness and reverence remarkable. But to strangers, although hospitable, they were defiant and suspicious; they were cruel to their enemies, and to their prisoners ferocious; treacherous or faithful as it suited their purpose; and were surpassed only by the Iroquois in their intense and irreconcilable hatred for their foes. They were devoted to the French, because of the joint alliance against the powerful confederation of the Iroquois. Besides, there were commercial relations with Quebec to cement the bond.

In 1634, this people, which was fixed in its habitation and engaged chiefly in cultivating tobacco and corn, counted 18 or 20 villages of greater or less importance; some of these villages had 80 lodges and each lodge several families; two families for a fire.

The settlements which were exposed to the attacks of the enemy were ordinarily on the slope of a hill and surrounded by palisades, which were made of stakes put cross-wise and supported solidly by trunks of trees. Sometimes there was a triple enclosure of stakes around which a gallery was usually constructed.

The settlement remained in the same place about ten years or so, or as long as the forest furnished wood, or the soil was productive. When the wood gave out and the soil was exhausted, they shifted the village elsewhere, near a forest, and where the earth was as yet untouched. In the new village, they apportioned to each family the section it was to till. This was all done without disorder or protest. The chiefs and the seniors presided, chose the locality and assigned the portions to each.

It was a perilous journey from Quebec to the Huron country in 1634, for just then a furious and bloody war was being waged with the Iroquois. Every instant was fraught with danger, either of meeting a band of Iroquois, or running into an ambuscade. Those irreconcilable enemies of the French and their allies were everywhere, on the rivers and lakes, after Montagnais, Algonquin, Huron, Eries or French, to kill or take them prisoner.

Moreover, there was only one road open ; it was roundabout, long and difficult. In order to reach the first village of the Huron, you had to ascend the Ottawa, cross Lake Nipissing, and go down the French River, to where it empties into Lake Huron. The portages were many, and the route was interminable. Champlain had gone over it in 1613. He left St. Helen's Island with two canoes, along with four Frenchmen and an Indian. He entered the Ottawa and made a short halt on the high hill which is to-day the capital of the Dominion. What a ravishing sight met his eyes as he gazed on the valley below ! After admiring the falls of the Chaudères, the laughing cascade of the Rideau and the river of the same name, which to-day forms on one side the boundary of the lower section of the city of Ottawa, he continued his journey, and, leaving Gatineau on his right, arrived at the Island of Allumettes, where the chief of the nation, Tessouat, received him with distinguished honors and welcomed him to a protracted and splendid feast. Around were all the chiefs, and principal men of the Island.

Two years later, accompanied by a Recollect, Fr. Joseph Le Caron, a dozen Indians, the interpreter Brulé and a Frenchman, he returned to the island of the Algonquins, and, with the intention of penetrating farther into the country reascended the Ottawa which flows there through a deep mountain gorge ; he passed the rapids of Joachim and Caribou, Captain's Rock, and the portage of Golots. He finally reached the country of Nipissings and at the end of July, 1615, arrived at Lake Huron to which he gave the name of Fresh Water Sea. On the first of August, after sailing along the shores of Georgian Bay and through the countless islands which are scattered

there, he reached Otouacha, which is a village of the Hurons, a little back from the shores of the lake.

This was the route that the missionaries were to follow for many a day. Bancroft, the Protestant historian of the United States, thus describes it as it was in the dreadful reality of those times : "The journey by the Ottawa and its confluents," he says, "was three hundred leagues in length over a frightful country covered with forests. All day long the missionaries had to ford rivers or toil at the oar. At night the meagre ration was some Indian corn mixed with water ; for bed, the earth or the rocks. At thirty-five cascades they had to carry their canoes on their shoulders for several leagues through dense woods or over steep hills, or drag them wearily after them. And thus by swimming or wading, by dragging or carrying their canoes, with their garments in tatters, with bleeding feet, their breviary hung at their necks these missionaries made their way in spite of rivers and lakes and forests from Quebec to the heart of the Huron country."

The difficulties of the journey were doubtless a hard and heavy cross ; but the cross is the lot of the apostle and his emblem of service and honor. But there was another peril. He might fall into the hands of the Iroquois and be condemned to the most frightful torture, and die a horrible death. So before starting he had to make the offering of his life. That this danger was not imaginary we shall see later on. Even if he escaped death he had much to suffer when he reached the Huron mission itself.

This mission was like no other ; not like Guiana or the Antilles, and, of course, not like that of Paraguay. The *Genius of Christianity* reckons Canada as "one of the terrible missions where the intrepidity of the soldiers of Jesus Christ appeared in all its glory." "When we saw the savages in the forests," said one of those apostles, "what could we expect but some exhibition of their savage nature? The miracles wrought in this country are to do good to the Indians, to suffer all sorts of woe, and to complain to God alone. Experience has taught us that the Jesuits who come here must have an especially strong vocation for it ; they should be

dead to the world and to themselves, truly apostolic men who seek only God and the salvation of souls, who are in love with the cross and mortification; unsparing of themselves, more eager for the conversion of a savage than of the empire of Europe; who have God's heart and are filled with God; in a word, men whose satisfaction is only in God, and for whom suffering is a delight. Every day's experience has taught us that."

Such were the words of Fr. John de Brébeuf, the great apostle of the Hurons. He wrote them as advice to his brethren in France who aspired to carry the good news of the Gospel to the savages of North America. They did not frighten, but inspired a generation of heroes whom the Church of Canada has inscribed on her list of martyrs.

John de Brébeuf was born towards the end of the sixteenth century, in the diocese of Bayeux, of an old and illustrious family remarkable for its chivalric history, for many a gentleman among his ancestors had achieved honor upon the field of battle. One was with William the Conqueror when he landed at Hastings when the last of the Saxons was vanquished. Two centuries later, another fought along with St. Louis in the Crusades and commanded the Norman nobility in the siege of Damietta.

Courage was hereditary in that family. Convinced that they owed their service to their country and their king, the Brébeufs paid their debt with disinterestedness and courage. William du Hamel, their eulogist, says that for seven centuries they furnished loyal and valorous champions to their native land. There were two branches, one English, the other French. The former, represented by the Arundels and Howards who sprang from Hugh de Brébeuf, have left a more brilliant record than their kinsmen on the other side of the Channel. There was Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chancellor of the realm, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, poisoned by his jailer in the Tower after eleven years' captivity; the Duke of Norfolk, his father, and William Howard, Viscount Stafford, both of whom like Philip Howard laid their heads on the block, as martyrs of the faith.

In the 17th century, the valor and faith which was the only heritage of the French branch of the family remained unsullied and undiminished in the old manors which the Brébeufs inhabited on the banks of the Vire at Condé and Saint Suzanne. At Saint Suzanne in 1618 was born the poet William de Brébeuf of whom Fr. Bouhours has written the beautiful eulogy: "Famous for his works of the mind, but still more worthy of esteem for the uprightness of his soul, the wisdom of his conduct and the purity of his life."

Twenty-five years before the events we have just narrated, on the 25th of March, 1593, there came into the world at Condé-sur-Vire a child of benediction, who was to add to the glory of his ancestors a new splendor, purer, perhaps, and more striking than all that had gone before. Tall, vigorous, of great energy of character and incomparable force of soul, Jean de Brebeuf inherited the sturdy virtue and enterprising courage of his race. He was not a man of brilliant parts, nor a student, but he had made excellent literary studies, followed by two years of philosophy and two of theology, and with this intellectual outfit he came, at the age of 24 years, to the novitiate of the Jesuits of Rouen, and was admitted on the 9th of November, 1617. The novice showed at the very beginning of his religious life his great and generous character. A Jesuit is a soldier, the Society of Jesus an army, and the world a vast field of battle where this army fights for God against the powers of hell. These images, taken from the book of the Spiritual Exercises of the founder of the Society, are an expression of the military spirit which ought to animate the Sons of St. Ignatius. Sprung from a warrior race, Father de Brebeuf, says his historian, was eager to combat and to conquer; but to combat by the Divine Word and to conquer by shedding his blood. He found himself, therefore, in his element, in the midst of the young soldiers of the novitiate, and the obligation which he assumed at that time to become a champion of the cause of Jesus Christ he observed with fidelity to the end. In fact, what dominates in the character of this religious, when one studies him closely, is his constant struggle against himself, his absorbing

love of souls, and his devotion to the service of his Divine Chief. There is something in him of a Francis Xavier. The love of discipline, abnegation, nobility of sentiment and a greatness of soul, along with a consuming fire of charity, a contempt of fatigue, suffering, danger and death, an indomitable courage and calm serenity in the midst of the most trying circumstances—all, in fact, of the great qualities which one seeks for in an apostle, he possessed in an eminent degree. Hence it was that a historian of the Order, who shows little sympathy with de Brébeuf, wrote of him nevertheless: "His name is encircled with a halo of glory that time will never dim." Two centuries before these words were written, the annals of the Ursulines at Quebec had called him "the very personification of greatness and courage."

After his novitiate Father de Brébeuf was sent to teach grammar in the College of Rouen. In this occupation he devoted himself with such disregard of self that his robust health soon gave way and he fell into a state of complete exhaustion. When relieved of all occupation he profited by his forced inactivity to read privately and to meditate the Summa of St. Thomas, and afterwards, when ordained a priest, and having recovered his health, he asked and obtained the mission of Canada.

This mission was well adapted to a heart devoured by holy ambition, eager to do something great, and to suffer for the salvation of souls redeemed at the price of the blood of Jesus Christ. But the faith could not be planted on the soil of New France, as he was to write later, except in hardships, watchings, tribulations and patience, and the laborer would harvest only after having torn up the weeds by the roots and sown through many a weary year in groanings and in tears.

In 1625, Father de Brébeuf arrived at Quebec, and some time afterwards we find him in the midst of the forests in the cabin of the wandering Montagnais, following them on their hunting expeditions all winter long, studying their customs and their way of life, and familiarizing himself with the difficulties of their speech. In the following year he ascended the St. Lawrence with Father de la Roche-D'Aillon, a Recollect

Father, and Father Anne de Nouë, and after a long and painful journey all three landed on the Huron shore. Father de la Roche-D'Aillon took up his quarters at Caragouha, which was soon to become Ossossane, or Mission of the Conception. The two Jesuits established themselves at Toanché, in the cabin made of bark which Father Le Caron had built eleven years before and where he had more than once offered the Sacrifice of the Mass.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

(FROM AN OLD LATIN HYMN.)

By Rev. C. W. Barraud.

GOD who loved us, Lady dear,
Sends to thee a messenger,
One of seven
That in heaven
By His throne are ever near.

Haste thee, Spirit, bright and strong !
Fear not to do Nature wrong,
That our Jesus
May release us
From the burden borne so long.

Herald of the Lord, arise !
Spread thy wing and cleave the skies,
Mary hailing
And unveiling
All the mystic prophecies.

Speak, bright messenger, and say
What thy tidings. Linger Day
Sighs to hear them.
If she fear them,
Bid her cast all fear away.

Be it done as he hath said,
Doubt not for thy maidenhead.

What God willeth
He fulfilleth.
God can keep thee still a maid.

Blessed Mary ! she hath heard
And obeyed the angel's word.

She believeth,
She conceiveth,
Bearing in her womb the Lord.

Yield then, Nature, to thy King
From His combat triumphing.

Come and greet Him ;
Haste to meet Him,
And His endless mercy sing.

Those who in their puissance trust
He hath trampled in the dust.

Bent before Him,
All adore Him.
As their victor in the joust.

World, thy champion by this Knight
Hath been worsted in fair fight.

Now forever,
By His favor
Mary reigneth in His right.

THE LAST BLESSING.

BY SISTER M. GERTRUDE.

I AM at home again—delighted to be at home. My long-wished-for trip is over, and I am resting myself in our Yosemite Valley. It looks lovelier than ever with its meadow, grove and river, surrounded by the stupendous granite walls. Its magnificent heights, our "Cathedral," our "Sentinel," and our "Capitan" are alike old friends to me. I feel proud of our great Yosemite Falls, and our Bridal Fall with its bright Bow of Promise hovering above it.

All this time, I know people are hinting that "Frank Guilden came back bewitched about Ireland." No, not quite. I am no traitor to my own vigorous land. But I own that I felt as if the deepest tenderness of one's nature should be drawn out by the Island of Sorrows. How well it deserves that name! Not all the wide world through are there such patient tears shed as there are in Ireland.

Now, on the spot, curiosity is awakened by such an assertion of mine, and I may as well anticipate the questions that will follow by trying to tell some stray stories of what I have heard and seen. I believe every province in Ireland has its representatives in San Francisco, so I must be generous with my recollections if I am to satisfy all our friends. However, my choice of an opening tale is easily made, for my mind is full of two exiles who are making their way to us across the ocean; and I shall take care that a hearty welcome—a *caed mille failthe*—shall receive Ned and Nan Dolfer when they touch the free soil of young America.

My words won't travel as far as I should wish, so I'll write some of my experiences, because I treasure them dearly and because I should feel triumphant if I could proclaim everywhere that saints still live, and martyrs still die, unnoticed and unknown, on the hillsides of Ireland.

Naturally enough I rambled through the island as extensively as was possible during my six months' stay. Naturally

also, I was inclined to give the first place to Donegal, where my father spent his boyhood.

Our relations were all dead, or exiled, like ourselves. But friends I found in plenty. My father's name was my passport, and when I wanted a guide to the particular spots he had pointed out, or when I showed my acquaintance with past times, the cry of "Glory be to God for his true heart!" was often repeated at the mention of Richard Guilden's name.

So no one will wonder that weeks glided by me in the Irish highlands, where our ancestors were never forgotten, and that I delayed my return voyage till it fell to my lot to spend the most memorable night of my life on the cliffs of Horn Head, Donegal.

The new year had just set in when I made a path for myself across the hills, where the snow would not melt for many a day to come. Thanks to my father's guidance, I had always been comfortably housed and entertained in the North as long as I kept to the track he marked out. But, growing familiar with the lay of the land, I grew adventurous, and I wandered into a scantily-inhabited district.

The morning was a bright, frosty one. At noon the sun was dazzling, and I had no doubt the moon and stars would rise in good time for me, so I went on quite confidently till a sudden, sharp fall of snow altered the whole of my surroundings. When the shower cleared off, the light was gone, and the cold was absolutely stiffening me. Any shelter for the night—with a fire—was all I would ask, I thought.

Close beside me were the sad relics of what had been a bright, warm home. The roof had been torn off, the windows taken out, and parts of the walls had been thrown down in different places, so that not even the barest attempt at a shelter could be made, if the evicted were to steal back to the spot where, for nearly a century, generation after generation held their little domain in the hills, and clung to it through such days of agony that I shuddered while I remembered what I had heard of those who had been driven from it, just when the Christmas bells began to ring, on the eve of the great Birthday.

The clouds had been lying over the sky in heavy masses,

but now a gust of wind scattered them, and I caught a glimpse of a light that was flickering in a cottage window at some distance. By the time I reached the valley I was worn out with the struggle through the snow-drifts. And when the door was opened to me, it was with greater thankfulness than I can describe that I felt two strong hands grasping mine, while I was brought quickly in, and seated on a straw chair at the fire. The chair was of home manufacture—broad-backed and high, with wide arms. I lay back in it heavily, and as I did, an anxious voice cried :

“Nan, the boy is dyin’ !”

“Och! Ned, ain’t ye the terror for takin’ the heart out of people ! Rise the fire, an’ ye’ll be doin’ somethin’ for him.”

Such a miserable fire as it was ! I don’t think any sign of poverty ever went more to my heart than the pitiful provision Ned’s gleanings had made to heat the tiny room that piercing night :

“I’m mad wid meself that I didn’t gather more sticks,” he said. “If I’d a known, I’d a poked round for more o’ thim this evenin’ .”

“That’s Ned, all out—to be frettin’ over spilled milk,” spoke Nan, cheerily. “Ye’re comin’ round, sir, in spite of him.”

Nan would help to bring any one “round,” I thought. She was a woman, who, in prosperous circumstances, would have been strikingly handsome. Cold and hunger and anxiety had told on her. Still, the brave, honest spirit lit up her face, and if you found yourself near her in distress, you would know that Nan Dolfer would be as true as steel to you.

“The win’ must a brought *me* news of yer comin’, sir,” went on Nan, “for I laid by some good milk, an hour ago. A grand can of it was brought to Nell—more nor she’ll drink in a week, an’ I said to her : ‘No matter, girly, there’s no knowin’ what may happen.’ Nell’s delighted now. Look at her, sir.”

She drew my chair aside, and I met Nell’s lustrous eyes, watching me with the sweetness of pity that made her lovely face so tender in its beauty. Bright rose-tints were on her

cheeks, and her lips and eyes were smiling peacefully. And Nell was far on the road to heaven. She might see the first snowdrops, if we were to have an early spring, but she would be gone long before summer.

"She hasn't voice to welcome ye, sir," said the mother.

"I never got a welcome I valued like this," I answered. "And I owe my life to you, too."

"I told you so, Nan," interrupted Ned. "I seen death on him whin he staggered agin the dure."

I was so far revived that I joined in Nan's hearty laugh, while she answered:

"Death's disappointed this time."

Ned, with a half unconvinced shake of the head, went to trim the rushlight in the window.

"The Lord sind it'll last till Terry comes," he murmured, "for we've ne'er another."

So it was to guide some "Terry" that the light which had been a godsend to me was burning. I grew anxious about Terry, whose place I had taken, remembering that the sympathy that met me made no seeming difference between friend and stranger.

I fancied Ned was the one who was most interested in Terry's safety, until, with a great effort, Nell lifted herself up on her rough substitute for a couch and whispered, "Listen." Through the clear silence outside, the notes of a fine tenor voice reached my ears. The singer came on rapidly, for in less than two minutes the words were distinctly audible:

"O Heart of Jesus! life passeth fast;
Then may it bear us, safely at last,
O'er the earthly mountains, o'er the earthly sea,
O'er the waves that part us from Thee,
Home at last to Thee.
O'er the waves that part us—home to Thee."

Instinct told me it was Terry's voice, and instinct told me, also, that Nell's young life was not the only sacrifice she was called on to make. Already, in her short nineteen years, she knew what it is to love and be loved. Terry did not seem to

see me when he came in. In fact, he did not seem to see any-one except Nell. And Nan whispered :

"We'll lave thim together the first few minnits, without mindin' thim. They'll soon be parted."

Terry's many eager questions and Nell's answers ended by the latter saying :

"And whin the cough would be gone—and it *is* near gone, Terry—he said it would be time to make ready."

There was no reply, and Nell spoke again :

"I don't think I felt quite glad about it till you sang out to-night, 'Home, at last, to Thee.' It put a different feelin' into me from what I had."

