

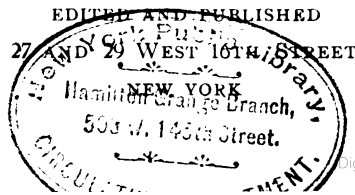
THE PILGRIM  
OF  
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS  
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

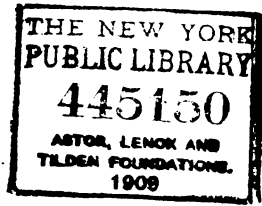
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The Interests of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs,  
Auriesville, to the Cause of the Martyrs who  
died there, to the American and other  
Missions, past and present.

NINETEENTH YEAR. VOLUME XIX.

January-December, 1903





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THE PILGRIM

OF

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# THE PILGRIM

OF

## OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

JANUARY, 1903.

No. I.

### A GREAT CEREMONY.

DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT PENETANGUISHENE, NEAR THE SITE OF THE JESUIT MISSIONS AMONG THE HURONS.

**W**E have to go back to the early Christians in Rome if we would look for heroism and fortitude that stand the test of historical comparison with the record of the French missionaries among the Huron Indians in the seventeenth century. In this comparison the extremes of Paganism are seen displayed, dominated, however, by the common chord of lust for cruelty that abides in Paganism in all its forms.

The distinguished Jesuit historian, Father Jones, of St. Mary's College, Montreal, in his address at the opening of the Memorial Church, Penetanguishene, on Thursday last, commented on the indifference of Ontario and Canadian Catholics to the possession of the many holy places consecrated by the blood of the early Jesuit martyrs.

For even longer ages were the Catacombs neglected.

As the early Christians, seeking for shelter from the blood-hungry Paganism of Rome buried themselves in the Catacombs, so did the Christian missionaries of Huronia find similar security from the savage Iroquois in the Catacombs of the primeval forest. The more we follow the parallel the more clearly do we discern the will of God repeating in the new world those glorious tests of fortitude and strength which were endured by the infant Church in the old.

But perhaps we cannot do better than refer to the record

itself, following the torture and death of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant, where Father Jones laid it down. Rev. Father Paul Ragueneau, Superior of the Missions, is the narrator. His letter is found in the Cramoisy edition, and tells of the removal of the House of Sainte Marie to the Island of St. Joseph, to which was then given the name of "Christian Island," after the fearful onslaught of the Iroquois, under cover of darkness, had spent its fury :

"In consequence," he says, "of the bloody victories obtained by the Iroquois over our Hurons at the commencement of the Spring of last year, 1649, and of the more than inhuman acts of barbarity practised toward their prisoners of war and the cruel torments pitilessly inflicted on Father Jean de Brébeuf and Father Gabriel Lalemant, pastors of this truly suffering church, terror having fallen upon the neighboring villages, which were dreading a similar misfortune—all the inhabitants dispersed. These poor distressed people forsook their lands, houses and villages, and all that in the world was dearest to them, in order to escape the cruelty of an enemy whom they feared more than a thousand deaths and more than all that remained before their eyes, calculated as that was to strike terror into the hearts already wretched. Many, no longer expecting humanity from man, flung themselves into the deepest recesses of the forest, where, though it were filled with wild beasts, they might find peace. Others took refuge upon some frightful rocks that lay in the midst of a great lake, choosing rather to find death in the waters, or on the cliffs, than in the fires of the Iroquois. A goodly number having cast in their lot with the people of the neutral nation and with those living on the mountain heights, whom we call the Tobacco Nation, the most prominent of those who remained invited us to join them rather than flee so far away—trusting that God would espouse their cause when it should have become our own and would be mindful of their protection provided they took care to serve Him. With this in view they promised us that they would all become Christians and be true to the faith till the death came which they saw prepared on every side for their destruction. This was exactly what God was requiring of us—that in times

of dire distress we should flee with the fleeing, accompanying them everywhere, whithersoever their faith should direct them and that we should lose sight of none of these Christians, although it might be expedient to detain the bulk of our forces wherever the main body of the fugitives might decide to settle down. This was the conclusion we came to after having commended the matter to God.