"She's goin' fast," whispered Nan to me, the hot tears dropping like rain—"the feelin' that the Lord puts into the dyin' is come on her. Nell had her sore fight—not for her own sake, but for Terry's—but the love of the Lord gives Him strength over us, whin He wants us. I do be thinkin' He says somethin' like —'though a mother should forgit her child'—He will not forgit thim. I remimber an ould woman, whin the life was goin' out of her, whisperin' say, 'Jesus! Jesus!' The sisther said, 'You're gettin' very fond of Him, Mary.' 'Yis,' she said, 'an' I *know* He's gettin' fond o' me, too. The fear I had is gone.'"

I thought Nan was trying to subdue her grief by rambling on over past experiences, and I did my best to enter into them. However, I was getting painfully conscious that the exposure to the drenching sleet had sent a chill through me that I could not strive against.

It was gentle Nell who first noticed my change of color, and who sent Terry to try what could be done for me. A splendid fellow he was. I can see him, standing before me, in his robust manhood, with "the shadow of the Cross" on his handsome face.

"Ye can't stir to-night, sir," he said. "Mrs. Dolfer," turning to Nan, "Nell is beggin' you to get the young gintleman to bed."

I was in a half-dazed state that prevented me from wondering what sort of a bed could be provided in such a cottage.

Nor did it enter my mind that there was something most unusual about the spotlessly clean sheets and the new blankets that were ready for me, when Terry half carried me into a strip of a room which had been partitioned off from the kitchen. It was Nell's sleeping place that had been given up to me, and the blanket had been Terry's present to her that evening.

I had a restless night. And when Ned stole in to me early next morning, he warned me that I would find it impossible to get up. And so I did. For three days I suffered from acute rheumatism, and a tenderer nurse than Nan I'll never meet. One thing I was glad of. My full purse made a noticeable change in the wretchedly poor surroundings. Fire and light and nourishment transformed the cottage and bade fair to transform Ned and Nan. Only Nell faded day by day. For her, help had come too late.

By degrees, I drew out their simple tale. In their small way the Dolfers had been *lords of the soil* where I found them as far back as memory could reach. It was not a tempting spot. Ned's ancestors had been like himself, mild, easily ruled men, content with their lot, and without either the means or the ability to originate improvements on the patch of land they owned. They escaped observation, and, consequently, escaped taxation or oppression.

But, with Nell's engagement to Terry Harding, new life came into the family circle. Terry was one of the few who are universally gifted. He was both talented and endowed with practical common sense. "He has hands an' brains" was the general opinion. So every one was ready to teach Terry whatever he wanted to learn, and it seemed as if he wanted to learn everything. He sang, played the flute, painted signboards and did a little ivory-turning for accomplishments. The carpenter taught Terry as much carpentry as he knew. The smith let him busy himself in the forge. The richer farmers gave Terry an insight into all their plans for bettering their crops and their live stock.

And then it came to pass that in his great love for Nell, Terry began to apply the knowledge he had gathered for the

benefit of the little farm in the hills. He succeeded admirably. His intelligence directed Ned's steady industry in various ways, and the result was that the astonishing alteration in the holding attracted the attention of the agent. He reported it to the landlord—an absentee—the rent was raised. Ned attempted to remonstrate, a valuation was gone through by a friend of the agent, and the Dolfers were doomed to the downward path of poverty and sorrow.

Ned and Nan were hardy mountaineers, but Nell, a beautiful, fragile flower on a sturdy stem, failed visibly in their pinched and comfortless home. Terry slaved from early morning till late at night, and exerted all his ingenuity to bring what help he could to his best-loved friends. The poor fellow told me he felt "torn in two," between his devotion to Nell and her parents and his affection for his old father and the young brothers whom he had been training up to take his place in the homestead, and leave him free to marry Nell.

"If our own mother had lived," he said to me, "Nell would have been safe with us long ago. I couldn't expect the same from a stepmother, though she's good to us."

Among his other resources Terry had coaxed a kind-hearted fisherman to give him lessons in the craft. A boat was lent to him, and he got ample returns for his fishing, off from the cliffs of Horn Head.

He was very daring. The stormiest days, the wildest, blackest nights saw Terry's boat far in advance of the others, or sometimes quite alone. The oracle of the neighborhood, Tim Dwyer, foretold possible risks—and, at last, took the general favorite into his sanctum for a grave lecture on hardihood.

"But I *must* do it," answered Terry. "An' I *love* to do it. If you knew how poor Nell is, an' she goin away from us."

And the often controlled sorrow burst out and Terry sobbed like a child.

"There's on'y One above who can guide an' guard ye, Terry," said the old man. "I'll learn ye a hymn to the Sacred Heart that was sint to me. Sing it out, wid all yer grand voice, whin ye're goin' to yer work. It begins :

“ ‘ O Heart of Jesus, joy of our life,
Strength of our weakness, peace in our strife.
O Heart of Jesus ! praying we come,
Light of the wand'rer, be thou our home.’ ”

An' whin ye're out on a bad night ax Saint Scuthin to steer the boat.”

Terry inquired about Saint Scuthin and Tim gave him a sketch of the life of astonishing mortification led by the saint, and the miracles that attested his power with God.

“ They say,” added Tim, “ that he walked on the waters as aisy as on the dhry land. He was seen times on times, comin' from the mountains where he prayed all the cold winther night—his thin, white face shinin' with the light o' heaven, an' his thin hands holdin' the cross that he niver parted from. An' whin he come to a river, or the say, the cross was lifted up an' the saint walked on, as if the waves was grass.”

Terry had no difficulty in promising to learn and sing the new Hymn to the Sacred Heart and to invoke Saint Scuthin. The last verse of the hymn was the one I heard him sing the first evening I spent in the cottage. A week had gone by since that evening, and I was still barely able to exert myself, so sharp had been the rheumatic attack. The weather had changed in my favor ; while the milder, oppressive atmosphere was weighing sadly on Nell. She had no pain, she lay, in her beautiful, patient silence, waiting for the summons.

I used to hear her mother repeating St. Bernard's exquisite hymn, “ Jesus, the very thought of Thee,” doing her watch by Nell's bedside at night, and I knew by the dwelling on the words:

“ The love of Jesus—what it is,
None but His loved ones know,”

that the “sweetness” of His love had been poured into the young heart that was giving up all the love of earth into His hands.

It was the morning of the 14th of January. I was to leave the cottage next day. Terry came in, bringing news of a

glorious sunset. He mentioned that he intended to try his good fortune with his nets in an hour or two. Nell's flushed cheeks paled, and making an excuse that "Terry could point out some landmarks" to me, I drew him away into the field.

"I wish you would not leave them to-night," I said. "At least, I wish you would not talk of fishing. Nell is so weak."

"Not worse, sir?" he asked.

I didn't think she was, though I knew that the priest, Father Dwyer, meant to give her Holy Viaticum.

"I'm longin' to bring her a little present," continued Terry. "An' I couldn't manage anything."

"You might trust me, for all they want," I said. "Am I ungrateful?"

"No, sir," and Terry's clear blue eyes were lifted earnestly, "but my heart is aching to do a little for her."

I could say no more.

Terry left us soon after. Then, the hush that preceded the coming of the Great Guest settled down on the cottage. Ned contrived to whisper to me :

"I wouldn't be surprised at anythin' that ud happen to-night, Mr. Guilden. I'm trimblin' all over, sir."

Low as the whisper was, it struck on the strained ear of the dying, and Nell's large, loving eyes drew her father to her side. They clung to each other for a few moments in silence, and then Nell's faint words seemed to soothe and reassure the overwrought man.

As the hours wore on, Nan grew uneasy. Nell's color faded, and her breathing became labored. The window had had been opened to give her the air she seemed to need. I say *seemed*, because she never murmured, and her smile was as quietly sweet as ever. Before we were aware of a change outside, a wild storm of wind and rain suddenly sent torrents into the room.

"Where is Terry?" was my first thought.

Whether the rest shared it or not I did not know, for Father Dwyer's hasty step was heard, and with him came the God who would soon claim Nell forever. She was lying back peacefully, and the only sound in the room was the priest's low

voice, suggesting the last acts of thanksgiving, when Nell turned quickly towards him, saying aloud :

“ Father, Father, go give Terry the last blessing ! ”

“ Where, Nell, where ? ” cried Father Dwyer, for he told me afterwards that he knew instinctively he should obey the call.

“ Go to Horn Head, Father. Look over the cliffs; whether you see Terry’s boat or not, give him the last blessing.”

Father Dwyer started up. So did I.

“ You musn’t go, Mr. Guilden,” cried Nan. “ It’ll be yer death.”

I didn’t answer. I wrapped my traveling-cloak around me, and hurried after Father Dwyer. It was well I did, for no one could have made head against the tempest alone. We were tossed backward and forward, many a time, and I am sure it was the strength of our guardian angels that prevailed at last, for how we reached Horn Head is a mystery to us both.

Until then the darkness had been terrific, and I had been praying fervently for any light that would pierce it; still, when the first flash of lightning ran through the clouds I shuddered with awe, for the raging waters beneath us seemed all alive with horrors. Any boat, any vessel, on that sea, must have gone down long ago. The priest, who had often seen the strange power of faith over danger, hoped on. As the next gleam lit up the waves, he raised his hand, praying aloud : “ Deliver, O Lord ! the soul of thy servant, Terence, from all danger of hell and from all pain and tribulation.” Again the awful beams spread across the sea, and at the same moment a boat was driven towards us. We caught a glance of a figure in it, springing up, as if we were recognized.

“ *Benedicat te omnipotens Deus Pater, et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus. Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis.* ”

And as if the priest’s last blessing mastered the whole fury of the storm, the boat sank slowly down into the sea, and the great grave opened to receive it, in peace.

I was too stunned even to remember the other deathbed that was waiting for us until Father Dwyer, who had been leading me on at a rapid pace, opened the cottage door.

"Nell?" he asked.

"Gone—gone like an angel," moaned the poor, trembling father. "She held our blessed Lord close to her, and her hands across her heart, after ye left. An' in about tin minnits, her eyes opened wide an' shone at us. 'Terry is safe,' she said, 'he loved the Heart of Jesus.' She dropped her head aside, as if she was a child goin' asleep, an' the breath stole out of her, unknown to us. May the good Lord look down on Terry! How'll he bear her loss?"

Father Dwyer hesitated. He could not put the scene before them yet. He only said:

"Terry died in peace. I was in time to give him the last blessing."

I can only foretell the close of my tale, but I may confidently predict a happy old age for Ned and Nan. The vessel is due to-morrow, and I shall be the first to meet them. Father Dwyer is soon to come to take charge of one of our struggling California missions, and around him doubtless will gather many of his old flock. May he set the crown on his early ministry in the Donegal Hills by giving to Ned and Nan the last blessing!

SHRINE ANNALS.

The usual anniversary Mass in memory of Father Jogues will be offered at the Shrine Thursday, October 18. We have not often invited friends of the Shrine to this Mass, as the weather is sometimes cool, sometimes inclement, at this season; but we regretted last year that we had not announced it so that more might have come to hear the Mass and see Auriesville as it appears on the approach of Indian summer.

Father Walworth, who died on Wednesday, September 20th, was one of the first to encourage Father Loyzance in his efforts to promote the cause of those who suffered and died at Auriesville and to purchase the site of the Shrine. He

assisted his niece in her task of writing the life of Catherine Tegakwitha, and erected a memorial tombstone and cross on the site of her grave at Caughnawaugha, Canada. He was intensely interested in the annals of the early missions in the State of New York. Two of the Fathers in charge of the Shrine were present at his requiem. We all owe him our prayers, R. I. P.

THE FIFTH PILGRIMAGE TO AURIESVILLE OF THE MEMBERS
OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, UTICA, N. Y.

Beneath a clear sky, down the Mohawk Valley nine hundred young, old and middle-aged pilgrims, the majority of them of the gentler sex, whose piety is proverbial, made their way in modern pilgrimage fashion to the scene of martyrdom of Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil. How different was this valley two centuries and a half ago, when Father Jogues and his companion were captured and subsequently killed by the savage Mohawks. The mind can hardly picture Central New York as it existed then. But, notwithstanding all the changes brought by time and civilization, the memory of heroic deeds done by these French Jesuit missionaries for the spread of Christianity remains. So along the now peaceful valley of the Mohawk devout Christians yearly make pilgrimages, chanting hymns and saying prayers to the great God in Heaven, and without fear of hostile attack from Mohawk or Iroquois. Truly, the ages of faith have not yet passed.

During the two hours' journey to the Shrine the strains of the hymns, "Nearer My God to Thee" and "The Holy City," floated from the car windows, and the Rosary was recited, led by Father Lynch, Father Murphy and several Christian Brothers.

There have been numerous large pilgrimages to Auriesville this summer. Troy, Albany, Little Falls and other neighboring towns have sent large bands of pilgrims to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. On the Sunday when the Little Falls and Albany pilgrimages were here together, fully two thousand people were at Auriesville. St. John's fifth pilgrimage, though not equal to this in numbers, was, nevertheless, like

all its predecessors, a huge, enthusiastic and edifying one. Fifteen coaches left the New York Central depot at 7.45 A. M., containing over eight hundred Uticans. At Frankfort and Fultonville a hundred more pilgrims were picked up. The train reached Auriesville a few minutes before ten, the chapel bell announcing its arrival. Rev. J. J. Wynne, S.J., who is in charge of the Shrine, met the pilgrimage at the station, and, headed by cross and banner, the procession wound its way slowly up the "hill of prayer," on the summit of which is the pretty open chapel, whose altar had been beautifully decorated with flowers and golden rod. Mass was at once said by Rev. Father Murphy, and nearly the whole congregation received holy communion.

At 11 o'clock Rev. Dr. Lynch was the celebrant of solemn high mass, Rev. Peter J. O'Carroll, S.J., being deacon and Rev. John Driscoll, of Fonda, sub-deacon. St. John's choir, under the direction of Prof. Fischer, rendered the mass music, At the conclusion of this impressive service the people scattered in groups over the grounds, the famous well of the Shrine was visited, the coffee-stand besieged, lunch-baskets opened beneath tents and shady trees and the physical man regaled.

At this time the thermometer registered 85 degrees, and an hour's rest gazing at the fair view over the valley towards the spurs of the Adirondacks was certainly welcome.

About 2 o'clock the chapel bell again called to prayer. The Stations of the Cross were now made. Rev. Father O'Carroll, S.J., said aloud the designated prayers at each of the fourteen crosses placed around the brow of the hill; St. John's choir chanted the verses of the *Stabat Mater* from station to station, and nearly 1,000 persons followed. To make the Stations of the Cross at Auriesville on a warm day is a veritable act of penance. A little beyond the 14th station is the "Calvary" representation, and from this mound Father O'Carroll blessed the kneeling multitude with a relic of the true cross.

The next service of the day was held in the ravine, which is an extremely picturesque spot. It is a cathedral of nature. Lofty pines afford shade. In a niche in a stone grotto up the hillside is a statue of the Blessed Virgin, Queen of Martyrs.

The choir sang a hymn, after which the sermon of the day was preached by the Rev. Martin Scott, S.J. Father Scott is a Utican and his Utica congregation paid strict attention to his truly eloquent discourse, which occupied about thirty minutes. The reverend preacher referred to the good results to be derived from religious pilgrimages and sketched the lives of Father Jogues and Brother Goupil. Choice command of language, combined with a good voice and delivery, made the sermon most effective.

The closing religious exercises of the pilgrimage, the procession and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament from three different points, the open chapel, the shrine of the Pieta, and the Calvary, were the most beautiful of the day. The crowd followed the officiating priest carrying the Host, the choir chanted, and on their knees in the open the assembled congregation prayed beneath the canopy of heaven.

Considering that Sunday was a hot day even at Auriesville, the mercury standing in the vicinity of 90 in the afternoon, it must be said that the contingent of St. John's congregation here were hardy Christians.

Credit should be given to St. John's choir of twenty-five members for their sweet music throughout the various services. It aided much to render the pilgrimage pleasant.

At 6 o'clock the train carried the Utica pilgrims homeward, and St. John's fifth pilgrimage to Auriesville ended—a pilgrimage worthy of having taken place in this, the holy year.

Auriesville, Sept. 2, 1900.

T. P. KERNAN.

PILGRIMAGE FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

We were privileged to witness a ceremony at Auriesville on the morning of the 9th of September, and though we were not enthusiastic about it at first, it left an impression that we trust will never be effaced. It was Sunday, and we were standing near the chapel on the Hill of the Martyrs, where Fr. Jogues and René Goupil had shed their blood for the faith.

The country around seemed to share in the Sunday rest. The sky above was without a cloud, and the Mohawk winding through the low hills glistened like a sheet of silver, with

scarce a ripple on its tranquil surface. West of us, as far as the eye could reach, we could catch glimpses of the river as it flowed towards us ; on the opposite shore, the hills rose gradually, till they formed the sky-line to the north, and on the east along the course of the stream were woods and meadows, a house here or there or a hamlet, but there was nothing except the occasional rumble of the train on the opposite shore, or perhaps the long line of symmetrical arches of a bridge, that served as an aqueduct for some distant commercial centre, to remind one of the great cities that were far away from where we stood. One could not help thinking that it was a fitting place for holy memories to be enshrined.

Early in the morning, the peal of the chapel bell announced the coming of the great throng of German pilgrims from Schenectady 18 miles below, and soon from the long train that stopped at the foot of the hill there came in admirable order a multitude of men, women and children, who all the way from their parish church to the shrine had dismissed other thoughts and occupied themselves with the recitation of their beads or litanies, singing pious hymns and canticles, and reading or meditating their prayers or books of devotion.

They came processionally and in admirable order up the long slope of the hill. At their head was the cross surrounded by numbers of altar boys in their red cassocks, and with them their devoted pastor. The choir came next, singing hymns, which all seemed to know, and in which all within hearing joined. Sodality after sodality of men and women and children followed carrying their rich and splendid banners, and finally the main body of the congregation, all piously reciting their beads or joining in the hymns which the choir was entoning at the head of the procession. The line wound around to the entrance of the chapel, and taking their places, with as much precision as if they had been trained for it in advance, filled the entire enclosure and waited for the beginning of Mass.

It was High Mass, and was sung by the pastor, Fr. Schoppe, assisted by Fr. Campbell, S.J., and the curate of the parish, Fr. Henry. The music of the choir and the ceremonies of the altar boys were as reverent and exact as if it were all at

the usual parish Mass at home. After the gospel, there was a sermon by Fr. Henry in German, and at the post communion a short discourse by Fr. Campbell in English.

Without intermission, and immediately after the Mass, even without waiting to break his fast, the energetic pastor led his entire congregation around the long stations of the cross, beginning at the side of the chapel where Fr. Hourigan has erected the memorial, and then up and down the hill until they reached the Calvary at the other end of the field. The altar boys with the cross were at the head, and in perfect order, without confusion, all the people followed along the route, singing the *Stabat Mater*, and praying devoutly at the successive stations. It was quite inspiring to witness this exhibition of fervent and fearless catholicity out there in the open country, and to hear the rich, strong voices of the hymns, which German congregations sing so well, and it was also a privilege to contemplate the earnest and deep piety of them all, while going through this work of devotion, which for the older and weaker members of the congregation must have been a severe tax upon their bodily strength. Arrived at the Calvary, they were addressed in a few fervid words by their pastor, and after receiving the usual blessing with the relic of the cross, scattered in groups around the field for the collation which they must have needed after this hard morning's work.

Early in the afternoon the bell again summoned the people to the chapel, and the procession down to the ravine was begun. The banners were taken from the pillars where they had been placed, and this time it required strong arms to hold them in the fresh breeze which had sprung up. In the same order as in the morning the long line proceeded slowly and reverently, reciting the rosary as they went along, to the deep hollow in the rocks where the body of the first martyr had been laid. The bed of the stream, over which at times rushes a fierce torrent, was now absolutely dry because of the long drought, and it was easy for the people to gather round the rustic pulpit erected above the great rock near which the body of the martyr had been concealed.

On the bridge that joins the bank stood one of the sodalities around its banner; up the steep ascent under the great pines which tower seventy or eighty feet above, forming a canopy over the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs which stands in a rocky niche, other pilgrims had gathered, and here and there on the skirts of the wood, or in the open, were grouped the rest of the people. It was picturesque, it was inspiring, it was Catholic; this reverent multitude coming to pass the day in prayer at the place which the first of their brethren in these parts had consecrated with his blood in testimony of the faith. Catholic piety has ornamented and changed the spot somewhat, but it is still sombre and with a certain degree of gloom clinging to it, especially when one views it from the dark pine trees on the steep rock which forms one of the sides of the ravine. The preacher must have felt the inspiration of the place as the memories of those dark days came upon him when Jogues and Goupil stood in that savage glen and saw the tomahawk of the fierce Iroquois lifted above them. How changed the place was now; the rocks re-echoed with the strains of the singers; the prayers of the multitude ascended to heaven, and the voice of the preacher told the story of the glorious death and recalled what everyone felt, the lessons of courage which were taught by every rock and tree and blade of grass in that sacred place.

Again the procession was formed out of the ravine and back to the summit of the hill, this time for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament around the ground. Preceding the Sacred Host, and then separating in lines on either side, the people knelt as the priest, accompanied by his ministers, went forward with the canopy above them to the little shrine of the Mother of Sorrows, some distance beyond the chapel. There, solemn Benediction was given. After that they resumed their march to the Calvary where the Benediction was repeated, one priest relieving the other in carrying the Sacred Host, and finally back to the chapel where the ceremonies came to an end.

It was now well on in the afternoon and time for returning home, and so in the same admirable order which had characterized everything from the beginning, after an entire day spent in works of piety which entailed even for the strongest a con-

siderable amount of physical fatigue, they bent their steps to where the train was in waiting, and left the holy place with God's blessing upon them for this united parochial act of protracted devotion which cannot fail to leave a deep impression upon their own lives and to be helpful in every way to the parish to which they belong.

A SHRINE IN ILLINOIS.

Fully 400 French Communicants of the Catholic faith, many of whom were suffering with physical ailments, made a pilgrimage on Thursday from Chicago to the Shrine of St. Anne in Kankakee county. From the Church of Notre Dame de Chicago, Sibley street and Vernon Park place, the pilgrims marched in the morning to the Dearborn street station, where a special train was in readiness to receive them at 6 o'clock and carry them to their destination.

The services of the day were held at the Church of St. Anne and consisted of a low and high Mass at 9 o'clock and 10 o'clock in the morning. At the high Mass the sermon was delivered in French by the Rev. Father A. Deges and the English sermon by Rev. Achille F. Bergeron, pastor of Notre Dame de Chicago. After the ceremonies in the church the veneration ceremony began. This consisted in passing before the Shrine and kissing the case containing the sacred relic. The last ceremony was the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The band of pilgrims then returned, reaching Chicago at 6.30 P. M.

SOME THANKSGIVINGS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—“I sent by this afternoon's mail a money order for five dollars for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs as a thanksgiving for the finding of a position for my son.”

BUFFALO, N. Y.—“In fulfilment of a promise, I beg to record a special favor. A young woman was told by eminent physicians that she must have a serious operation for a floating cartilage in the knee. I advised a novena to the Queen of Martyrs for the feast of the Assumption, invoking Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catharine Tegakwitha. Before the close of the novena, after a careful examination the physician said positively no operation was needed.”

TROY, N. Y.—“Even though the S.J.’s have left Troy, I am now bothering one of them. But as I was baptized on the feast of St. Ignatius, I know his sons will not ignore one who has been placed under their father’s care. I want to thank you for the kindness I received from the fathers during my stay at the Shrine, and to tell you that I left Auriesville with perfect resignation. For years I have tried to say, ‘Thy will be done,’ but I think your heavenly companions obtained that grace for me this year.”

FOR THE CROWN OR CHALICE.

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|--|---|
| A. M. H., Canton, Ohio, three gold rings. | M. W., New York, a gold locket. |
| M. McK., St. Louis, Mo., a watch chain. | “Anon.,” two gold crosses. |
| E. H., Schenectady, N. Y., a silver watch and a pair of gold spectacles. | Miss L., Troy, N. Y., a pair of gold bracelets, a gold button, a pair of earrings and two brooches. |
| M. R., Wauregon, Conn., three gold rings. | “Anon.,” per Rev. Father Pardow, S.J., a gold ring with opal set in pearls for the chalice. |
| A. C. C., Troy, a gold ring for chalice. | |
| Miss L., a diamond ring. | |

Cash contributions for Shrine since last acknowledgment : \$208.00 received from 54 contributors. This includes what was received at the Shrine for this purpose since August 23.

MISSION NOTES.

THE PERSECUTION IN CHINA.—Bishop Favier, writing from Peking after the massacres had begun, describes them as horrible in the extreme. Children were sometimes quartered, and women burned in the churches or run through with a sword. It was rumored that some Christians had been crucified. Others were cut to pieces or escaped to the mountains, realizing the description of St. Paul.

“The conduct of the Christians,” the Bishop adds, “is admirable ; apostacy is proposed, but they prefer flight, ruin, even death.” The sect of Boxers, he says, is diabolical, and he means this in a literal sense.

Bishop Guillon, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Manchuria, was burnt alive ; and with him Father Emonet and two Sisters. Later five other French priests perished. One of the martyred Sisters wrote a short time before her death, that, while the Boxers were destroying the sacristy, Bishop Guillon came to the orphanage, and said to the Sisters : “I believe our last moment has

arrived ; I am come to give you absolution." The children knelt weeping at his feet ; and when told to flee for protection, many of them said they preferred to remain and die martyrs with the Sisters. Great numbers of Catholic natives, she wrote, had gathered to defend the church, and were going to confession.

The Franciscan Bishop, Mgr. Fantasoti, Vicar Apostolic of Southern Ho-nan, was slain with Father John Baptist. Another Franciscan, Father Cesidius, was knocked down with stones, then rolled in cotton steeped in petroleum, and burnt alive, receiving the last absolution from his companion.

JESUIT MARTYRS.—Nine priests and one lay-brother, all of the province of Champagne, have been put to death by the Chinese. One of the first to fall was Father Isoré. Towards the close of his studies he volunteered for the Zambesi mission because it offered some chance of martyrdom. But upon his Provincial's remarking that China was a more promising field he requested to be sent thither. Although at some distance from his mission when the hour of danger arrived, he at once returned ; and while the attack was made on the residence, he and Father Andlauer remained kneeling in the chapel. Here their bodies were found pierced with lances. Their heads had been struck off and affixed at the gate of the village.

MISSIONARY LABORS.—**ANOTHER FATHER DAMIEN.**—A Polish Jesuit, Father Beyzym, has taken charge of the lepers of Madagascar. He was the oldest of the children of his family, and while pursuing his own studies had to work for the support of his brothers who were attending the schools of Kief. Later, when a Jesuit professor, he nursed with motherly tenderness the sick in the infirmary when he had a spare moment for this charity. A bare, unhealthy rock of an African island is the scene where, as his superior writes, the full love of his heart is to be spent for the glory of God.

IN SOUTHERN PATAGONIA AND TIERRA DEL FUEGO the Salesian Fathers have a Vicariate-Apostolic and thousands of converts. One of the evils they must face is the white man's gift to the natives, " fire-water."

THE PRIESTS OF THE SOCIETY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS (Paris) have baptized, in one year, in Asia, 46,000 adult converts, and 155,312 children in danger of death.

THE LAZARIST FATHERS have, in their Chinese missions, 7 bishops, 81 European missionaries, 41 native priests (Lazarist),

48 secular priests, 285 Sisters, and 900 catechists, in 6 Vicariates-Apostolic. They report the baptism of 5,000 adults and 60,000 children.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.—"In the Deccan and in all Northern India," writes the Bishop of Nagpur, "it is by famine that Providence opens to the pagans the way to heaven. They offered sacrifices to their idols, but the rain did not fall. I have visited the Christian colony of Thana, than which nothing is more sad. For miles we met no living creature."

A Capuchin Father writes from Rajputana: "I know towns of this mission, where, daily, 30, 40, 50 victims are gathered up in the streets in the evening, dead of famine. But to speak of the country districts defies all description."

"I have seen," adds the Bishop of Lahore, "hundreds of poor, miserable people struggling for the grains of corn which fell in the dust at the doors of those who sold it."

Similar, and often sadder news, comes from other places.

JAMAICA, BRITISH WEST INDIES.—This is the largest of the British West Indian Islands, and the most Protestant. The population is something over 700,000 souls, and of these about 14,000 are Catholics. The persistency with which the old-fashioned anti-Catholic prejudices still survive in Jamaica is quite remarkable to one coming from the United States. Many people in the Island still believe that the Catholic Church distinctly violates the (Protestant) Second Commandment; that she worships images; that her missions, as far as she has any, are a failure; and that her faith is quite depraved, being charged with all manner of new-fangled doctrines, such as the Immaculate Conception, etc. Those ridiculous delusions, the apparently necessary basis of popular Protestantism, are faithfully fostered by the ministers of the different sects.

Notwithstanding this theoretical antipathy, there is no body of evangelical workers so much admired in Jamaica as the Catholic priests. The Church's charity makes her known where her faith is not accepted. People see the devoted lives of the priests, and the manner and results of their labor, and not infrequently endeavor to stimulate the ministers by referring to the example—the activity and self-denial—of the Roman missionaries. These are only a small band, twelve or thirteen, all Jesuits.

The evils to be encountered in this mission are to a great extent the results of the state of things during the long years of slavery. Over sixty per cent. of the births are illegitimate, and

unions without the blessing of marriage are common. Even a certain fidelity between persons so living in former years is disappearing. A great part of the missionary's work is to get people out of this unhappy state; and if they consent to marry, they will easily become Catholics. Quite a large number are continually coming into the Church in this way. Another manner of increase is by the baptism of children. At one time the Protestant ministers, or most of them, refused to baptize unlawful children. When they did begin to baptize, through fear of the encroachment of Rome, they demanded a larger fee than for lawful children. In this way the people became accustomed to come to the Catholic priests, and very commonly kept their promise to have the children brought up in the Catholic faith. In consequence, over one thousand children are baptized annually at Holy Trinity Church, Kingston, and it will sometimes happen that forty or fifty children are baptized on the occasion of one visit to a remote country mission.

It is impossible to visit the Catholic schools, particularly those of Kingston, taught by the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of St. Francis, without being filled with joy and hope for the future. At least thirteen hundred children are taught in the Catholic schools of Kingston. There are many Catholic schools through the country missions, some of which have an average attendance of from eighty to a hundred pupils.

The devoted priests who labor in Jamaica have many privations to endure, especially out amongst the poor people in country places. Here everything seems to be wanting—houses, food, money. The lack of money is very often keenly felt, owing to the frequent calls of charity and the need of necessary buildings and repairs. May the charitable in this land of wealth remember the country missions of Jamaica!

Acknowledgment is made of the following contributions :

FOR THE FAMINE STRICKEN IN INDIA.

Young Ladies' Sodality, SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit..... \$10.00
R. T. G..... 5.00

FOR THE MOST NEEDY MISSION.

J. G., Troy, N. Y..... \$1.28
For the Holy Childhood, E. R.,
St. Joseph, Ky..... 1.00

M. C. T., Rye, N. Y., for mission
in China..... \$2.50
"Anon.," for the Sisters of the
Visitation, Parayle Monial. . 10.00
M. O'N., stipends for poor mis-
sionary in India..... 22.00
J. B., \$1.00 for Rev. Father Ter-
sand, Tokio, Japan; \$1.00
for Rev. Father Stephen, St.
Thomas, India, and \$1.00 for
Sister Paula, Orphanage for
Indian Girls, India.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. II.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

FATHER BREBEUF AMONG THE HURONS.

BY THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

FATHERS de la Roche-D'Aillon and De Nouë soon returned to Quebec; the first was recalled by his superiors, the second gave up, discouraged by the difficulties of the language. Father de Brebeuf remained alone in complete isolation in the midst of savages whom he did not know, and whose language he could not speak. God alone has the secret of the moral and physical tortures he endured in that painful solitude. One night, when in prayer, he was repeating the words of St. Paul: "Lord, what do you wish me to do?" when he heard a voice saying, "Take and read." At day-break he opened the Imitation and his eyes fell on the chapter, "Of the Royal Way of the Cross." He understood immediately what the Lord wanted of him, and a short while after bound himself by vow to suffer everything that he thought would contribute to the glory of God. He renewed the vow every morning at the altar when bending over the Divine Victim of the sacrifice.

Although opportunities were not wanting for him to put his vow into practice, he sought for more and realized to the letter what he wrote to his Provincial in France, that "Jesus Christ is the true greatness of the missionary. Him alone and His cross should we seek." In his dwelling, his bed, his food, his manner of life, he differed in nothing from the

savages. He followed them to the hunt under the burning rays of the sun or in the drifts of snow ; he went with them on the rivers, paddled his canoe or dragged it over the portages, and carried his traps upon his shoulders with the stoutest of them all. Night and day he visited the sick, and to all he preached the Word of God. He accommodated himself to all their whims and fancies ; he went whole days, and sometimes many days together, without food or drink, and exposed himself with unfaltering courage to every peril. His existence there was a continual sacrifice of his tastes, of his comfort, of his health, of his life ; his only object, the salvation of souls. And yet, although he sowed the seed incessantly, he apparently harvested nothing. The souls of the savages were set hard against the truth. To all the efforts of the Father the Hurons, enchained by their licentious life in their miserable errors, always gave the same answer : " Your customs are not our customs ; your God cannot be our God."

So the days went by for two entire years, in the hardest work but with the most distressing barrenness of results. It was with difficulty that he succeeded in baptizing some children on the point of death. When he could he translated into Huron the little catechism of Father Ledesma, which later on Champlain had printed in Huron. But his courage and his confidence never faltered. He waited God's hour, sure that it soon would come, when an order from his superiors, which he could not disregard, recalled him to Quebec. All seemed lost. Quebec had fallen into the hands of the English, and De Brebeuf had to go back to France.

Fours years after, in 1633, Father de Brebeuf returned to Canada on the French squadron which brought Champlain again to these shores, and his first thought on landing upon Canadian soil was to visit again his loved mission of the Hurons. In order to reach it, he entered into communication with the Indians, who had come down that year to Quebec with one hundred and forty canoes carrying nearly seven hundred men. The greater number of them remembered the Blackrobe whom they called " Echom," my cousin, my nephew. For his own purposes Champlain desired the re-

establishment of the mission, whose advantages he appreciated from a military and commercial, as well as a religious, point of view. In his plan it was to be an outpost towards the West, which would assure to France the dominion of that country, and give it freedom of communication to the very heart of North America. He had hopes besides of attracting hither at some late date the entire fur trade, and of monopolizing, to the exclusion of the Dutch and the English, all the commerce with the people of the North and the interior.

This plan was not lacking in greatness, inspiration and patriotism, and the Jesuits were to be the advance guard of the French colony. Besides, adds the author of the *Cours d'Histoire*, it was of great importance to obtain the good will of the Huron nation, which was numerous, powerful, and able to cope with the Iroquois, who were the only enemies the colonies had to fear among the American tribes.

Consequently, before the departure of the missionaries for the northern countries, Champlain gathered the Huron chiefs, who were present at Quebec, in a great council. There were sixty in all. Fathers La Jeune and De Brebeuf, along with many Frenchmen and Indians, took part in it. A Huron chief opened the council by a long harangue. When he had finished Champlain arose, to promise the Hurons the friendship of France and its help against the common foe. Then, pointing to the Blackrobes, he said: "These missionaries want to follow you into your country and to show you the love they bear you, they want to live among you. They are our Fathers; we love them more than our children and more than ourselves. They are men who enjoy the greatest esteem in France, and it is not necessity that brings them to this country. They do not seek your lands nor your furs. They wish to teach you the road which leads to the Master of life. For that they have quitted their native land, their possessions and their family. If you love the French, as you say, love and honor these Fathers." These words found an echo in the hearts of the Indians. They understood that the missionary was neither a trader nor an adventurer coming to further his

fortune or ambition, but a man loved and honored by the French, who went with them to their country to preach the doctrine of the true God. "Yes," said Father de Brebeuf, speaking in their own language, "we wish to go into your country to live and die there. You will be our brothers, and henceforth we shall be a part of your nation."

It was only in the following year, however, that he was able to get a place in their Indian canoes along with Fathers Daniels and Davost. The journey was long and painful. In spite of his hardened constitution and his indomitable energy he wondered more than once if he would ever arrive at the end of the journey or succumb on the way from misery and exhaustion. The savages, who were bringing Father Davost, stripped him of a portion of his garments, flung his books and papers into the water, and then left him on a barren rock on the island of Allumettes. Father Daniels and three postulants, his companions, were treated no better. They were beaten and robbed, and abandoned by the Indians, and underwent the greatest sufferings, says the narrator, facing the most terrible dangers to reach their destination.

Arrived on the shores of Thunder Bay, not far from Toanche, the Hurons left Father de Brebeuf alone without help and without shelter. Toanche, where he had lived formerly for three years, was now a barren waste. The inhabitants had left it and had established themselves some miles further on, at Aihonatiria.