“ We told off certain of our Fathers to make some itinerant missions—some in a small bark canoe, for voyaging along the coasts, and visiting the more distant islands of the great lake at sixty, eighty and a hundred leagues from us; others to journey by land, making their way through forest depths and scaling the summits of mountains. Go which way we might God was our guide, our defence, our hope and our all, what was there to fear for us? But on each of us lay the necessity of bidding farewell to our old home of Sainte Marie, to its structures, which, though plain, seemed to the eyes of our poor savages master works of art; and to its cultivated lands which were promising us an abundant harvest. That spot must be forsaken, which I may call our second fatherland, our home of innocent delights, since it had been the cradle of the Christian Church, since it was the temple of God and the home of the servants of Jesus Christ. Moreover, for fear that our enemies, only too wicked, should profane the sacred place and derive from it an advantage we ourselves set fire to it and beheld burn before our eyes, in less than one hour, our work of nine or ten years.”

Such was the faith which the early Christians took with them into the Catacombs. Well were the principal forest Catacombs of Huronia in 1649 sought for in that island designated Christian Island; and well have the priceless memories of that sanctuary been preserved. As the ages pass the lustre of those possessions will impress more and more the souls of living generations of Christians. Father Jones marvelled, not without cause, at contemporary indifference and neglect. Centuries have gone, and true it is that the faith which the missionaries lighted in Huronia has never been quenched. But the faith will shine far brighter in future years. The Iroquois

are now but a name. The work of the Church is no longer retarded by their savagery and violence. But the Church is to-day confronted by a more influential if less violent foe. The spirit of materialism must be shaken off by the Catholics of Canada before the heirs of Brébeuf and Lalemant can hope to rescue the holy places of Huronia from the darkness and isolation that have enshrouded them for centuries.—*The Catholic Register*.

PENETANGUISHENE, Dec. 11.—This day will be memorable in the future records of Canada. The centuries had left their mellowing touch on the page that holds the story of the Jesuit martyrs, Brébeuf and Lalemant, before any monument to their great faith was proposed, to mark the holy ground consecrated by their blood. The flight of time added increasing glory to the written relation of their death. The sculptor and the builder now stand forth to re-write the glorious page on enduring stone.

The Memorial Church in Penetanguishene, the first of these monuments, was blessed to-day, after sixteen years spent upon its construction. The corner-stone was laid in 1886. The walls were raised, but there were not means available for completing the interior. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has for some years been offered up in the basement of the structure, utilized as a church by the congregation.

The present Archbishop of Toronto took an interest in the unfinished task from the time of his first official visit to Penetanguishene, and it was due to him in a large measure that progress has been pushed on in a satisfactory manner latterly.

The Memorial Church as seen to-day is still without the tower included in the original designs of a stone building in French renaissance style with transepts. The external dimensions are 90 by 160 feet, the internal measurements 45 by 120 feet, affording accommodation for 900 people.

Mr. A. W. Holmes, the well-known church architect of Toronto, has had charge of the uncompleted portion of the undertaking, and has made the best use of time and money to get the building in readiness for the blessing which was performed by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, in the presence



of a representative assemblage of the bishops, clergy and laity of the Province of Ontario. The town of Penetanguishene made every preparation for the occasion. The leading citizens, with the Mayor, met the special train bringing the visitors in the morning from Toronto. The members of the C. M. B. A. and C. O. F. wearing badges, walked in processional order from the railway station.

The blessing of the building outside and within was performed by the Archbishop of Toronto before the doors were opened to the congregation. Then began the solemn celebration of the first Mass. Flowers and lights were placed upon the altar, and the celebrant, the Right Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of Peterborough, entered the sanctuary. Very Rev. Dean Egan, of Barrie, was deacon and Father Beaudoin, of Lafontaine, sub-deacon. Vicar-General McCann, of Toronto, was assistant priest, and the attendants upon the Archbishop of Toronto, Very Rev. Father Barrett, C.S.S. R., and Very Rev. Arch-deacon Casey, of Lindsay, Rev. Father Hand, of Toronto, was master of ceremonies.

The Right Rev. F. P. McEvay, Bishop of London, assisted in the Sanctuary, and among the clergy present were Very Rev. Father Filiatrault, S.J., Montreal; Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., Montreal; Rev. Father Allard, S.J., Rev. J. M. Cruise, Toronto; Rev. Fathers James Minehan, James A. Trayling, Port Colborne; M. J. Jeffcott, Stayner; F. Rohleder, Toronto; P. J. Kiernan, Toronto; M. Whalen, Caledon; M. Cline, Brock; T. Cruise, Phelpston; M. Moyna, Orillia; E. J. Kiernan, Collingwood; J. B. Dollard, Uptergrove; P. Whitney, Newmarket; T. E. Finegan, Grimsby; James Gibson, Dixie; Father Grant, Penetang.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Rev. Father Allard, S. J., Montreal, preached an exhortation in the French tongue based upon the sublime faith displayed by the early Jesuit missionaries who had come from France to Christianize the savage tribes of the new world. He touched upon the errors of today in old France and the consequent danger to faith, and told his listeners to prize the rich heritage bequeathed to them by the blood of the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth century.

## FATHER JONES' HISTORICAL REMARKS.

Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J., of St. Mary's College, Montreal, took for his text the following words of the Prophet Isaiah 61 : 4 : "They shall build the places that have been waste long ages, they shall raise up ancient ruins, and they shall repair the desolate cities that were destroyed for generations and generations."

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Your Grace, my lords, reverend fathers and dearly beloved brethren : You may perhaps wonder why I chose this text. It was because it recalls to our minds those words in which the Prophet Isaiah predicted the restoration of Jerusalem, the construction of a new Jerusalem. They were to raise other edifices in the same place that was occupied formerly by the temple raised to the glory of God by the people of God. They were in fact to open anew a wilderness that had returned to waste and that had so remained for generations and generations, yielding nothing spiritual, showing nothing fertile before the eye of God Almighty. I have chosen this text, my dear friends, because of its appropriateness to the building of this church, which is called the Memorial Church of the Martyrs, and is at the same time dedicated to St. Anne.

Allusion has already been made by the preacher to whom we have listened, to the past history of the townships of Tay and all this portion of the County of Simcoe. Now in the short time which is at my disposal I will go a little more particularly into that history. A little way up the Bay from Penetanguishene, as you are aware, stand the sites of the ancient Christian missions that carry us back to the year 1615, when the Recollet Fathers under Champlain penetrated into the country of the Hurons. Father Joseph Le Carron was the first of these ; and we find, in 1623, his work associated with a name "Kinouascarent," which signifies "at the mouth of the opening," and which indicates the location where our story begins. As early as 1623 also we have the work of Father Nicholas Veil, connected with the name "Otoucha," which would be located opposite the Reformatory at the other side of the Bay. And we find the names Sault-au-Recollet and La Rochelle as-

sociated with the work of Brother Gabriel Sagard at the place now named Varwood Point, near Dault's Bay. And later on, in 1625, the names of Father Jean Joseph La Roche Daillon, the last of the Recollets, as far as we are here concerned.

In that year, 1625, we take up the history of the Jesuits with Brébeuf and de Nouë. Here we have hurriedly reviewed the first introduction of Christianity into the territory upon which you are now settled. It was in this period for the first time that the Christian missionaries appeared at the many historic points in this locality, men who had come prepared to sacrifice their lives for the faith of their Saviour and the glory of Almighty God. The children of the wilderness flocked around them with eyes eager to witness the ceremonies they performed and see in what they consisted. These creatures were taken possession of by the Church and became faithful and docile children of the Church. It is now nigh to 300 years since Christianity was thus introduced into the country which we occupy at present; and there is not a more glorious chapter in all the history of evangelization. The missions which were occupied at the time I have mentioned extended from Dault's Bay to Todd's Point; and, in fact, after the Conquest, when Quebec fell into the hands of the English, and the missions were temporarily abandoned, we trace the same occupation of this peninsula. In 1635 the site of "Ihonatiria" corresponded to what is now in Tiny Township, lot 7, con. 21 near Todd's Point. "Ossossane," in 1637, the site of La Rochelle, and Immaculate Conception agrees with lot 18, con. 8, Varwood Point, Dault's Bay and lot 16, con. 7, Doucet's, in the present Township of Tiny. The site of "Teanaostaiae," in 1637, was lot 53, con. 1, in Flos, the southwest quarter of Cleland and Dunn's farms. St. Jean Baptiste was in Hawstone; St. Ignace "Taenhatertaron" in Medonte, near lot 15, con. 5, at the old log bridge; St. Louis in the Township of Tay, the east half of lot 2, con. 6, the Old Fort Ste. Marie in Tay, west half of lot 16, con. 3, and St. Jean in Tay, west half of lot 1, con. 10.