But he did not give up hope. He hid his few traps in the forest, offered his life to God for the salvation of the Indians, and then with his staff in his hands set out to find the Huron village. When night was falling, he found Aihonatiria as he emerged from the forest. In an instant the whole settlement came to meet him with cries, "Behold, Echom has come back!" Father de Brebeuf directed his steps to the cabin of Aouandoie, a Huron of some consequence, and there awaited with some anxiety the arrival of Fathers Daniels and Davost, with their companions. Weeks passed by. They arrived at last, one after another, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, but with their hearts full of courage and their souls on fire with

zeal. "He who would come to seek aught else but God in these regions," writes Father de Brebeuf, "will find himself badly out of his reckoning." Not to impose on the generous hospitality of Aouandoie, the missionaries built themselves a cabin and called it St. Joseph's. There they established themselves. Pretty soon other Jesuits were sent from Quebec. They were Pierre Chastelin, Paul Ragueneau, Simon La Moynes, François de Peron, Joseph Le Mercier, Isaac Jogues, Charles Garnier and Pierre Pijart, and they were then able to establish a new residence. Father Pijart founded it in the settlement of Ossossane or La Rochelle, and placed it under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception.

Aihonatriia, situated on a hill on the borders of Lake Huron at the west entrance of the present bay of Penetanguishene, belonged to the tribe of the Bear. Ossossane, of the same tribe, was nine or ten miles from there, on a small isolated promontory on the west coast of the Huron peninsula, on the skirts of a sombre pine forest. The two settlements, which contained a population of four or five hundred souls each, seemed to be well protected against Iroquois attacks, and the missionaries soon won the confidence of the people. There were great advantages in the position of these residences. Fathers Ragueneau, Garnier and Chastelin were established at Ossossane under Father Le Mercier, while the others remained at Aihonatriia with Father de Brebeuf, the Superior-General of the mission. But this latter residence was soon abandoned. Sickness ravaged the village, the unhappy survivors took refuge elsewhere, and St. Joseph's was transported to Tenaustayae, a large settlement of the tribe of the Rock, situated in the north of the district that is now called Medonte, at the foot of a line of hills which formed the southern boundary of the Huron territory.

How did the years pass between 1634 and 1639? All those who have written about it describe it as marked by the most frightful austerities. Looking over the whole extent of the world of missions, nowhere do we find a life so dreadful as that led by the apostles of North America in the country of the Hurons. When we read the *Relations* and the private

letters of the missionaries, we understand the truth of the few lines of Father Lallemant, "that one would rather receive a blow on the head from a tomahawk than to live the life through all those years which they did while working for the conversion of the savages."

It was an everyday martyrdom. Father de Brebeuf wrote to the Jesuits of Paris: "Our cabins are made of bark like those of the savages, and of such a wretched character that I know of nothing in France which would help me to describe them or give you an idea of how we live. They are made like an arbor forty or fifty feet long. They are generally divided into two compartments; on one side the chapel, on the other the dwelling rooms. In the chapel there is a little altar, a picture of Christ and another of the Virgin; some rough representations of pious things in vivid and loud colors, depicting, for example, the damned, tormented by the devils and the flames of hell, or the blessed, surrounded by the angels and saints in the delights of Paradise. Christ is generally painted without a beard, and all the pictures are full face, for the savage has a horror of a beard, and for him a man in profile is only half a man. The apartment reserved for the community is the kitchen, dining room, carpenter shop, study, catechism class and sleeping room. In the middle of the apartment is the fire; above the fire is an opening to let in the light and let out the smoke. A pot, some wooden plates, mats, strips of bark, a chest of drawers, carpenters' tools, a microscope, a magnet, a little hand-mill and a clock—there is our whole outfit. The savages who swarm through the room every minute of the day all want to turn the mill, to see the flour come out. The magnet for them is a piece of witchcraft. The clock is more wonderful still. They remain whole hours to 'hear the day-chief talk,' as they say, and cannot understand how it goes by itself and how it rings at a given moment; that is witchcraft also. When it rings, they look around everywhere to find where the sound is coming from. The bed is not a complicated affair; it is a strip of bark on which a mat is placed, about as thick as a well-worn shilling. As for sheets, we do not think of them even for the sick. We

lie down in our clothes." Says Father du Peron : " Since I left France, six months ago, I have never taken off my soutane except to change my underwear. Besides, we do not sleep here as in France. Everyone, Fathers and servants, except one or two, and I of the number, get up four or five times every night.

"Linen is a rarity in the hut. What we wear you would scarcely dare give to the beggars in the street. One day when Father Daniels was obliged to go down to Quebec, he arrived there in his canoe, his paddle in his hand, accompanied by three or four Indians. He was barefooted, his shirt in pieces, his soutane hanging in rags on his attenuated body.

"The worst inconvenience of the cabin is the smoke, which, for want of a chimney, fills the whole place and spoils everything one would like to keep. In certain winds it is impossible to remain inside on account of the pain it causes the eyes. The smoke is often so thick, so sharp and so persistent that for five or six days together, if you are not broken in to it, it is all you can do to read a word of your breviary. In winter the only light we have at night is the fire in the middle of the hut, and there we recite our breviary, study the language, or go through whatever other occupation we may be engaged in. In the daytime the hole in the top is our chimney and our window."

Father de Brebeuf gives some more details about this miserable dwelling. "The fleas which invade the cabin prevent you from closing your eyes whole nights together. They are incomparably more annoying than in France. The five or six months of winter are passed in the smoke and extreme cold. The bark walls of our cabin are so well joined that we have to go outside to find what kind of weather it is, but this does not prevent us, however, from getting all that we want of rain and snow and cold."

The food was dreadful. "We have not," says Father du Peron, "either salt or oil or fruits or bread or wine. Our entire meal is a sort of soup made out of Indian corn, ground between two stones, crushed in a mortar or sometimes turned through the little mill. The corn is boiled in water ; the

seasoning is commonly dried fish ground to powder, or the fish itself in a putrid state. This soup, which is called sagamite, is little better than the paste used by paper hangers. We take our meals around the fire, seated on a block of wood, or flat on the ground. From time to time a cake of bread without yeast is baked under the ashes. Occasionally beans or wild fruits are put in it. Fresh fish or meat are so rare that it is not worth while speaking of them. If some Frenchman has accidentally killed a buzzard, or if the Indians once or twice in the year bring in a quarter of bear or a side of venison, we keep it for the sick. Lent lasts the whole year, and there is no difference between Good Friday and Easter. As for drink, we don't know what it is. The sagamite takes the place of food and drink, and except when we are travelling, we never moisten our lips six months together." "During the eight months I have been with the Hurons," says Father Chaumonot, "I haven't tasted a cup of water." And how did the missionaries procure the corn, the beans, the fruit and the other things which they ate? Before the foundation of the Immaculate Conception they had borrowed a little field, where they sowed some grains of wheat which they brought from Europe. These grains, cultivated with great care, multiplied, and in 1637 the Fathers were able to gather about half a bushel of wheat, which served to make the altar breads. In the same way they made wine from the wild grapes gathered in the forest. "As for our food," says Father du Peron, "we leave that to Divine Providence. One brings us three ears of corn, another six, another a squash, another some fish, another bread baked under the ashes, and of course we pay for it all, with knives, awls, needles, rings, beads, bits of glass, hatchets and other articles of that kind which we brought from Europe. Money was not current in those times with the Hurons, and was very rare at Quebec, and so buying and selling was made by barter. The Indians had no use for coin, and preferred objects which were useful or which struck their fancy in European merchandise, and in exchange for what the missionaries gave them they supplied mats, snowshoes, canoes, and the products of the earth and of the hunt; in a word, all that was necessary for the good of the mission, and the food, sustenance, and amusements of the Fathers.

THROUGH THREE HANDS.

BY HARRY VINCENT.

DRESSED and booted for a long ride, I linked my arm in my father's and descended the staircase to await Father Garnett in the reception room.

My father put his hand on my shoulder and looked at me fondly.

"Well," he said, "do you feel equal to the task?"

"Certainly, father," I answered with confidence.

"Bravely said, my boy," he replied, a ring of pride in his voice; "remember you are a Sarsfield and you will come through all right. Be brave but cautious; seek no quarrel, but if it is forced on you, fail not to give a good account of yourself."

"Excellent advice under most circumstances," said Father Garnett, who had entered the room unobserved, "but to be accepted with caution on this occasion. You are young," he continued, placing his hand on my shoulder, "and little experienced in the ways of the world, but you are of a wise and cautious family, so I have few scruples in trusting you with this important mission. But let me urge you once again before you go, to the utmost care and discretion, for these are troublous times for Catholics in England and the miscarriage of your errand cannot but fail to have disastrous effects. Remember the watchword: '*In nomine Domini*,' and here is the letter. As you value the salvation of your soul guard it carefully, and God grant that you may deliver it safely to Father Gerard before night."

The good priest had been in hiding at our house for over a week, but this was the first time I had seen him in biretta and soutane. I believe he thus arrayed himself to impress me more deeply with the danger of my mission, but indeed the gravity of his expression and the anxiety of his manner were sufficient proof of it. I assured him that I should use every effort to carry out the errand successfully, whereupon he thanked me cordially and blessed me devoutly. He said good-bye in the hall and

went upstairs again, but my father accompanied me to the door, watched me mount, called out "God speed" from the steps, and stood looking after me and waving adieu until I turned into the street.

At this time I was in my twenty-first year and had been but a few months out of college. Nevertheless, I had already seen and heard enough to give me a good idea of the peril of the times, as I remember thinking whilst my horse clattered noisily at a good pace through the quiet streets. My own enforced education at a continental college and surreptitious return to my country after finishing the course; the fact that I could not openly profess my religion, that the hearing of Mass and receiving the Sacraments were only possible under extreme circumstances, that the handful of priests who had succeeded in escaping death or banishment found hiding in cellars and holes, more hated than the guiltiest culprits in the land, the state of poverty to which many prominent Catholic families had been reduced for attention to their religious duties or for harboring priests; these were some of the reasons why I was obliged to ride forth at early dawn, under constant cautions and admonitions as to the gravity of my mission, which was to carry a simple letter from one to another Jesuit priest, and all this, too, under King James, son of a Catholic, well-nigh a martyred mother, who was indebted in part for his crown to the exertions of many Catholic gentlemen, and from whom a discontinuance of the cruelties and injustices of Elizabeth's reign had long been expected. But when a king is so weak as to shirk asserting himself and carrying out what most people believed to be his natural inclinations, for fear of the ridicule of his Puritan ministers, we should not be surprised at anything that happens.

Rather, I thought, expect plots, even Gunpowder Plots, diabolical as they were in their conception—and I am forced to confess that in the heat of youth I was tempted to consider such retaliation as excusable and righteous, in the face of the indignities and cruelties we were daily subjected to. The misguided zeal of Catesby, Percy, Winter and their companions had made things more dangerous still in the months

succeeding the failure of their plot, so I had no great difficulty in realizing the awkwardness of the position I should find myself in were I discovered with a letter in my possession written by the Jesuit priest, Henry Garnett, suspected as he was of complicity in the plot. How anybody who knew the man could have suspected him of being connected with such a plot was beyond conception. But that was the injustice of the thing; they didn't know the man, though little the ministers cared for that, so that they made the charge and were believed, and the king's mind poisoned still more against Catholics in general and Jesuits in particular.

An expression of impatience and anger escaped my lips and I felt in my doublet for the safety of the letter, and said, with considerable spite, "They shan't take it from me, and I will deliver it safely, and perform many other such errands for my Church and religion."

My thoughts had carried me well through the morning, for I realized now that I had left London some distance behind and the sun was already well up in the heavens. It was a lovely day and I revelled in the fresh country air, the songs of the birds and the beautiful bits of scenery along the road.

For some time I met a steady stream of people, of various kinds and degrees, riding and driving towards town. Some looked like travellers, others like well-to-do merchants. Some, not so prosperous, urged jaded ponies over-pack-laden. Occasionally a lady drove by in her carriage, accompanied by father or husband. There were a few on horseback, dissipated-looking and dishevelled—pursuivants, no doubt—who eyed me suspiciously. But none molested or even spoke to me, for it is certain that with my coxcomb ways I have no resemblance to a priest, who, I had been told, were often detected by their humility of manner and speech and the poverty of their dress. Going my way, I saw none, save some gentlemen in hunter's trim, fresh mounted, who saluted me courteously as they passed.

Such is the inconsistency of human nature that, despite all Father Garnett's warnings of my danger and prayers for discretion, I was beginning to feel a keen disappointment at the

tameness of my ride when my attention was attracted by shouting and cries for help, which promised adventure of a decided kind. At the moment I was walking my horse up a hill, which was skirted on one side by a thick wood, but on the other looked upon fresh green fields, sloping down to a picturesque valley. My horse instinctively broke into a smart trot to the top of the hill. There, looking ahead, I saw the figures of two men and a woman engaged in a fierce struggle. I set spurs to my horse and bore down upon them. The two men were evidently trying to force the woman into the wood. A tight grip round the bridle of her horse, from which they had apparently dragged her, had succeeded so far, however, in foiling their purpose. As I thundered down upon them, I could distinctly see one of the villains tearing unmercifully at her hand to undo its grasp. But the clatter of my horse, galloping full speed down the hill, and my angry, threatening cries brought them to a sense of the inconvenience of their position.

One made for the wood and was immediately lost to view. The other, not too wisely, kept to the road and him I followed. In the space of its telling I was upon him. He went down on all fours, my sword at his neck.

"Crawl," I cried to him, viciously, "crawl, you dastard, you cowardly villain, crawl back to her ladyship and crave pardon of her, and if you lift hand or foot but to put it down again to bring you a space nearer her, I'll run you through where you grovel, for the arrant knave you are."

And he thought well of my threat, too, for he crawled every inch of the way to where she stood, smiling at my treatment of him. But she listened seriously to the avowal of sorrow I forced from him.

"Shall I bind him to a tree and go seek the other?" I asked, addressing the girl.

"Dismiss him with a warning for himself and his fellow," she replied quietly.

I pricked him with the point of my sword, where he lay on the ground before her.

"Her ladyship bids you go unpunished," I said. "Thank

her for her mercy, and your own stars that the affair is not mine, in which event your treatment should have been vastly different. Get up and hence to your companion and bid him mend his ways, lest he fall into hands less tolerant."

The rascal muttered something I took for thanks and slunk into the wood, his body bent forward like a poplar tree which struggles fruitlessly to stand erect against a high wind.

Then, for the first time, I permitted my eyes to rest upon the maid, and she blushed prettily under the gaze of admiration I was unable to restrain. Her hair was straight and blue-black, drawn simply back to accentuate the outline of her pure white forehead. Her dark eyes shone brilliantly from beneath her long lashes, which seemed, when she looked down, to reach out for and touch the rose-color of her cheeks. A faint smile sweetened her full red lips, constantly parted and revealing her glistening white teeth.

"My father, Sir Digby Fenton, will be grateful to you for this kindness," she said simply.

I made a deprecating gesture, saying: "I trust you will not overrate it, for 'twas little enough. I would gladly have crossed swords with valiant men in your behalf, but these were two poor cravens whose wretched business is to fight defenseless women and shun armed men. Heaven knows, my lady, I wish they had gone with their just dues, and not scatheless."

She smiled at my earnestness. "Perhaps," she answered; "and mercy may have better effect to mend them."

The clack of horses' hoofs on the hard road attracted our attention.

"That," she said, "must be the hunt. I had become separated from the field when those two set upon me."

The hounds giving tongue in the wood near by left no doubt as to this, so I begged, as her friends were now coming, I might be permitted to ride on. At her request I gave my name and she regretted I could not wait to meet her father and join in the sport. As she spoke, some of the huntsmen appeared on the summit of the hill, and for fear of further delay and possible complications, I raised my hat and rode away.

Presently I came up to an inn, where, as I was hungry and my horse somewhat done, I drew rein.

"Show me to a private room, landlord, if you have one. That sort of thing won't suit me," I said, jerking my thumb over my shoulder in the direction of the tap-room, where loud voices and coarse laughter indicated deep drinking.

"Yes, my lord ; this way, if you please, and I think I can satisfy you. We have a room upstairs where gentlemen who don't like too much company sometimes sit. There is one resting there now, but perhaps you won't mind that, my lord," gasped the bowing inn-keeper.

"Not in the least," I replied, "if he doesn't. Show me up. And, by the way, you needn't 'my lord' me. I've no title."

"Is it possible?" said the landlord, still bowing. "I was judging by appearances."

"Very likely," I answered, "but appearances are sometimes deceptive. For instance, I may appear to you as a well-fed man, whereas, on the contrary, just at present I am extremely hungry. So off to the kitchen and order as substantial a repast as can quickly be prepared, for I must ride on as soon as possible."

My companion in the private room proved to be a little, in-offensive-looking, extremely dark man, who sat in the corner of the room without meat or drink before him. His countenance was grave to a degree, and he sat with arms folded as though in deep thought. As I was not inclined for much conversation and he looked forbidding, nothing more passed between us than the ordinary civilities common amongst travellers who meet by accident. That, perhaps, was all for the best, as I was left entirely free to attend to my dinner, which, after my early breakfast and long morning's ride, I was much in need of.

I was just finishing when my attention was called to considerable noise below. First, the sound of horses' feet in the yard ; then the entry of several people into the hall, with calls for the landlord, a private room and some refreshment, all interspersed with a woman's merry laughter and the patter of waiters' feet along the sanded floors of the passage.

The new arrivals approached nearer ; they were now on the stairs ; on the very threshold of the room I was sitting in. The door opened and our landlord, still bowing and still "my lording," backed in, followed, to my amazement, by the lady I had just left on the highway. She was accompanied by an elderly gentleman and three younger ones, to all of whom she smilingly introduced me. The first was her father, the others she called "town friends." They evidently knew her intimately, since they all called her Barbara. They were a Mr. Charles Brixton, Mr. Robert Weldon and Mr. Walter Foxe. As it was but a short time since I had left France, my circle of acquaintances was necessarily small, and these three I had never met. Brixton, however, I had often heard of, for now that John Wright was dead, he had the reputation of being the best swordsman in all England. Their dress was elegant, though somewhat travel-stained, but their manners were loud, rough and savoring considerably of the braggart. Whereat I remember I was greatly surprised, on account of their prior acquaintance with so refined a girl as Miss Fenton. But I afterwards learned that all these things were quite the fashion of the time.

Sir Digby took a seat by my side and spoke very nicely of what I had done for his daughter. I thanked him for his words, but depreciated the service. And I spoke as I thought, for I believe the chief part of the whole thing was that I chanced to be riding by at that time. He ate sparingly of the repast which was quickly served up to them, and occupied most of his time in observing the little stranger, who still sat silent in the corner. The other men, however, took no notice of him or of me, and but little of the girl, bestowing their best attentions on their meat and drink. I fancy they had not eaten for many hours.

When at last they had satisfied themselves, Sir Digby excused himself that he might send to the house for his carriage. His daughter left the room with him. Brixton took the opportunity of calling for more drink, and they gave themselves up to much ease and some conversation, in which they presently included me.

"I suppose you, too, were hungry after your long ride," said Brixton.

I replied that I had not found much difficulty in making a good meal.

"You were excellently mounted," said Foxe.

I knew not how he had this information, but I admitted the fact.