We may follow the journeying of these missionaries as they went down in their birch canoes along Parry Sound, up the

French River, north to the Ottawa, and thus to the ancient walls of Quebec. From 1632 to 1635 great headway had been made by the missions occupying those sites in this Township of Tiny, when God in His wisdom saw fit to punish the stubbornness of mind of those who refused to hear His word. Famine and pestilence and terror overtook the tribes then ministered to from the centre of these missions. From that centre from the east and to the west, from the towns and villages miles and miles around, to the north of where Hawkesbury now stands and where Orillia stands, the tribes of the Hurons were more or less evangelized from the central mission, where in 1837 were gathered together the Hurons from two or three different villages and where the missionaries had followed them in order perhaps that they might work more methodically, that point being chosen because of its proximity to the River Wye. And there was erected that Old Fort, which I have mentioned. But I am sorry to say that of that old fort scarce a stone has been left. There has been vandalism going on; so much of it has taken place that we can now discern scarcely a vestige of the ancient structure. The people of this country ought, it seems to me, have taken more interest in these places and have seen to it that they were kept up; and I hope you will now at last make representations to the proper authorities with the object that these places should be marked with memorials and looked upon as holy places because here blood was shed for Christ. I have indicated the little village of Ste. Marie's, where there was a fortified post and consequently a place of security. The villages around were largely assisted from that point and the village of St. Louis where there was a stone fort, from the village of St. Ignace and also from the more distant village of St. John. About opposite to us now was the village of St. Anthony; so that over the area of ten townships spread a number of these villages. The names of many of them have escaped us. At least those names have come down to us and others it seems impossible now to trace. Some portions are standing of Fort Ste. Marie, but it is not my intention to enter more particularly into this portion of the subject in the short time available to me to-day. I wish, however, to attract interest to them.

From this locality the natives had often followed Champlain in his attacks upon the territory of the Iroquois on the other side of Lake Ontario. Already invasions had been made into that territory, led by the French; and this was the origin of bitter hate between the Iroquois and the Hurons. Five great nations of the Iroquois were the mortal enemies of the Hurons dwelling in this territory here whose attacks were guided as I have said through the French posts by Orillia, down to Lake Ontario through the Trent River and around the lake to Oswego in the State of New York, where the Iroquois had their stronghold. After one of these attacks the Iroquois had sworn bitter and eternal hatred against the Hurons and early in the year their bands met. I will not dwell upon these incidents, but will come now to the year 1649, at which time we find a little stone chapel and dwelling in Fort Ste. Marie, which served the missionary work of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant. It was in the early spring when the Hurons never expected to be attacked by the Iroquois who were accustomed to come across the lake chiefly in the summer months. But now the attack of the Iroquois was to be delivered upon this portion of the county of which we speak, the western portion of Flos Township, while the lake was still snowbound. Imagine such an attack in the severe weather and at night time on the 16th of March. The Hurons slept in fancied security, never dreaming that an enemy was within many miles of them. When the war cry of the southern foe was heard in St. Ignace, the attack was so wholly unexpected that many of the unfortunate Hurons were killed whilst they slept. Unable to take in the situation, much less to cope with it, or warn the surrounding villages, only three of the unfortunate Hurons escaped across the snow, so thoroughly did the Iroquois perform their work. Thus only came the tidings to the village of St. Louis. Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant were in St. Louis, having left Ste. Marie for the purpose of administering baptism and performing the ordinary duties of the ministry. The village was roused by that terrible alarm of the Iroquois. In dismay the people prepared to despatch the old men, the women and children to Ste. Marie. And the chiefs also gath-

ered round Father Brébeuf, who was known to them by the title of "Echon," and they said you had better fly, for our enemies, the Hurons, have borne down upon St. Ignace, and you cannot handle the tomahawk, the musket or the bow, and the Iroquois seek the lifeblood of their victims. The great "Echon" is the enemy of the Iroquois, for they believe that he has inspired the Hurons. They will wreak their vengeance upon "Echon."

My dear friends, you have all read of the tortures inflicted by the Indians upon their enemies. They applied slow fire to them, iron hatchets heated to a red heat were upon their breasts. Brébeuf and Lalemant knew of these terrible torments. But they said to the chiefs: we too are soldiers of the Christ, whose duty it is to administer spiritual comfort to the dying, and we will stay to support the victims of the Iroquois in their torment. I will not dwell upon what followed. When the Iroquois broke into the village Brébeuf was chosen for this torture. But he was strong in the faith, and he knew that he would soon be enjoying his reward in the heavenly kingdom. Having been tormented as described, his tongue was cut out and his ears slit, and then they opened his breast and tore forth his heart. They drank his blood, because they thought it would make them brave as he had been, and they would be better able to meet their Huron foes later on. The next morning this was repeated on the unfortunate Lalemant, whose pure soul went up to heaven. And now my friends you have listened to-day to the lesson of faith which the lives of these holy martyrs teach us. Where they worked and where they perished are holy places. Here the smoke of their tortured flesh ascended as sweet incense to the throne eternal. And it seems to me that living here in this place we should love our faith with the greater love that brings the greater glory. This is the grace I wish you to-day.

#### ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

Archbishop O'Connor was presented with an address upon behalf of the parishioners of St. Anne's, in which His Grace was warmly thanked for his visit and for the keen interest

which he had always manifested in the furtherance of the erection of the church. The parishioners took advantage of the opportunity to express their love for their priest, Father Th. F. Laboureau, who, in addition to his pastoral duties, has had the oversight and financing of all the work in connection with this memorial. To-day and for the years to come to those conversant with its history the memorial will recall not only the work of the early martyrs, but also the indefatigable zeal of the Rev. Father Laboureau.

In reply, His Grace said that he thought he had done no wrong in urging the completion of the church, and on the occasion of his visits to Penetang he had called the attention of the congregation to the fact that energy and united effort was necessary. More remained to do ; but he could congratulate the people on what had been done for the birthday of their pastor.

The musical service, which was choral, was under the direction of Rev. Father Rohleder, and Rev. Fathers Barcelo and Trayling assisted.

A luncheon was served in the basement. Among the laymen who attended from a distance and the vicinity were Hon. F. R. Latchford, Commissioner of Public Works, Ontario ; Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, Dr. Chamberlain, Toronto ; A. W. Holmes, Toronto ; W. H. Bennett, M.P., Midland ; P. F. Cronin, Toronto ; Mayor Beck, Penetanguishene ; Alphonse Tessier, D. J. Shanahan, D. Davidson, M.P.P., A. Thompson, C. G. Gendron, W. Blanchard, James Wynn, Dr. McDonald, Thomas McCrossan and F. H. Corbiel, of Penetanguishene.—*The Catholic Register*.

[For remarks on this ceremony and our own shrine notes see page 25.]

## CRICHETTA AND TROMBINO.

### I.

#### A DUET.

**C**RICHETTA and Trombino! Trombino and Crichetta! They were never apart; we almost might have said that their lives were a duet, in which Crichetta sang the soprano, while Trombino took the alto.

They were so much alike, yet so different.

Both were cripples; both had brown, wistful eyes; both had soft, loving hearts—of which no one took any account;—both were homeless, eating the bread of charity, often very bitter; so that if it had not been for the affection they bore each other life would have been a sorry burden—many a time.

But Crichetta was a little girl of seven, while Trombino was only that anomaly, a cross-bred cur, counting nowhere for much, but going for far less than absolutely nothing in Italy.

Crichetta, crippled and delicate, with her sensitive line of a mouth and pale rose complexion, her almost flaxen hair, of the Austrian type so often seen in Lombardy, resembled her dark-haired cousins so little that she found scant favor among them.

Trombino found none at all. He was simply suffered to exist, because of the tears of his only friend on his behalf; and, but that he kept her company in the daytime and watched over her at night, would long ago have gone the way of such waifs as he and fallen into the hands of the city “dogkillers” in Como.