"You scarcely like riding out so early, I presume," said Brixton.

I moved uneasily in my chair.

"May I ask," I answered, "how you know I did ride so early?"

"Suppose," said Brixton, "I reply by saying I don't know anything of the sort."

"If it is your method of asking a question," I said, "my answer is that I am not usually accustomed to leaving home as early as I did this morning."

Brixton and Weldon shifted their gaze from me and looked at each other. Foxe hid a smile in his cap. I became a trifle suspicious that they did not intend to be friendly towards me. Probably they were piqued because I and not they had had the good fortune of rendering Miss Fenton a slight assistance.

"You don't ride much further," said Brixton.

His intonation was uncertain, so I asked, "Statement or question?"

"As you wish," he answered carelessly.

"Then I prefer the latter," I said with some heat. "I ride some distance further."

"Why not say," suggested Foxe, "that you ride as far again as you have this morning?"

"Because that would not be strictly true," I resolved.

"We can't tell," said Brixton, with a shrug of his shoulders and the same doubtful intonation of voice.

I became still more suspicious at this remark, and looked up to find an expression of amusement in Brixton's eyes and a soupçon of a smile playing around his companions' mouths. However, I said nothing, and Brixton continued :

"It is a pity you fell in with Barbara this morning."

"I have not learned to regret it yet," I answered.

"Well, first," said Brixton, moving in his chair so as to face me, "you would not have been touched here," and he pointed to his heart.

"And secondly," said Weldon, now speaking for the first time, "you would not have been subjected to this delay."

"On the contrary," chimed in Foxe, with a sneer, "your mission by this time would have been successfully carried out."

"But," they all cried together, with mock bows and their hands clapped over their hearts, "we do not regret it since it has afforded us the extreme pleasure of making your acquaintance."

I was so surprised at this sudden outburst that for the moment I was completely nonplussed and unable to answer, at sight of which they all burst into loud laughter, which the other two continuing, Brixton presently restrained to say that they knew my little game and intended to take me, with the letter I had in my pouch, to London, to present me to a gentleman who desired acquaintance with me.

"So you shall ride as far again as you have this morning," he cried, and he brought his fist down with a bang on the table, rattling the plates and the cups, and burst into a fresh fit of derisive laughter.

At this I jumped to my feet furious with passion, my sword in my hand, and said I declined to answer their statement about the letter, whether I had or had not, but that if they thought so and were men, to cease this beating about, and draw, curse them, and come on and take it from me, and "did they come singly or all together?"

They were not loath to accept my challenge, for they were on their feet in a trice, setting back or overturning their chairs with much clatter.

"Singly!" they all cried loudly; "whom choose you?"

"You choose," I answered, defiant. "I care not."

"Then pay me or be paid," roared Brixton, advancing, whilst the other two fell back with oaths of disappointment.

But the door opened and Barbara swept into the room. We were standing with drawn swords, facing each other.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," she said in astonishment, "you pain me. May I not leave you for a few short minutes without your falling on each other thus murderously? Put up your swords, I beg. Nay," she cried, stamping her foot at sight of some delay on my part as well as theirs, "I insist."

There was no disobeying such a command. We sheathed our swords.

"Thank you," she said, bowing low as she resumed the chair she had occupied before, and motioned us to ours.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE MISSIONS.

KALLIANPUR, INDIA, August 14, 1900.

Editor of The Messenger :

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—I beg your Reverence to accept my best thanks for sending me *Messengers* for Masses. It was about this time last year you sent me an answer to my appeal for charity. Your kind letter was read by me with delight and gave me much encouragement amidst my pecuniary difficulties. My letter of March last should have told you minutely my present needs. My financial difficulties have increased, since in February last I opened a boys' school for the parishioners. Though my parish is blessed by God in many a respect, yet it was without a parish school, and our boys had to attend Hindoo schools (I mean schools kept by pagan teachers) or government board schools, in both of which they received no religious instruction, not to speak of often learning evil instead of good. On this account, relying on God, I opened a boys' school, which is now attended by over 125 boys under four teachers. The education given is primary. How much good is achieved by means of this school it would be long to describe. Within a few months since I founded this school I have been able to establish the Society of the Holy Childhood, Sodality of Altar Servers, a good singing class to sing divine service, monthly communion, and, above all, a regular course of instruction in catechism and Bible history. The train-

ing of young minds to virtue and to pure Christian lives is a work that gives me many a consolation. May I request you, Rev. Father, in the name of the Sacred Heart, and in the name of all the little ones to try by every means in your power to find a few benefactors to this school? If you could move any generous soul to send us monthly three dollars, that would make this school sufficiently well established. Perhaps I am asking too much. But in America charity is so abundant and generous that I admire when at times I read in newspapers of large donations given by single individuals to schools and colleges. I shall accept most gratefully whatever you send. I hope you will excuse me for my repeated requests. On my knees I beg your Reverence to try to help me a little, and I shall be praying with all my school children to the Sacred Heart to crown your labors with success in our behalf.

REV. S. NOROUKA.

From the Rev. Father Stephen of St. Thomas, of Chelhipuzhay, Clangnacherry, India, we received the following account of the Carmelite Congregation in Malabar :

"Among the several blessings which the Almighty God has showered on the poor sons of St. Thomas, in Malabar, the institution, in the beginning of the present century, of the Carmelite order, is one of the most important and beneficial to the Catholic Society. For this purpose He raised two saintly men renowned for their virtue and learning, to form a religious community among their brethren. One of them was Rev. Father Thomas Palackel, then rector of the Seminary at Pallipuram, his own parish, and the other Rev. Father Thomas Poroockara, of the parish of Kalloorhatt, both secretaries to the Bishop of Verapoly, and highly esteemed by the people as well as the clergy. Notwithstanding all the difficulties they had to undergo in carrying out their divinely inspired plan, they laid their design before His Lordship Monsignor Maurellius Stabilini, the Carmelite Vicar of Verapoly, and received His Lordship's full approval and consent to construct a religious house on a prominent hill at Mannanam, near Kottayam, where, when the corner-stone was blessed on the 31st of May, 1831, His Lordship himself was present. At first a small house was erected there for the new candidates, who were all holy priests from the secular clergy. Of these, one, Father Cyriac Chavara, a worthy disciple of the Rev. Father Thomas

Palackel, was chosen by God to complete the work and to be the head of the community, then numbering only eleven, who were all leading a life of rigorous fasting, prayer and penance. These consecrated themselves to the service of God by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 8th of December, 1855. Rev. Father Cyriac Chavara made his profession first, before the late Very Rev. Father Marcellinus (afterwards Coadjutor Bishop of Verapoly), specially delegated by His Grace the Archbishop for the purpose, and then he received the profession of the rest as their Superior.

Their outward difference from secular priests, first consisted of a brown Scapular inside the vest, a leathern girdle outside, and the use of sandals instead of shoes, with the title of the "Servants of the Immaculate V. Mary of Mt. Carmel." On the 25th of December, 1859, they were also invested with a Scapular made of white cloth, and in May, 1868, the Capuce was also given to them.

Rev. Father Cyriac, of St. Elias (Chavara), governed the little community as a Superior-General under the Archbishop Bernardine, then Vic. Ap. of Verapoly, who, being pleased with them, gave them the rules of the Carmelites and a constitution; and by his request this little community was affiliated to the Discalced Carmelite Order, on the 1st of October, 1860. Under this great patron the little community flourished and were esteemed, and built new monasteries at Coonemau, Vazhakulam, Elthuruth and at Pulincunnu. Coonemau was chosen as the place for novices and students, and Rev. Father Leopold of St. Joseph, D. C. Ap. Mis., was appointed as the first Novice-Master, who, with the assistance of the prudent and able Father Cyriac, of St. Elias (Chavara), educated the novices according to the rules and spirit of the Discalced Carmelite Order, and left a good name behind him.

Although Rev. Father Cyriac, of St. Elias, was appointed as the Vicar General of His Grace the Archbishop of Verapoly, he had always at heart the welfare of his beloved sons, and with his companions displayed his great zeal in strenuously opposing Rochose, a schismatic Bishop and his partisans, and finally bringing them to the true fold. For such a zealous work they were highly praised by His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., of holy memory, in a rescript dated September 5th, 1861. Moreover, he founded a printing establishment at Mannanam, which was the first one

among the Roman Catholics in Malabar, and thus many books were printed and published by the monks. Rev. Father Cyriac of St. Elias died peacefully in the midst of his beloved sons at Coonemau, on the 3d of January, 1871, and was buried in St. Philomena's Church, attached to the same monastery; but when it was given over to the Verapoly Mission, in 1889, his remains were transferred to Mannanam. His death brought on the community an irreparable loss.

Rev. Father Cyriac of St. Eliseus, one of the eleven Fathers, succeeded him as Superior-General, and his zeal and solicitude for the community were not in any way inferior to those of his predecessor. In his time a general chapter was held at Coonemau in 1878, when some changes and alterations were made in the constitutions, which were examined by the S. C. of Propaganda and approved by the Holy See on January 1, 1885, for a trial of six years.

In 1887 Mgr. Ajuti, then Delegate Apostolic in the East Indies, was appointed Prior-General by a decree of the S. C. of Propaganda Fide, dated September 15th of the same year.

His Excellency visited all the monasteries and conducted himself more like a beloved father to every one than a Delegate Ap. of His Holiness. Meanwhile the Congregation made much progress, and His Excellency appointed Rev. Father Joseph, of St. John of H. Cross, as his Delegate to govern them. In 1890 another general chapter was held at Ampalakattu by the express orders of His Excellency, and by it some more alterations were made in the constitutions, which were also, on the 1st of June, 1893, approved and confirmed for six years by the Holy See. The following are the principal changes made: The Prior-General and four Definitors-General to be elected from the Congregation every third year. The white cotton cloth of the garments to be changed to dark brown woollen stuff with the addition of a blue cope, in commemoration of the establishment of the congregation on the 8th of December, 1855, under the title of "Servants of the B. V. Mary Immaculate of Mt. Carmel." At the request of the Congregation the Very Rev. Father Bernard of JESUS Dis. Car., a Spaniard (now Archbishop of Verapoly), was appointed by the S. C. Propaganda, as Prior-General *pro tem.* by a special decree of July, 1893.

On the 4th of May, 1899, the same constitutions were again confirmed by the S. Congregation of Propaganda.

The Congregation has now five Priorates and five Vicariate monasteries and two branch houses. All these were built by voluntary contributions and alms of the Catholic Christians of this country. There were three seminaries under the care of the Fathers at Mannanam, Elthuruth and Carmel, but now there are only two Anglo-Vernacular middle schools and two printing establishments at Mannanam and Elthuruth, with eight Malayalam schools and four catechumenates. The students' house is now at Mangalore; they number four at present and are taught in St. Joseph's Seminary by Jesuit Fathers.

Now there are 144 members in all, sixty-six Fathers, seven students professed, fourteen chorist novices, sixteen lay brothers professed and nineteen lay novices, besides twenty-two aspirants who attend St. Berchmans' High School at Changanacherry.

MISSION NOTES.

CHINA.

The sufferings of the Church in China resemble very closely those of the early days of Christianity; and, no doubt, the blood of martyrs will produce a rich harvest of Christians soon in China, as it did in the Roman Empire.

Those who thought that the occupation of Peking by the Allied Powers would pacify China have been cruelly disappointed. The Powers halt, and the massacres go on.

Recent news, said to be trustworthy and accurate, states that 5 Catholic bishops, 28 priests and several Sisters have perished in the recent massacres. Fifteen or twenty thousand converts were slain in the northern provinces in July. Towards the end of that month, Fathers Leray and Georjon were put to death, and all the Christian settlements there were destroyed. Two more districts in Southern Manchuria were entirely ravaged. Mgr. Hamer, Vicar-Apostolic of Southern Mongolia, and Fathers Heirman and Mallet fell in September. In the same month, in Eastern Mongolia, Father Joseph Seghers and 100 Christians gave up their lives, while 13 Christian missions were burned. In September also, in the Franciscan mission of Northern Shan-Se, were slaughtered Mgr. Grassi, Vicar-Apostolic; Mgr. Fogolla, his coadjutor; Fathers Elie and Balat, with 7 Sisters. Father

Souvignet, of the *Missions Etrangères* was martyred in Northern Manchuria later in the same month; and, a little after, 3 Jesuits in S. E. Chi-li.

Many have fallen away, as in the early Roman days, preferring denial of the faith to martyrdom. There were, as there are always in missionary countries, many recent converts, not sufficiently instructed in the faith or cleansed from vice to stand the terrible trial. At the same time, there are admirable accounts of the constancy of the Christian natives. Promises of safety were made if the people gave up the missionaries and apostatized; but they refused. In one district alone, Moukden, in Sheng-King, over 1,000 Christians were beheaded for refusing to renounce their faith. The story is told of a college boy, who, being taken prisoner, confessed the faith at five different examinations, and finally was beheaded. The Church will be rich in martyrs at the end of this persecution.

The ruin of the missions is appalling. Out of 25 districts, writes Father Choulet, from S. Manchuria, only 3 or 4 remain intact; the others have ceased to be, and the results of 60 years of labor have disappeared.

Association of the Holy Childhood.—It is impossible to recount how many souls of children have been saved in China by the efforts of this Association during the fifty years of its existence. In one region, in which a Lazarist missionary baptized 500 children in 1685, at the present day 250,000 have been baptized. The children brought up in the Catholic orphanages are taught trades, which bring them afterwards the esteem and patronage of the pagans.

Children swarm in China, said Mgr. Favier, Bishop of Pekin, speaking at Paris to a gathering of the Central Council of the Holy Childhood: they are numerous even in the wild and mountainous places. At Pekin, they so encumber the streets that carriages have to be driven carefully in order not to crush them. The parents, without affection, leave them almost totally neglected. Hence the large number of children who are abandoned or found dead in the streets. Many are killed by their parents. There are habitually 800 children cared for in the houses of the Catholic Sisters.

AFRICA.

Death of a Missionary Bishop.—Mgr. Buleon, the young Vicar-Apostolic of Senegambia, died of yellow fever, on June 13th, at

the age of 38 years, having been consecrated only a few months. He had been a missionary in Africa for fifteen years.

A Missionary's Story.—"Tuesday after Easter we start for Kionzo (Congo Free-State); our catechists wish to sow in their native place the doctrine of Christ. We leave at 6 in the morning and on foot, the two catechists with me, and two Christian boys, carrying blankets and food. We take half an hour to cross the river in our boat, owing to the current, then we climb a steep, high mountain. On the top it is quite level; and, one after the other, we traverse the brushwood, which is higher than our heads. As we go, we say an *Ave Maria* for the conversion of the poor people, who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. We descend, and come to a river where we need to rest. We cross it and begin a long journey through the far-extending level clothed with undergrowth. After two hours' march, I ask my companions if Kionzo is still far away. At last we come to it—seven or eight villages in a ravine. Here the poor natives sheltered their huts, having fled for fear of their neighbors. A little cabin of palm leaves, with roof of thatch, is placed at my disposal. It is very low and without windows. Having arranged my effects, I have to present myself to the chief. He receives me in all his majesty, seated on a box, and asks what I came for. I answer that it is merely to pay him a visit; and as it is bad manners to come empty-handed, I give him a blanket and a bottle of lemonade. I have to taste this myself first, for poisoning is not unknown in this pagan land. The chief is satisfied, and I leave him to say my Rosary.

"The people are afraid to come near until I reassure them. Then presents are brought for supper. Next day we visit a delightful spot, surrounded by woods, in which are beautiful lemon trees, bananas, the papaw and other fruit trees. Here my companions propose that I begin a Christian village.

"Returning, I fall sick on the way, and so dangerously that I begin to fear this is the last of my missionary journeys. However, my faithful natives, in their own simple way, tend me with the most loving care, and bring me home, where health soon returns."—*Abridged from the Journal of Father Goedleven.*

With the Trappists at Bamania (Congo). Fish and game are abundant. Rice, cassava, bananas, sugar cane, potatoes and Indian corn grow on the Trappist farms. The elephants, however, sometimes break in, and do much mischief. A large number of

children are placed under the care of the Trappist Sisters. Those children are afterwards settled in entirely Catholic villages. They have a great desire of religious instruction, and show much attachment to the practices of their faith.

The natives, left to themselves, cultivate, after their fashion, a piece of land, for two or three seasons, then abandon it for another. Two hours' labor daily gives them all they need ; anything left over is sold or exchanged. Famine can hardly ever come upon them. As for happiness, the future, the position of their children, they think little of these things.

IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

For the ninth time since his appointment, the Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Fallize, sailed northward to visit upper Norway and Lapland, in order to see his fellow-laborers and study how to extend his missions. The Norwegians, he says, listen for hours to what he has to say about the Catholic Church of their forefathers. The scenery through which he passed was wild and strange ; mountain peaks abruptly rising from the bosom of the waters ; countless islands through which the steamer kept winding ; every few minutes a new fiord or inlet. The Polar Circle once passed, the sun no longer set. At midnight its rays still gilded the sea, the isles, the glaciers of the mainland, and played upon them in marvellously varied hues. The *Virgo*, which had carried Andrée to Spitzbergen, and which Mgr. Fallize passed on his way, recalled the story of Nansen. While the Vicar-Apostolic was recounting to his fellow-travellers the adventures of the explorer, a quiet passenger of unpretending mien listened in silence. At the close of the story, he drew his short pipe from his mouth, and said, " May I present to these gentlemen Mr. Sverdrup, captain of the *Fram* (Nansen's ship) ? " He was going to Hammerfest, to take charge of a tourist steamer plying between Spitzbergen and Lapland. Nansen is now a professor at the University of Christiania.

The snow remains nine months at Hammerfest, and the sun never gets up in winter. Along the chain of the Lofoden Islands, during the long obscurity and great cold, twenty or thirty thousand fishermen risk their lives in the cod fishery.

INDIA.

The Prefect-Apostolic, Father Dangeul, writes from Rajputana at the end of August that for six weeks there had been

abundant rains, and the sowing of the crops had been progressing. Hope begins to dawn. However, even in official circles, optimistic on principle, it is admitted that the dreadful visitation still lingering over India has been the worst of the century, and that for ten years its effects will be felt. It is difficult to calculate the number of victims; probably one-fifth of the population have died. A thousand children were sheltered in the orphanages of this mission; of these a great many died.

From Pondicherri comes news of great suffering still. The houses of the priests are besieged in some places all day by the famished people. Many are endeavoring to escape from the stricken districts. We can imagine the pain of the missionaries at their inability to assist the vast numbers whom they themselves had gathered into the fold. The vast recent growth of the Church may be understood from the assertion of Father Fourcade, parish priest of Pondicherri, that 30 missionaries now direct 27 districts and 100,000 new Christians where he himself had been almost alone twenty-six years ago.