An outbreak of the “black smallpox” had left the child an orphan in a country village not far distant, and before Aunt Teresa had arrived she had fallen off the bed on to a stone floor, injuring her right leg for life. As she grew the limb shrank until she could only hop about on crutches.

They brought her from the village up the blue lake, from the vine terraces, the acres of mulberry trees waving in the fresh mountain air, the fields of feathery Indian corn, into a back street of the dreary town, where Aunt Teresa owned a



small café and had enough to do to make two ends meet. The child was quite inconsolable. It seemed to her that she breathed no more, for, looking where the terrible tall houses towered into the sky above, she could only see as much of the azure as she could cover with her tiny hand held out over her head. She pined, moping so that Aunt Teresa felt uncomfortable, but knew not how to console her.

"*Misericordia*," she would say, "was there ever such a child? Someone has looked at her with the evil eye. What shall I do? *Povera mi*. If the *Buon Signore* would see fit to take her to Himself."

For what are you to do with other people's children, who must be fed and clothed and will not be comforted!

So one day when a starving, shaggy dog trotted down the street dragging a leg after it, broken long ago and never mended, stopped by Crichetta's chair, looked upward with his loving brown eyes into the desolate face of the child, who smiled down to him, Aunt Teresa forbore to cry "*Via*."

Crichetta clasped him in her small arms, adopted him, called him "Trombino," which in Lombardy means a drain pipe, whether from his resemblance to the color of a terracotta pipe or from some association, no one cared to inquire.

"*Basta*." He was Crichetta's Trombino, guardian and friend. So their lives became a duet.

The stifling heats of the Italian summer were over now. Down between the high mountains rushed the bitter wind, and the child's chair was carried into the café, where she and the dog spent the day; or into the kitchen beyond near the open fire place, where ruddy logs blazed. Aunt Teresa let them sit there and watch her stirring the huge pan of *polenta* for the mid-day meal, or the poor thin soup at supper time, with its rice, vegetables in season and small slab of bacon for condiment. Her own sturdy children were at school, but she dared not send Crichetta, as she was so fragile. "What is to become of her, *Mio Dio*?" would exclaim the strong woman, gazing helplessly at the tiny figure by the fire.

Round the corner of the narrow street is a piazza, grass-grown and quiet, in the centre of which stands an ancient

church, whose priest, Don Filippo, looked after the spiritual, and often temporal, needs of the poor neighborhood. He was not beautiful to look at, so tall that the children hardly took him in all at once. He was quaint and dark, with a solemn countenance, wide mouth and short-sighted eyes hidden behind large, thick spectacles. His shabby biretta was stuck so far back on his head that his flock lived in wonder it did not fall off altogether.

To the cripple this was the most awe-inspiring thing about him. He was a shy, reserved man from the district of Monte Generosa, having an aptitude of languages, and had been a professor in a religious seminary in Germany. Wishing to end his days in quiet, he had finally accepted the vacant post of this parish in Como town. He spent his time translating theological works, doing his daily duties in comparative peace, only longing sometimes for some "cure of souls" up in the mountains, where the whirl of the silk looms in the factories and the rolling of the wheels over the rough cobbles of the streets would not disturb his attention. Almost no one knew the tender heart beating under his shabby black cloak, or saw the kindly glances behind his thick spectacles in his dark bright eyes. To receive thanks was to him almost a greater pain than the ingratitude which left them unsaid.

This was the man who was destined to become the good angel of the two cripples round the corner from his old church.

He came to the café every evening about seven for his cup of coffee, and to talk over the news of the day with Aunt Teresa, one of his most hard working and poorest of his parishioners. It was his expansive hour when he tore himself away from duties and books alike.

After the two friends were driven inside the house by the bitter autumn winds, he began to watch them. "What are you going to do with them, *amica mia*," he asked the widow. Teresa threw her hands above her head in a gesture of despair.

"*Padre mio*, what can I do? I give them to eat, and see that the others do not annoy them; and I am teaching her to knit. What more can I do?"

Indeed the little fingers were painfully occupied at that moment with the *soletta* of a stocking. The Lombard people have detachable soles to their coarse, cotton hose, and the first thing a little girl is taught is to make these.