Visit of an Apostolic Delegate to the Shah of Persia.—Mgr. Lesné was received in audience by the Shah of Persia before the latter's visit to Europe. The delegate, who has been twenty-six years in Persia, assured his majesty of the loyalty of his Catholic subjects, and offered their good wishes for a happy journey, thanking him at the same time for his protection of his Christian subjects. The Persian monarch replied that he knew and appreciated the good done by the French Catholic missionaries. Mgr. Lesné had come in behalf of an Armenian village left to the tender mercies of Mussulman officials. He obtained a reduction of taxes for Kosrova, where there are 4,000 Catholics, and permission to rebuild some ruined churches and erect new ones. The Apostolic Delegate hopes that the non-Catholic Armenians will return to the faith. The Vicar-General of the Gregorian Bishop of Tauris has become a Catholic. A village of 200 inhabitants at Urumiah asks for a priest and schools. In the plain of Salmas, five or six villages are desirous of being received into the Church. In the capital of the province of Azerbijan, fifty Armenian families are ready to become Catholics.

Missions on the Senegal (West Africa).—Rev. P. Déchaud, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, writes in the *Missions Catholiques* of his black converts on the Senegal. Fever and the na-

tive languages are two great obstacles in the missionary's path. Hence the importance of native catechists, who work without pay. The poor natives, affectionate and grateful, come by hundreds for instruction. Naturally religious, their thought of God, when converted, and their sanctification of the Lord's Day are admirable. There, as in other places, it is the old story—the fields yellowing for the harvest.

SHRINE ANNALS.

From the Albany *Vatican* we reprint the following account of the anniversary Mass at Auriesville in memory of Father Jogues, October 18, 1900:

"Thursday morning, at the shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, Rev. Fathers Wynne and Campbell, of the Society of Jesus, arrived there from New York and officiated, each offering the holy sacrifice of the Mass in memory of Father Jogues, who died on the Christian battlefield over two centuries and a half ago in his endeavors to propagate the gospel of Christ among the savages then inhabiting that valley.

"On the occasion a small congregation from various parts gathered around the humble altar to assist at the Divine ceremonies. Among those in attendance were Mr. J. W. Brooks, of New York, and Mr. F. H. McCann, of Albany.

"During the day the little band of pilgrims visited the several points of interest and especially the Ravine, which afforded them much happiness owing to the many pious associations of this sacred spot, the "God's Acre" where repose the remains of the saintly René Goupil. Everything about the place was in perfect order, as it appeared during the August pilgrimages.

"Fathers Wynne and Campbell returned to New York in the evening and the pilgrims departed for their respective homes, benefited spiritually by the admirable piety that directed them to the "Hill of Prayer" at the cost of no little sacrifice on that cold, raw October morning, that proved not to be an ideal Indian summer day.

"The next celebration at the shrine will occur next April, when the memory of the saintly Indian maiden, Katherine Tegakwita, will be commemorated."

Among the letters of thanksgiving for favors received through the intercession of the Martyrs is one "for the change of a brother from a morally dangerous to a good situation ;" another, "for a grace obtained," and a third which reads as follows :

"I wish to return a little tribute of thanksgiving in honor of Father Isaac Jogues through Our Lady of Martyrs to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for what he has done for me.

"Two years ago this summer I wrote you in thanksgiving for the admission to the novitiate and reception of the habit in this Reformed Cistercian Monastery, now only popularly called *Trappist* by act of the Holy See, and you kindly replied you had taken a note of it.

"It was a favor rather speedily obtained within five or six months, begging of Father Isaac Jogues to obtain for me a vocation to a contemplative order, and at the same time to the full Apostolic vocation, if it be God's will—all through Our Lady of Martyrs, in honor and in hopes of forwarding his canonization.

"I have now to add the further favor of admittance to simple vows and on the same day the reception of Minor Orders, on the Feast of our Cistercian Father, Saint Bernard, coinciding with Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, July 16th."

The report of the Deep Waterways Commission has been made public. The report recommends that complete surveys be made to mature the following projects :

1—Controlling the level of Lake Erie and projecting the Niagara ship canal.

2—Developing the Oswego-Oneida-Mohawk route.

3—Developing the St. Lawrence-Champlain route.

4—Improving intermediate channels of lakes.

The board finds that the most favorable route for a waterway from the lakes to the sea is from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, *via* La Salle and Lewiston, thence to the Hudson river, *via* Oswego and Mohawk valley.—*Amsterdam Daily Democrat*, 7-7-'00.

A passenger on the West Shore railroad, as the train runs along the beautiful Mohawk valley four miles below Little Falls, will hear the conductor call out Indian Castle. On alighting from the train he will observe the common country station, with its accompanying freight house. Scattered around are a few houses and a store. To the north a short distance runs the Mohawk river ; toward the south precipitous hills arise. Part way up

one of the hills and some distance from the road, that winds up to the country above, is a quaint little church, and it has a history. This was the ancient seat of the Mohawk Indians, under the teachings of the Jesuit Fathers, who had penetrated their country from Canada. The Mohawks had been converted to Christianity in the seventeenth century, and long before the advent of white settlers. As a result, the little church on the hillside was built by them. When the Revolutionary War commenced, the Mohawks, under the lead of their celebrated chief, Brant, and goaded on by Sir William Johnson, the governor, who had married Brant's sister, cast their lot with the British. When the war came to a close, the Mohawks, fearing punishment for their many atrocities, deserted their ancient domain and fled to Canada. Their flight was very hasty, but before going they removed the bell from the church tower and concealed it. So effectually had they done this, that the most determined search on the part of the whites failed to discover its hiding-place. Some time after, when matters had settled down, a delegation of Indians came through the northern wilds to recover the bell. Stealthily approaching the spot, they dug up the bell, and, running a pole through the hook, started on a run through the forest. But they had forgotten to muffle the clapper, and as they ran the bell rang, the noise aroused the settlers, and, guided by the ringing of the bell, pursued the Indians and took it away from them, when it was triumphantly returned to its place in the belfry, where it still rings its summons to the people of the hills and valley, as it did its dusky worshippers in the far-away colonial times. *Home Journal and News.*

Business led us to Sprakers recently, and while we had visited that burgh many times before never were we so much impressed with its somewhat uncommon topography and its rugged attractiveness. The town lies at the foot of the mountain, with high hills on either side, surmounted, as most of the hills are, with fertile fields and farm-houses. There is a great bend in the valley extending from the mouth of the Schoharie creek on the east to the Nose near Sprakers Basin on the west, forming a narrow opening where the river, canal, two railways, the town itself, Sprakers, farms and dwellings are crowded into a narrow pass lying between two high bluffs or palisades. The Indians called it *Tionnontogen*, two mountains approaching.

The ancient Indian castle, the Castle of the Wolves, was located

on a high rise of ground, a level plateau west of the Nose, on the Mitchell farm, which is now converted into a meadow. On this ancient site a large number of relics have been found, such as pipes, beads, tomahawks, arrow-heads and broken pieces of pottery. This Indian site is located between two interesting ravines. The castle of *Tionnontogen* was in existence some time before the year 1600, long years before the white man made his appearance in the valley. That the Mohawks had not been settled in the valley for a very long period is said to be proved by the few sites of pre-historic villages that are found.

The situation of *Tionnontogen* is an admirable one. The Indians always cleared the spot around which they located so that nothing could obstruct their vision, so that they might see readily the incoming foe, who might be advancing to attack them. The view from this ancient Indian site cannot be surpassed, and it is well worth, to lovers of nature, a journey to Sprakers, to witness. It is certain to live long in the memory of him who gazes upon it. The landscape on the west side reveals the village of Sprakers, farms, the circuitous Mohawk and the Erie canal as they wind their way down the valley, like two silver ribbons sparkling in the sunset, all of which forms a beautiful picture; the view to the east embraces Big Nose, forming the bend or loop, and the narrowest point in that locality.

It was at *Tionnontogen* that Father Fremin, the French Jesuit, began his labors in 1667, remaining nearly one year alone with the Mohawks, and where he founded the mission of St. Mary's and had a bark chapel erected. Fathers Pierron and Boniface also later labored at that castle.

But to come down to more modern times, the old Mitchell family cemetery is located on the eastern portion of the farm and in the very heart of a young forest, not far from the ravine. This is a very old family burial plot, as the dates on the tombstones proved, one of which is marked 1806, and there are graves in that burial plot that must be of still earlier date, marked with common field stones that undoubtedly were placed there early in the history of the valley.—*Montgomery Republican*, August 9.

The following account of the Canonization of Saints will interest all who pray for the beatification of Father Jogues :

“ The diocesan Bishop makes the first examination of the life and miracles of persons who have died with a reputation of ex-

alted sanctity. These acts, as they are called, are sent to Rome, and examined with extraordinary care by the Cardinals, Prelates and Consultors of the Congregation of Rites. Finally, the Holy Father gives his decision. The 'servant of God,' whose beatification or canonization is in question, must first enjoy a popular reputation for holiness. Then all his or her writings are carefully examined, and the life and virtues are considered to see if there be an obstacle in the way. A special advocate, the *promotor fidei*, is appointed to bring up all the difficulties of the case, which is sustained by the 'postulators' or supporters of the beatification. If, after a preliminary examination, the proofs of eminent sanctity appear to be well founded, the Congregation of Rites allows the 'introduction of the cause' or 'apostolic process,' so called because at this stage Rome makes the case her own, and begins a more formal and rigid examination. When the Holy Father solemnly approves the 'introduction of the apostolic process,' the person whose sanctity is being examined is now styled Venerable, but is not yet allowed public veneration. Next comes the question of *non-cultus*; that is, since the Holy See alone can allow public worship, it must be shown that no illicit worship has been offered. It has to be clearly shown, as the next step, that there was a 'fama sanctitatis' or renown for eminent holiness; which, if proved, must be followed by a threefold examination of the life and miracles of the servant of God in three distinct assemblies. At the end the Pope gives his decision as to the practice of virtue in a heroic degree. After a similarly searching discussion, it must be shown that at least two miracles have been performed by the intercession of the servant of God after death, for miracles during life would not prove final perseverance. Again, after a new examination, it is decided that the beatification may be proceeded with. A day is appointed by the Pope and a Brief issued by him. The solemn beatification follows, and this is a preliminary step to canonization. Thus up to beatification there are some twelve stages, so rigorous and slow is the church in this matter. The 'beatified' servant of God receives a restricted or local worship in a country, city, religious order, etc. For canonization, two more miracles have to be proved after beatification, the proofs of these being subjected to the same vigorous examination as before."

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

E. and M. D., New York	\$3.00	C. H. and M. J., per A. T., St.	
B. H., Houston, Texas	1.00	John, N. B.	\$2.00
M. E. G., New York	10.00	J. S., St. Paul, Minn.	1.00
B. K., New York	1.00	A. D., Chicago, Ill.	10.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.	5.00	Mrs. McG., Providence, R. I.	.50
M. A. F., Troy, N. Y.	1.00	Miss O'C.	.25
A. T., St. John. N B.	1 00		

The appeal we have been making the past few months is even more urgent now than ever, as with our debt reduced and some cash in hand, we may soon have an opportunity of purchasing some land near the Shrine. We therefore beg of all who have not yet responded to the appeal, especially those who have promised to send offerings, to do so soon, and we shall not forget their charity.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XVI. YEAR.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 12.

PULCHRA ES ET DECORA.

FAIR and comely art thou, Virgin Mother,
Comely as the lily white that turns,
Holding up its chalice to the sunbeams
Streaming in from beauty's depthless urns.

Fair and comely art thou, Virgin Mother,
As the placid lake that nestles deep
Mid the hills that guard it, that caress it,
And, like Angels Guardian, vigil keep.

Fair and comely are thou, Virgin Mother,
As the maiden blush in eastern sky ;
As the glory that in sunset lingers
Humming to the hills their lullaby.

Fair and comely art thou, Virgin Mother,
As those twinkling eyes that splendor weep,
Star-eyed sentinels that only covet
Through the skyey folds of night to peep.

Fair and comely as the joy of heaven,
Beaming in a love-lit, suff'ring face ;
Fair and comely or in joy or sorrow
Art thou, Virgin Mother, Queen of Grace.

ST. MARY'S, VIGO CO., INDIANA.

MISSIONARIES NOT TRADERS.

BY THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

FURS were the most precious possessions of the missionaries. According to the *Relations*, the Hurons did not give them to the Jesuits at first, but Father Le Jeune sent them up from Quebec, as protection against the cold of the winter; or to enable the missionaries to make shoes from the skins. These furs were also available as an instrument of barter in order to obtain food, arms, utensils or articles fancied by the Indians, and especially to procure what was necessary to fulfill the onerous obligation of making presents to the natives.

This present making was really one of the heavy burdens of the missionaries. It confronted them every day in the week. An Indian never lets a chance go. At their "talks," dances, festivals, games and visits, presents are always made. Had the Black Robe dispensed himself from the custom it would have been a gross breach of the proprieties and would have exposed him to the suspicion of being a trader. Giving and receiving presents is the most elementary and most respected law in their code of manners.

It was by means of these peltries that buying and selling was conducted during the entire existence of the missions and the custom prevailed at Quebec, Three Rivers and Montreal, during the greater part of the seventeenth century. In fact, there was no other way of procuring the necessities of life, or of obtaining whatever European articles the Indians might want. The fathers usually kept a supply of these furs which necessarily accumulated as they were given in payment for services rendered both to the colonists and the Indians. Even during the eighteenth century such was the method followed in proportion as the white men penetrated further into the country and established their centres of trade along the great lakes. There is still preserved at Sandwich, which is the site of the old Detroit mission, an account book begun in 1751 by Father Potier and continued later on by Father de la Richardie who reestablished the mission.

That little book is quite a revelation in itself. Side by side with the receipts and expenditures are the records of births, marriages and deaths. Both together give the material and moral history of the mission.

Detroit was then a French village, of four or five hundred inhabitants, and had no dealings with Canada except once a year, towards the end of spring, when the fur traders sent up their flotilla of bark canoes. On that occasion every one purchased with peltries what was needed for the coming year. After that, business had to be done by barter or loans. Whatever surplus they had of anything they gave to their neighbors and received something in exchange.

In keeping their accounts the Fathers put down the value according to what they might estimate its worth to be in French money, though of money they really had none. It was all settled by the peltries, furnished either to the French traders from Montreal or Quebec, or as payment to the Indians for food or weapons or tools, or such like. But in all this they were extremely scrupulous never to purchase merely to sell. What they did with the skins and the fruits of the soil was to give them exclusively as payments for objects of which they stood in need. That was strictly within the prescriptions of the Church as Cardinal de Lugo puts it. "To buy in order to sell again is business; that is forbidden to ecclesiastics, but to buy for one's use or consumption, or to sell the products of one's possessions, or the fruit of one's labor, that is not against the law."

It happened, however, that all this made them the objects of the fiercest calumnies. The attack came from France, and the jealousy and hatred of their enemies arraigned these apostles of the new world as traders. There was absolutely no foundation for the charge, but it quite startled the Provincial in Paris. He immediately wrote to Father Le Jeune and reminded him of the ordination of the Seventh General Congregation of the Society which forbids all sorts of commerce under any pretext whatever. The watchful superior was excessively cautious and most anxious to remove every shadow of suspicion. Some of their brethren in France took alarm

and wrote to Father Le Jeune: "Do not look with the corner of your eye and do not touch with your little finger any of those peltries."

Father Le Jeune did not need to be reminded of his duty or to be instructed in the laws of the Church. He was aware of the canons of the Congregation, which forbid Jesuits anything like trading, and he knew that these prohibitions had been frequently renewed, especially by the Bull *De debito Pastoralis* of Pope Urban VIII. of February 27, of 1633, which expressly forbids all the missionaries of the various orders commerce of any kind, but he also knew that neither he nor any of his religious could be justly accused of the least fault against the prohibitions of the Bulls and the Decrees. He therefore answered his Provincial, "To gain some poor Indian to the Church, is the whole of our traffic in this new world. We are hunting only that in these dense woods, and we are fishing only for that in these deep rivers. We cannot expect to serve the Master long without being calumniated. It is the badge without which He would not recognize us," and profiting by this circumstance to explain to Father Binet the great difference between the use and the sale of peltries in Canada, he says: "Use is permitted and does not at all constitute trade, properly so-called. We make use only of these furs as the current money of the country in order to buy cheaply and easily objects of primary necessity. We use them also as garments or as parts of garments, and after we have used them they lose none of their value and are always so much ready money in hand. The Fur Company of New France does not interdict the use of these peltries either as means of exchange or as clothing, but it forbids the sale of them outside the limits of the colony. It proposes to have all these skins come ultimately into their storehouses, and be exported only in their vessels. This company alone has the right to trade in them, and it alone does so. There is all the profit that we draw from these furs and other rarities of this country, and all the use we make of them."

This explanation had no other object than to justify the missionaries with their superiors and their brethren in France,

as well as with the friends of the Society who were somewhat alarmed by the tumult which passion and self-interest had created around this great question of the traffic of the Jesuits in Canada. Father Le Jeune achieved that object. He did not write for his calumniators nor for those who were paid to attack him. "To answer," said he, "those who calumniate us as if we were making some underhand use of these skins, and sending them to France, would be simply making ourselves ridiculous. We must leave them something to say, and if their ears are willing to receive such tales, I would be guilty of the fault of fancying that they were open to the truth. Is it possible that men who have abandoned more even than the imagination of these calumniators can conceive, could make up their minds to exchange France for Canada, in order to come here for two or three bits of fur, and to trade in them without the knowledge of their superiors, and in utter disregard of their conscience and the fidelity which they owe to Him for whom they have reduced themselves to the impossibility of not being able to dispose of so much as a pin."

After some years these calumnies ceased, and for a time it was thought that the enemies of the Society were ashamed to maintain with so much effrontery and without proof charges which were so incredible. One would have to be ignorant of the character of such men to suppose in them any such sentiment of regret. Instead of laying down their arms, they were preparing in secret a new attack, and waiting a favorable moment to renew the fight.

Richelieu had just died, and some months after Louis XIII. followed his great minister to the grave. This was the chance to renew all the ridiculous accusations which had been disregarded for seven years past. The Universities and the Jansenists plunged into the fight; the former to crush their fortunate adversaries, and the latter to avenge the opposition of the Jesuits to their sect. The Canadian missionaries when attacked a second time, defended their outraged honor. Silence sometimes might encourage envy and give it the chance of easy triumph, and it is necessary then to speak out, because the rights of

justice and the good of souls require it. Father Vimont, Superior of the mission in Canada, wrote to Father Filleau in the name of all the missionaries who were very properly indignant: "Those who think that the Jesuits came to this new world to trade in the skins of animals, must regard them as exceedingly rash and devoid of all sense to expose themselves to such horrible dangers for such a contemptible object. It seems to me that they have better balanced minds than that, and that God alone and the salvation of souls is able to make them quit their country, and all the happiness that France could give them, to seek fire and torment in the midst of this savage people. Lest, however, there should be the slightest suspicion in the mind of those who do not know us, we have thought it proper to send herewith an authentic attestation, which will make it clear how far such thoughts are from our minds." This attestation, made and signed by the Directors and Associates of the Fur Company of New France was particularly important, in as much as these gentlemen had every interest to have no competitors in that particular industry. "Having known," said they, "that some persons are persuading themselves, and are giving currency to the calumny that the Jesuit Fathers have a share in the cargoes and shipments that are made in this country, intending by that means to diminish the esteem, and the value of the great works which they have undertaken here with incredible suffering and fatigue and at the peril of their lives, for the service and the glory of God in the conversion of the Indians to the Faith of Christianity, and to the Catholic apostolic and Roman religion, in which they have made, and are making every year, great progress, and in which the said company is particularly concerned, we feel ourselves obliged by the duty of Christian charity to disabuse those who have admitted any such belief by the declaration and certification which these present letters make, that the said Jesuit Fathers are not associated with the aforesaid Fur Company of New France, either directly or indirectly, and have no share in the acquisition or disposal of its merchandise."

This declaration should have put a quietus on the calumny;

but calumny, like error, has the wretched privilege of being indestructible, and of perpetuating its power from generation to generation. Thirteen years later the Letters of Pascal appeared. Encouraged by the immense success of these pamphlets, the Jansenists revived all the old accusations against the Canadian missionaries, and gave the matter so much importance that Rome took alarm. The General of the Society, Father Nickel, set on foot a rigorous investigation, and after the most scrupulous inquiry wrote to the Provincial of Paris: "I made an examination, and the result of my investigations proves to me that there is no truth in the accusations about trading." By the same post he wrote to Father Le Jeune, the Procurator of the missions of Canada: "I see with great pleasure that the accusations about trading, which have been levelled against the Fathers of Canada, are absolutely without foundation."

Serious men soon understood that hatred alone had revived these charges about illicit trade, and so the matter was soon lost sight of both in France and in Canada. The Colonial Superintendent, who was not all favorable to the Jesuits, speaks of it, but in a timid and embarrassed fashion. He commences by praising their zeal and piety, but he does so in order to make a perfidious insinuation, of which he does not dare to assume the responsibility. He writes to the Naval Secretary in 1667: "The greater part of the Jesuits are employed in the foreign missions for the conversion of the savages, a work altogether worthy of their zeal and piety if it is free from any admixture of self-interest, of which, it is said, they are quite open to suspicion in the matter of the fur trade, which they tell me takes place among the Outaouaks, and at Cape Magdalen. However, I have no certain knowledge about it." It is to be regretted that the Superintendent was not more precise. Among the accusers he takes care not to name, one might easily discover men whom Monsignor de Laval describes as adventurers in search of illicit game, men who had no reason to like the Jesuits, and who rejoiced in everything evil and never wished to see truth triumph. Injustice and calumny, however, did not discourage the mission-

aries. For, what with persistent hatred of the Jansenists and of the universities of France, and while harassed beyond endurance by a number of wild adventurers who had come to the colony, these apostles continued their arduous labors and merited the magnificent eulogium that Monsignor Laval gave them in writing to Pope Alexander VII.: "The Fathers of the Society of Jesus," he says, "are always ready to hear confessions and to announce the word of God; they teach the catechism to the children and to the ignorant, and are training everybody to piety, both in public and in private. With the same attention they look after the interests of the humbler classes, as well as those who are in better conditions of life. They busy themselves with works of mercy, and are lavish in the help they bestow on the poor. They know the language and the customs of the natives, they love them in Jesus Christ and are loved by them in return. Their revenues would not suffice for the large alms which they expend in works of charity if they were not the recipients of abundant help from France. They receive nothing for the administration of the sacraments; they are very submissive to me and show themselves always ready to execute my orders. They are men who practise peace and show good example. Some people do not love them, but it is because of jealousy or because the Fathers do not help them in their schemes of temporal advancement. Profoundly versed in theology and literature, and able to fill important positions in France, they devote themselves, nevertheless, with the greatest generosity to the salvation of souls. There is no tribe so barbarous or so remote whom they are not anxious to endeavor to gain for the Church of Christ."

The Bull of Clement IX., *Sollicitudo Pastoralis Officii*, of the 17th June, 1669, once again revived these accusations, which were supposed to have been set aside for ever. In this Bull the Sovereign Pontiff, after having reviewed the promises given to the missionaries by his predecessors, refuses to authorize certain acts, which, without being strictly business operations, might, however, have the appearance of being such. This very wise measure had the advantage of protecting the religious from the malignant interpretations which calumny

might asperse them with. On the enemies of the Society, however, it produced quite the contrary effect, and they based henceforth all their accusations on this Bull, and reproached the Jesuits with continuing their trading in spite of the injunctions of the Church. Father Oliva was then the General of the Society. He sent the Bull to Father Lalement, Superior of the Canadian missions, and ordered him to conform exactly to the ordinances and prohibitions of His Holiness. The order was not difficult to obey, as the missionaries had never carried on any unlawful traffic. After a serious examination of the situation and after long deliberation with the Fathers who composed his council, Father Lalement replied to the General that he considered that no innovations need be made in the matter of buying and selling. The custom that had always prevailed in Canada might continue, but he was quite willing to abandon it entirely if such were the will of the Sovereign Pontiff; but who could imagine, he urged, in a country where buying and selling is done by exchange, because we have no ready money, that the Holy Father forbids the missionaries to procure in the only way possible the very necessities of life.

THROUGH THREE HANDS.

BY HARRY VINCENT.

(Continued.)

“**N**OW, may I ask what was the cause of this quarrel?”
 “My friend and I,” said Brixton, “were regretting that this gentleman had given you such valuable assistance this morning.”

“Pray, why; would you have had me hurt?”

“Not a silken hair of your head, Barbara,” he replied; “but it is unfortunate that he and not some one else should have come to your rescue.”

“Oh, well, of course,” said Barbara, with half a smile, “if I had been given any choice in the matter I should probably have selected otherwise, since this gentleman was unknown to me.”

“In short,” interrupted Brixton, who evidently did not like

the girl's manner, "we have good reasons for believing that this person is a messenger to an enemy of the king, and has in his possession a treasonable document which we propose to take from him and deliver with his person to His Majesty's Secretary of State."

"How really interesting! who would have thought that my deliverer was a traitor!" Barbara said this so coyly and with a glance at me so full of meaning, that I made up my mind on the spot that whatever information they had she also had an inkling of, and that she was ready to help me on account of my defence of her in the morning. On this decision I prepared to play a bold game. I knew not how it would come out, but I determined it was my best plan, since my mission was evidently known and was threatened with danger.

"I cannot tell," I said, rising and bowing to Barbara, "how these gentlemen come by the information they claim to have nor how they happen to have confused me with the person they seek. But that they have made an egregious mistake is evident. The only true statement they have made about me is that I am the bearer of a message. That is a fact, I am. I have no knowledge of its contents but I do know that it is not intended for an enemy to the king, for a gentleman asked me to hand it, Miss Fenton, to you," and I drew out the envelope from my doublet and offered it to her.

This announcement created the surprise I had anticipated. Brixton coughed and moved uneasily in his chair. Foxe pulled vigorously at his moustaches, whilst Weldon, who had been almost reclining, sat bolt upright and slapped his hat, which had been crushed under his left arm, on the table, where he played nervously on it with his fingers.

"For me, oh! thank you," said Barbara, as she smilingly accepted the paper. "I am deeply indebted to you."

"I think it strange," said Brixton, when he had recovered himself, "that you should hand it to her only now, although it is some hours since you first saw her."

"I met Miss Fenton by chance this morning," I replied. "Besides, my instructions were that I should deliver it at her house."

"But it might have been of grave import," said she, with an amused expression of countenance not indicative of great concern on her part.

"I regret I did not take its import into consideration," I answered. "I only thought that man to be a fool who having once seen should fail to bring about a second meeting, if he had a good excuse for so doing."

Whereat the glow of rose color in her cheeks deepened the suspicion of a shade and she bowed ever so slightly, just with her eyelids as it were, but she made no reply.

For a minute there was an awkward pause. Barbara toyed with the letter. Brixton and Weldon took deep draughts of their liquor. Foxe raised his goblet to his lips and, finding it already empty, set it down again in disgust. I twiddled the hem of my doublet nervously and wondered what was coming next. I wasn't kept long in suspense. The game was getting desperate. Brixton wiped the beads of liquor off his beard and broke the silence.

"You must not mind us, Barbara," he said, "pray read your letter."

"Oh, it can wait," she answered carelessly.

"It may be of grave import," said Foxe, with as much expression of sarcasm as he dared assume towards the girl. "Besides, I should think your messenger would rather you opened it now after the statements we have made."

There was no help for it now, so I brazened the thing out.

"That is to the point," I said. "Pray read the letter and show these gentlemen how grossly mistaken they have been."

"Well, as you will," she answered with a shrug of her shoulders, and to my horror she burst the seal and unfolded the paper.

Beads of perspiration broke from my forehead and I felt it well-nigh impossible to control my features as I saw her eyes scanning the lines of the letter and knew that my three enemies were intently watching both of us. It seemed an eternity before I traced her glance to the foot of the sheet, when she folded it up and said indifferently:

"Yes, it is for me. It is from Lady Anne Carleton."

"I beg your pardon," said Brixton with conviction, "your messenger said it came from a gentleman."

"I said a gentleman handed it to me," I interposed.

"Quite possibly," said Barbara, with another shrug of her shoulders, "but it is from a lady nevertheless. I presume it is possible for a lady to write an epistle and give it to a gentleman to hand to a messenger. Is it not?"

"You must allow me to compliment you," said Weldon, who had been silent up to this, but sat watching things scrutinizingly, "upon being so well acquainted with your correspondent's handwriting as to be able to read it upside down."

Barbara winced under this remark, but immediately recovered herself.

"I consider such close observance of my actions is unbecoming gentlemen," she said with fine hauteur.

Whereupon I jumped to my feet, and, glad of any pretext whatever for distracting their attention from the letter, told the girl that I entirely coincided with her, and should be glad, if she would let me, to take up her quarrel into my own hands.

This remark so incensed Brixton and his friends that they almost flew at me, talking meanwhile all together most excitedly, at the tops of their voices, and making menacing gestures. I cannot remember exactly what they said, but the gist of it was that they would not fight me whilst I stood as Barbara's champion, but for any other cause at any time.

I replied hotly that the cause was indifferent to me and that any time would suit, either singly or all together, and I was for suiting the action to the word, for I stood there ready with my hand on my sword.

But Barbara rose quietly from her seat and awed us all with her dignity and firmness. "Gentlemen," she said, "I am the queen of this little court and I will be obeyed by my friends. And those who wish to be my friends must not quarrel with each other. I repeat that, notwithstanding your suspicious, this letter is for me. Now let us consider the incident closed and speak of other things in a more friendly manner."

And she herself started a conversation on the subject of falconry, asking first one and then another's views on particular points of the sport. It was when the subject was well launched that the little stranger in the corner got up and went out. I should have passed this unnoticed, however, but for the fact that Barbara excused herself at the same time.

Brixton jerked his head in the direction of the door. "Since Miss Petticoats has decided to put her finger into this pie," he said, "we had better push the dish aside till she has had her fill of it. It won't take long to satisfy a woman of such meat."

"As you will," I answered, in disgust of the way he spoke of a girl whose favor I take it he would have been only too proud of.

Then falconry was dropped like the garment of a leper, and the tables were pounded for more drink and the waiters soundly rated for their tardiness in bringing it, and there ensued such talk as I considered it was not the place of any young gentleman, Catholic or not, to participate in or listen to. I got up, therefore, to go out.

"Going?" said Brixton with a sneer.

"Yes," I answered as coldly as I could, for his manner galled me.

"But you'll come back," he asked, "won't you?"

I drew my sword and laid it across the table.

"A gentleman, nowadays," I said, "is of little account without his sword. I fancy I may be relied upon to come back for it."

"Certainly, you shall find it there untouched when you return," he replied.

I acknowledged his bow and left the room.

I had scarce closed the door behind me before I felt a gentle touch on the arm, and I found Barbara at my elbow with a finger of caution to her lips. She led me to the end of the passage, where we were hidden ourselves, but could command a view of the head of the stairs and the door of the room I had just left.

"I thought you would never come," she whispered.

"I came as soon as I could possibly get away," I said. "Please give me back the letter."

"Not for worlds," she answered.

"You must. I cannot tell what harm I have done by giving it to you," I said, with more earnestness than was wise, judging from her renewed entreaties for caution.

"Far less than by any other course you could have chosen," she answered. "It was bold, but it was like your nature, brave, as you proved yourself this morning. And as you helped me then you must let me help you now, for you are in graver peril than I was. "Briefly," she continued, "this has happened. I have it from my father, who got it from Brixton himself. It seems your father's house has been under suspicion for some time. The prime minister has information that you have been sheltering there a certain Garnett, Jesuit priest, who is suspected of being connected with Catesby and his crew. Knowing their love for adventure," and she pointed in the direction of the room we had left, "he has accordingly engaged them to watch the house for some time past with instructions to follow any one leaving it. Your departure this morning they were at once advised of and they quickly rode after you. They had no knowledge of the letter; that was merely surmise on their part, and that it was intended for a certain priest, by name Gerard, who is supposed to be in hiding in these parts. I do not ask for further confidence on your part, but I am candid enough to say I fancy they are on the right scent. So I must refuse to return you the paper yet. When the carriage arrives and we drive home, they must see I still have it in my possession. Then must you above all else avoid a collision with them. Give them the slip as soon as you can and as nearly as possible to sundown; meet me at the big oak, a short distance from the road, about two miles to the right as you leave the inn. I will return it then and it can be delivered to whomever it is intended for. Promise me that you consent."

She had become so earnest in developing her plan that she was standing quite close to me and as she whispered I could feel her breath upon my cheek. Her hand she had placed

unconsciously upon my shoulder, and as I gave my consent, I made bold to take it in mine and I kissed it with more feeling than mere respect.

"Oh, you mustn't do that, it isn't right," she cried almost aloud, so that it was now my turn to counsel caution.

But her manner was so pretty and her intonation so devoid of anything like real annoyance, that for the moment I completely forgot Father Garnett and his message, and I would have told her there and then all that was going on in my heart, but for a sudden interruption.

The door of the room opened. Barbara held up her finger in warning. First Brixton's head, then his massive shoulders and lastly his whole body emerged. He tiptoed his way to the head of the stairs and looked down. Barbara, pushing me into the remotest corner of the passage, advanced towards him and said :

"May I help you to find any one?"

Brixton turned in astonishment. He evidently did not relish being caught in such a position and he stammered confusedly :

"I was looking for you, Barbara."

"What strange methods you adopt," she replied quietly.

"I do not wonder you think so," Brixton answered, "but you must admit that the presence of young Sarsfield in the house is some excuse for my conduct."

"Oh, then you seek him and not me," said Barbara.

"If the truth must be told," replied Brixton with irritation, "in the face of information such as I have and you have not, it is not astonishing that I should be gratified if I saw him also."

"Ah, I know," said Barbara, with conviction, "you expected to find us together, perhaps to catch me returning the letter to him. But you are mistaken, you see, for I still have it. There, I'll show it to you."

As Barbara revealed it, I could not see the expression of Brixton's face, but I heard something which sounded more than anything else like the suppression of an oath. However, Barbara passed it unnoticed. "Now, if you seek Mr. Sars-

field," she continued, "you may possibly find him downstairs; if you want me, I am ready to return with you."

Brixton bowed profoundly, and they entered the room together.

And then I was seized with a fear that, in their cupidity, they might attempt to take the letter from her by force and read it before they could be stopped, so I opened the door quickly and followed them unceremoniously enough, I fear. But I had either underestinated her caution or overestimated their daring, for I found them seated quietly and talking commonplaces, which they continued until the landlord came to announce that the carriage had arrived and Sir Digby was waiting his daughter below.

"You won't fail me?" said Barbara.

"We shall be delighted to come," answered Brixton.

To me: "I may expect you, too?" she said.

I gave the same reply in the singular. I noticed Brixton and his companions looking oddly at each other.

"Come and see me off," said Barbara, and we all followed her down the stairs to the front door. The last we saw of her she was smilingly waving us good-by with the letter.

"I hope you are satisfied now," I said to Brixton.

"For the present, yes," he replied. "But we shall meet again to-night."

He evidently believed we had all received the same invitation, but I suspected otherwise. The fact was much in my favor, however. I was left alone to keep unmolested my engagement for sundown.

Arrived at our trysting-place I was surprised and utterly disappointed to find awaiting me, not Barbara herself, but the little stranger of the inn. His horse was tied to a tree near by. As I walked up the beaten path he advanced towards me and with a low bow handed me a note.

I looked it over and remarked: "This is not addressed. Is it for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"From whom?"

"The lady we recently saw at the inn, sir."

"Do you know her?" I inquired.

"I never saw her before to-day."

"Nor know the contents of this note?"

"No, sir."

I excused myself and he raised his hat, bowed and withdrew whilst I broke the seal and read as follows: "If the bearer of this note has a scar on his right arm, just above the wrist, as of a dagger thrust, he is our friend and may be trusted." I folded the paper up and put it in my doublet.

"You must," I said, "have considerable confidence in her ladyship to place yourself so entirely at her disposal. May I ask, since you say you never saw her before, the cause of this extraordinary trust in her?"

"Only what I have seen this afternoon," he answered.

"You mean," I said, "her defence of me."

"Yes, sir."

"Then I may surmise that you did not believe what you saw; that you did not think the letter I gave her was really intended for her?"

"I saw, sir," he replied, "that you were in grave peril through the enmity of the three gentlemen who were with us; and I could not but admire the way she came to your defence and the skill with which she conducted it. I trust, sir, you will not take this expression of my opinion amiss."

"My good fellow," I said, "I take nothing amiss," and I offered him my hand. He extended his and I took it firmly in mine and then quickly, before he suspected anything, I shot up the sleeve of his doublet and held it there. He struggled violently to release himself, and as he did so, there was a footstep behind, and, half turning, I saw Barbara coming towards us, smiling and expectant. "Is it so?" she asked.

"Look for yourself," I replied.

She leaned over his arm as I held it firmly for her and looked at it, even placing her delicate finger in the scar, saying: "Yes, it is so." Then I released him.

The little man was shaking with excitement. He readjusted his dress and said with indignation:

"You take unfair advantage of me."

"Nay, nay," said Barbara, "neither say nor think so, I beseech. We have but descended to a little stratagem, for by this scar your identity is revealed, and we know you are our friend. See, I can tell you who you are. Your name is Roger Tillman, and you are servant to John Gerard, the Jesuit priest. Is it not so?"