Don Fillipo thought awhile, then he brought down his hand on the table with a bang.

"Look you," he said, "this will not do. *La bambina* cannot grow up so. You shall send her to me for an hour or two a day. Netta shall look after her a little, *perchè* no!"

Netta was Don Fillipo's cousin and housekeeper.

Teresa straightway raised objections. There was Trombino, he had offered to bite one of the children, simply because he had touched Crichetta! An ill conditioned *bestia*, as naughty as *il diavolo*.

Don Fillipo laughed until his biretta nearly fell off. Trombino woke from his dose in alarm.

"Bravo," said the old priest, "he shall come and learn something too, *povero diavolo*, he will become more saint-like where there are no children to tease him." Infinite pity welled up in the good Don Fillipo's heart even though he smiled; his large hand patted the faithful animal's rough head and then laid tenderly on the child's fair flaxen curls.

"*Povero diavolo, povera bambina.*"

Thus began the training of Crichetta and Trombino.

## II.

### THE TRIO.

Netta was sorely annoyed when the priest told her of his project concerning the two cripples. She was his cousin and had come from his village near Monte Generosa to look after him in the dull presbytery at Como. He must win her over; her bark was always worse than her bite. So he turned from his writing table to face her and said gently.

"She is so small, so desolate and the dog has crept into her very heart, *cara Netta.*"

"It is better to go alone than badly accompanied," retorted she in one of her favorite proverbs. "*Santa Madre*, two of them! You will see what you will see, *Signor Curato.*"

"*Bene*, I was alone until you came, and now I am not badly accompanied, *non è vero?* There will be three of us for you to look after . . . for I do not know much about dogs . . . or children . . . His voice died off. Netta's heart softened and she resolved to make the waifs very welcome. He brought the child next day, hobbling painfully, Trombino trotting close behind her. He began his instructions in the cosy study, warmed by a nice stove. Crichetta was rather afraid of the large solemn Father, with his biretta seeming ready to fall off, yet never reaching that point.

But she followed his words as well as she could, while the dog watched his every movement. After an hour Netta appeared, taking them into the kitchen to regale them with soup and bread. Then they talked, Trombino joining in the conversation with grunts of joy and satisfaction, the warmth, the food and the content on the child's face made him feel as if all was right.

Netta told her that her *Babbo* and the *Mamma* were in the blessed Paradise.

"Do they see me here?" demanded Crichetta.

"*Si, si*," hastily replied the housekeeper.

"Do they know I hurt my leg?"

"*Sicuro, carina.*"

"Then when I go, they will know why I have crutches. Do they know about Trombino?"

But Netta's theological resources were at an end, she gave the little girl a handful of chestnuts and led her home.

That evening Don Fillipo saw her throw her arms round the dog's neck and kiss him.

"*Mio bello*," she said to the poor ugly creature between the kisses; "this is from *il Babbo*, this from *la Mamma*, they are looking at us, my Trombino, from Paradise."

Then the old priest's eyes were dim. He murmured a blessing over the child's head, if he included the dog who shall blame him? The faithful creature had filled Crichetta's heart with love when all the rest of the world seemed empty of it.

As the winter went on the child drooped with the cold, but

Trombino grew positively sleepy, for many a slice of bread and a half-picked bone he had from Netta. Don Fillipo had taught him to swim, too, after a fashion, so that his coat grew less shaggy. Badly enough he swam, to be sure—only paddled along in the water with his three whole legs after a stick, but it pleased the child to be proud of his exploits, and Trombino was content.

But for his extreme shyness Don Fillipo might have had many friends, so great was his reputation for single-hearted charity and kindness. There was one lady whom Netta suggested might help the little girl; with her the priest was really intimate. She was the widow of a silk manufacturer—still a young woman, whose history was a sad one. Her husband had died while she was still under thirty, leaving her with a daughter, a child of three, who had been born deformed. The little girl died a few years later and her sorrowing mother was left alone in the world. She had mourned for her husband and her child so long that her youth and hopes seemed buried in their tomb. Signora Elvigia Peggain lived in a large white villa overlooking the town of Como, surrounded by vineyards and beautiful wooded gardens. Don Fillipo was the dispenser of her charities. She saw but few friends and had foresworn society. Her little daughter had been dead now for two years; from her windows she could look down on the "Campo Santo," the Holy Field, as they call the resting place of the dead in Italy.