I was somewhat surprised at this, but the poor little man was so taken aback he could make no answer, so Barbara continued :

"It would be useless to deny it even if you were so inclined, for we are positive. You are known quite well to my father, who, however, will shield you for this gentleman's service to me this morning. But by all means must you avoid those three others we recently saw at the inn, lest they also discover you and take you with them to London. This gentleman here is your friend, and is the bearer of a message to your master, but as he is closely watched, you must deliver it for him, riding as hard as your horse will carry you to do so and to advise your master his whereabouts are known and his safety insecure. Here is the message which yourself saw this gentleman hand me this afternoon at the inn."

At this point I interrupted, saying: "No, no, it must not be. I am the messenger and must myself deliver the letter."

"Hush, hush," she said, "and be governed by me, for at present my head is cooler than yours. With you the letter is quite unsafe, but this man can deliver it and the priest make his escape whilst Brixton is trying to fasten the guilt on you."

"How shall I know," I asked, "that this man is a proper party to give it to?"

"*In nomine Domini*," he said quietly, raising his hat.

I grasped his hand warmly, saying: "It is well. Give him the letter."

And as Barbara handed it to him she said: "Tell your master what has happened this afternoon and how I came into possession of it, and that the lady who handed it to you gives him her word of honor she knows not a syllable of its contents."

He took the paper and, mounting his horse, raised his hat

and rode quickly away. We watched him till he reached the top of a neighboring hill, when he turned in his saddle and bowed again in such a manner as only association with gentlemen could have taught him. Then neither of us spoke until the sound of his horse's hoofs had died away in the distance.

Nor can I attempt to describe the feelings which now came over me, a mixture as they were of deep gratitude for her services and a sincere regret for my necessary separation from her. For, still mindful of my safety, she commenced to urge my immediate departure for the inn, whence I should ride back to London with all haste to apprise my father and his guests of their peril. And in order that a meeting and consequent quarrel with Brixton might be avoided, she had invited them all to her house and they probably awaited her return there then.

"Is this then 'Good-bye'?" I asked tenderly.

For the first time since we had met she lost her self-control, for, blushing deeply, she hung her head and answered simply, like the girl she was: "I cannot say."

"But you hope we may meet again?" I said earnestly.

"'Tis scarce maidenly," she replied, her eyes still diverted, "to express such a desire on first acquaintance."

"At least I have leave to seek you again," I pressed.

For some seconds, which seemed minutes, she did not answer. Then she said sweetly, almost in a whisper: "Yes, if you wish," averting her face still more and blushing afresh. My heart bounded with joy and I took her hand and was for raising it at once to my lips. But she withheld it, a kind smile softening her eyes, which now met mine again, and said prettily: "Not as you did this morning; it isn't right." So I just touched her fingers with my lips, tenderly, but respectfully.

Then I turned and walked quickly away lest I should be tempted to go back to her, nor looked round once till I reached the stile at the road, when I raised my hat for the last time and saw she was still standing and looking after me.

And not long afterwards I was on horseback again riding for London and home, and my consolation at every fresh mile of separation was that I was doing her bidding.

(To be continued.)

MISSION NOTES.

CHINA.

Although the disorders in China have not yet ended, we have not heard lately of any new massacre of Christians. In many places where death was imminent, the European troops arrived in time to deliver those who were about to fall victims to the fury of the Boxers. Wonderful stories are told of the preservation of Christian communities, even before the arrival of the allied troops, when there seemed to be no possibility of escaping the storm. At one time the infuriated crowd lost their way. At another they were misled by wrong information. The pagans themselves gave the strangest news after their frenzy had passed away. In more cases than one they said that they had been confronted by apparently supernatural defenders when about to attack Christian churches and villages.

The "Boxers," whose English title is due to a mistake in translating the Chinese name, are a branch of a vast secret society, namely, that of "The Great White Water-lily," or "Nen-uphar." They are not only made up of the scum of the people, but when on their robber raids they invoke evil spirits, recite their incantations and prostrate themselves on the earth. They were deluded by the most extraordinary convictions; as, for instance, that they could not be killed. Some of the wild fanatics who led them asserted that, even though their heads were cut off, they could resume them again. Very many of the Boxers were cut down by the Chinese regular soldiers.

The misery of the Christian missions is very great. Orphans wander without a shelter, and sometimes as many as seven hundred persons are crowded into a few wretched sheds. How long it will take to build up the churches, residences and schools!

A very great number of those who have been exposed to the fearful trial have shown truly admirable constancy. Many examples have been altogether extraordinary. Bands of sixty, ninety, etc., have died together. There is in this awful disaster one splendid consolation, which is the number of martyrs. It seems to have been the ordinary practice of the Boxers to first urge the Christians to apostatize. When death followed refusal, it was clearly death for the faith; that is, martyrdom, the most glori-

ous of all deaths, and one of the most extraordinary of all graces. Bishop Favier, Vicar Apostolic of Peking, the capital of China, affirmed that there were at least twenty thousand martyrs in his vicariate alone.

Protestant missionaries have admitted that before the Boxer outbreak there were in China proper considerably more than one million of Catholics. The highest number of communicant members that Protestant missionaries claim for themselves is one hundred thousand, although other authorities, Protestant, too, say there were not forty thousand.

Mr. Henry Norman, who is not a Catholic, has lately testified to the higher esteem in which Catholic missionaries have been held by the Chinese, and the far greater success of their work.

From Protestant sources we learn that there are fifty-three separate Protestant organizations at work in China, with twenty-five hundred missionaries and five thousand native pastors and assistants. Here is an army to spread every variety of doctrine ! A large number of the twenty-five hundred missionaries are young unmarried women drawn from nearly all the Protestant countries of Europe and from Canada. Before starting to preach the Gospel they received very little training. Yet we are told of the *want of tact* in the Catholic missionaries in China !

Before the insurrection there were laboring amongst the Chinese two hundred and sixty-nine priests of the Foreign Missions of Paris ; one hundred and seventy French Jesuits ; one hundred and twenty-six Franciscans, mostly Italians ; eighty-five Lazarists ; sixty-nine priests of the Belgian Foreign Missions ; twenty-three Spanish Dominicans ; seventeen priests of the Foreign Missions of Milan ; ten Augustinians, and fourteen German and Dutch missionaries.

How earnest should be our prayers and how generous our offerings for those desolated missions of the vast Chinese Empire, which contains more than one-fourth of the whole human race !

After the entrance of the allied troops into the Chinese capital on the 16th of August, the church and adjoining residence of the Catholic missionaries were found to have been riddled with bullets. They were so far from the seat of the legations that no mention was made of them in the telegrams. Mines had been exploded under the walls by the Chinese rebels unable to

enter, and so increased the death-roll made by bullets and famine. There remained food enough for only two days more at the rate of two ounces for each person. Every animal within reach had been killed. Leaves of trees and roots had been eaten. One hundred and twenty children had died, and fifty-one were buried by an explosion. There were four hundred graves made in the garden. One priest died of a wound, two others had been slaughtered in their parishes, and one was massacred in the street. News had been received of the death of four or five other priests, native Chinese. The fire had raged everywhere, the residence itself having been saved by the heroic defence of forty French and Italian marines.

At the Sisters' establishment there were five hundred children and one thousand refugees. It rained bullets on the buildings. Mass was said at two o'clock in the morning and Holy Communion given. On the night of the 14th the soldiers of the allies gained an entrance into the city, and on the 16th scaled the walls of the residence while the cannon swept the streets. Three of the four churches were in ruins, and the houses of the Christians, after having been pillaged, had been fired by the rebels. Another day and the houses of priests and Sisters would probably have been blown up !

AFRICA.

CENTRAL MADAGASCAR.

Arivonimamo.—Twenty-six years ago the Catholic missionary, Father Laboucarie, was an object of mockery for a crowd of natives who passed muster for Protestants. It was a Quaker stronghold ; the Catholics began to multiply, however, and after a time they had a large school and a home for boys, with a number of mission stations near. An insurrection came and swept away everything. Some twenty churches were burned down. The missionaries began again, and in 1896 they had eighteen schools in the district, with fourteen hundred scholars. Now there are one hundred and twenty schools with eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-one scholars. Since 1897, one hundred and six school chapels have been erected.

The name of Protestant minister was objectionable, so an evangelist of the Evangelical Missions of Paris said : " Here we must call ourselves French, not Protestant." We are assured, however, that the natives are not willing to have Protestantism in any form.

Congo Free State.—Father de Vos tells us of some of the difficulties of missionary work within four degrees of the equator. "Frightful heat"—so that the children had to wrap green leaves about their feet, so hot was the ground; then rains such as fall only in the tropics; a poor wretched people whom it is impossible to get to work, who make a meal on a banana, a little cassava, a mouse, and, for a feast, a rat! The sick are allowed apparently to starve to death. Hence it is that the training of the native children in Catholic establishments is a matter of extreme importance for the civilization of those poor negro races. The children in charge of the Sisters are taught, amongst other things, to make bricks for the construction of schools, etc.

A Day at a Congo Mission Station.—Ki-Santu, in the Congo Free State, is under the direction of the Belgian Jesuit missionaries. As you approach the settlement, the air rings with the sounds of labor. Trowels and hammers are plied busily. Here are blacksmiths; there, carpenters; there again, brickmakers. The place resembles a bee-hive. The activity of this little world begins with the dawn. Mass is said at a quarter past five. After a substantial morning meal, the different bands are formed for their work about six, under the direction of Jesuit lay brothers. The Superior himself superintends the cultivation of the large fields, and makes his tour breviary in hand. The headmen and their assistants report to him at noon and in the evening. One of the brothers, besides superintending the cooking, is doctor, chemist, botanist and gardener.

A path bordered by laurel-rose leads to the fields. There, working together, are about sixty women. Their work, if well done, is not continued in the afternoon. Banana cultivation extends over several acres of ground. The banana tree will stand the drought well; storms are more dangerous to it, for they will seize its long, palm-like leaves, and easily tear its short roots from the soil. When dry it will yield a sort of flour, which is baked into cakes. Mango groves require no labor. The large fruit, a great favorite of the blacks, will almost make a meal. Around are fields planted with vegetables of different kinds. As these are found to succeed, they are sent to other mission stations. Here is the tassel of the Indian corn, there the trumpet-shaped flower of the sweet potato. And that spot of tender green on the hill is cassava. We hear the shrill voices of the school children, a part of whose day is devoted to manual labor.

From the best of them are chosen the future catechists. This stream at our feet has run dry, for its water has been turned aside for irrigation.

CEYLON.

A Singhalese Picture.—Morahela is a village, small and poor, about twenty-one miles from the missionary centre. It is a laughing oasis in the midst of a jungle ; a Christian settlement lost in a country of Buddhists. The village, properly so-called, consists of only eight houses or so, gathered round the church. The rest of the congregation are scattered on every side for a distance of twelve miles. The people came here when the coffee plantations were prospering. In spite of the opposition of the pagan natives, they built their little church and added to it a room for their missionary, who finds it a very positive pleasure to come and stay some time amongst them. He is here as a father amongst his children. Here he built a school for them. He it is that baptized all their children and prepared them for the First Communion. Such and such a family he led out of a life of sin, such another one he reunited. There are Pedru and Manuel, he attended their parents at the hour of death. Those two lads would run over all Ceylon to please the missionary. Two little girls bring eggs tied up in a handkerchief. They are the children of the catechist, who read the public prayers with such an accent of conviction as to move those who listened. Broken down by want he died, saying that he would be more useful to his little family in heaven than he could be on earth.

Those poor people will say their beads when the day's labor is done. One of them, about to be unjustly punished for sending his child to the Catholic school, said : " Though you should cut off my head, my children will continue in their own school. They should know God, and it is only there they are taught to know Him."

LETTERS FROM NORWAY.

Mgr. Fallize continues, in *Les Missions Catholiques*, the account of his journeys through his vicariate apostolic of Norway. He writes of the " mysterious beauty " of summer, when the sun never sets ; and the " horrors of winter," when, even at noon, there is only the silver moonlight or the fantastic aurora borealis. The stormy concert when the tempests tear off the icy crests of

the cliffs and fling them far below into the deep gloom of the narrow glens is enough to make a person tremble. The Norwegians he calls the giants of the North, the Finns are Mongolian in type and tongue, and the small Laplander spends his life with his reindeer. The ocean path leads through innumerable islands, rocky and steep, which offer here and there a rare spot of cultivated ground. On these is many a Catholic, thus removed from places of worship. Those scattered sheep must be sought out by their priests, who have much to suffer in these painful journeys. One of the missionaries, Father Offerdahl, tells of the miserable scene around him at the end of such a journey. A poor old man was lying on a few boards nailed together, with scarcely any covering, while the winds played through the countless openings in the walls. When he received Holy Communion, he seemed to forget all his sorrows. He died soon after, and a crowd of the poor people who manage to live on those islands came to bury him. They heard Mass and listened with interest to what the good priest said to them. At his departure they begged him not to forget them, but to return once more to instruct them.

The Laplanders are at the end of the habitable earth. They can live thus far north owing to the Gulf Stream. Thus their ports and fiords are open when the ports of St. Petersburg, Christiania and Stockholm are ice-bound. Russia needs those open ports in winter to harbor her growing fleet. Hence she is advancing her military outposts in this direction, and binding them with Finland and St. Petersburg by railroads. She seems to be preparing her way in Norway, too, for a Russian church has been lately built there and is attended by Russian monks. These are the Czar's pioneers. Sweden and Norway, "hostile brothers," had better settle their differences in face of the astute Muscovite.

In Norway, Protestant land, there is absolute liberty in the matter of education and religion. In many circumstances Catholics are exempted from certain taxes. The State never interferes in Catholic marriages, and the Church can receive and bestow property without any hindrance. A lesson for some Catholic countries! When a funeral service was held in the church of St. Olaf for the dead President of France, King Oscar sent his representative, and the most distinguished men of Christiania were present.

AN ABYSSINIAN SEMINARY.

The seminary of Alitiena, in Abyssinia, is the hope of that distant mission. It has been said, and no doubt it will be found generally true, that it will be impossible to sustain serious missionary work in pagan lands without a native clergy. This is especially true of Abyssinia, where the European missionaries direct the labors of the native priests. Likeness of race, character and language wins the confidence of the people more readily and admits to closer and readier relations with them.

The seminary counts sixty native students. A thousand dollars a year supports them all. They eat but twice a day. Barley bread, rice, peas, and two goats a week furnish their commissariat. A modest supply of cotton suffices for their clothing. Their head-dress and footgear cost nothing.

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN SCANDINAVIA.

A contributor to the London *Tablet*, who has lately travelled in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, gives very pleasant news of the spreading of the Catholic faith in these countries. The writer assures us that a great desire is awakening in the northern peoples to find out the true Church. "Lutheranism, sapped by modern rationalism and materialism, antiquated in its bigotry, divided into sects, has ceased to satisfy the minds and hearts of men."

A Catholic missionary lately applied to the prefect of a Norwegian town for a place in which to lecture on religion. The prefect led him to the Lutheran dean, who at once offered his own hall, but on one condition, that the lecture should be upon the points of religion concerning which they differed. The dean, the prefect and a crowded audience attended, to their own great satisfaction. Pope Leo, with his apostolic heart, is hoping for the return of these northern nations, being convinced, that, if converted, they would be, as he has said, the strength and glory of the Church.

When the great theological writer, Dr. Krogh Tonning, became a Catholic not long ago, and was followed by another Lutheran theologian, Sverensen, the principal paper of Christiania maintained that they had a perfect right to choose for themselves.

In Norway, the State religion is Lutheranism, imposed upon the people by a Swedish monarch against their will. For years the old religion lingered on and was loved, its priests living in

concealment amongst the people. A grotto is shown to voyagers along the coast where one of the priests continued to say Mass until his death. The people assembled before dawn, guided by the light from the place where the altar was prepared. When the old man died, they buried him in that lonely spot.

Lutheranism was introduced by deceit, the ministers of the new gospel calling themselves priests and imitating the Mass. By degrees they filled the minds of those simple people with the most absurd untruths about the ancient Catholic faith; telling them, amongst other things, that there were no more Catholic priests in the world. The Norwegians love honesty, and now that they have a chance of learning how greatly they have been deceived, conversions are becoming numerous. The people love to hear a Catholic sermon, and are only too glad when it lasts for an hour. In one small place, a priest received thirty grown people into the Church in a year. Catholic hospitals are everywhere popular, and a great means of breaking down prejudice. Those who can, pay for the time they spend in them. Sometimes money is given by the cities. The Lutheran ladies of Christiania collect every year twenty-five hundred dollars for a splendid Catholic hospital near their city.

In Norway all, or nearly all, Catholic disabilities are now removed. It was a provision of the law that a testator could impose upon his heirs the obligation of cremating his body; but this was taken away by act of parliament at the request of the Vicar Apostolic.

The population of Norway is only about 2,000,000. There are thirty priests, of whom ten are natives. Twenty of the fifty nuns are also Norwegians. Near the church of St. Olave, in Christiania, is a printing press whence is issued a weekly Catholic paper.

In Sweden, things are not so promising. There are only 2,000 Catholics out of 4,000,000 of people. But then those northern missions are quite recent. Stockholm, the capital, has four Catholic missions. As late as the time of Napoleon the Third, it was penal for a Lutheran to attend a Catholic Mass in Sweden, or for a priest to attempt to convert people. Things are now better. There are several Catholics in the Upper House of Parliament. The wife of the Dean of the University of Upsala has lately become a Catholic, as well as the daughter of the dramatist Strindberg. German rationalism has made ravages amongst the higher class. This, and the excessive love of pleasure,

and the admiration for their Protestant national hero, King Gustavus Adolphus, make the progress of the Church somewhat difficult.

It is only for the last fifty years that the Danes enjoy religious freedom. Fifty years ago, Catholics were 400, now they are 9,000, in a population a little over 2,000,000. There are 40 priests, of whom 20 are Jesuits, Redemptorists or Marists. Copenhagen, the capital, has five churches or chapels, and nearly 600 children in the Catholic schools. A Jesuit college has 100 boys. There are two Catholic weekly papers, and other publications are issuing from the Catholic press, which has been found to be one of the greatest means of assisting in the spread of the faith. Those countries venerate as their patrons their three Catholic kings—St. Olave in Norway; St. Eric in Sweden; St. Canute in Denmark.

THE SHRINE.

A religious wishes to publish in *The Messenger*, in fulfilment of a promise made by her and community, their heartfelt thanks for her recovery from a peculiarly serious illness. They attribute her cure to a novena to the Sacred Heart together with the repeated application to the seat of the disease of a badge and a relic of Catharine Tegakwitha which she constantly wore. As her recovery was little short of miraculous, she feels that it was all due to the Sacred Heart, and now earnestly wishes to return public thanks for the favor done her, while praying that the remaining years of her life may be more than ever devoted to Him who has been so merciful to her.

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