Netta reminded the priest that Signora Elvigia had had an invalid carriage made for little Pia. If she would only lend it to Crichetta! The child could get out into the fresh air then. But Don Fillipo hardly knew how to approach the widow; only the child's great need welled up in his heart, and one day, when the air was sweet with the white violets "St. Finan's flowers" and the fields were full of the nodding *monachelli*—"little nuns," as they call the wild snowdrops there—he told her the story.

So it came about that she stood, a vision of black-gowned grace and loveliness in Crichetta's eyes at the door of the café in the dreary street, one day.

"Is this Crichetta?"

Teresa bustled up.

"What an honor; be seated, *Signora Mia!*"

The lady drew a chair to where the lame girl sat, glancing sadly at the little crutches standing by the wall. Trombino sat up, all attention.

"Do you like to work, *bambina?*" She touched the knitting.

"No, Signora," truthfully answered the child, "I get so tired—I want to run about—with the others and play."

Pia over again; little mad Pia! There was a pause.

"Don Fillipo is very good to you?" she asked gently.

"Si, Signora."

"And Aunt Teresa?"

"Si, Signora."

"And Netta?"

"Si, Signora."

The brown, wistful eyes travelled up from the hem of the lady's elegant dress, past the small black-gloved hands which had now clasped her own, on into the dark yearning eyes bent over her. There was such a look of pity in their depths; tears lay very near the lashes.

"Crichetta"—she spoke very quickly, almost with a sob—"you are like my child who is an angel now. She could not run about. I had a carriage made. Would you like to ride in it and see the streets and fields? This was wonderful, the child's eyes dilated."

She to ride in *la Signorina's* carriage!

"Might Trombino go, too? He could walk, oh so far!"

"But, certainly."

In his gratitude the poor dog's stump of a tail was waving wildly, whatever he understood the look of deep joy on his mistress' face was unmistakable. So Pia's carriage came down into Como.

The weather grew milder, carnival was over, the birds burst out from those wonderful flowering trees and shrubs which make the lake district a dream in April; the air was heavy with that exquisite scent which goes straight from the brain

to the heart, and which only to breathe is to drink in delight. Often, now, the lessons over, Don Fillipo would put aside the books, Netta would don her second best veil, and lift the child into the little carriage. Trombino ran beside them, frisking as well as he could on three legs. He never barked, a low grunt down somewhere in his throat, was his mode of expression; to bark as other dogs do, would be to put himself too much in evidence.

He was happy in the happiness of his mistress, so was the priest; as for Netta, having taking the trio under her care she, also, was content. Their favorite walk was to the "*Campo Santo*," which lay in a sunny hollow outside the city gates. There they could see the chapel of the Peggain family with the monument erected to the child opposite the doorway. It was a white marble column, surmounted by a sculptured angel with raised wings, the delicate feet just resting on the marble. The face, small, beautiful was an exact portrait of the dead child, done by a famous Milanese sculptor. Underneath were a few pathetic sentences, which we English speaking people might deem almost theatrically emotional but which are only of a common type among the Latinos.

"Oh Pia

Whose angel beholds the face of God in Heaven,

Little Rosebud

Plucked by Him to open in Paradise.

Thou hast left but one consolation to thy mother

Elvigia Peggain

That of following thee thither in her prayers."

"Are the angels ever lame?" demanded Crichetta of Don Fillipo one day.

"No, *figlia mia*, we shall all be well up there."

The child looked up and whispered—

"And Trombino?"

"The Good God will care for him also."

She was satisfied. The Father knew everything all about God, and the Blessed Virgin and the Saints!

What else were those great books for; why else did he write

and read so much? He was so wise, Don Fillipo. Gradually the tasks became more serious; the seasons came and went; the only breaks were when Don Fillipo went to Milan or Monte Generosa, or to a festival up the lake, when Crichetta felt disconsolate enough. Between these two had grown up a strong affection, which they both shared, in some degree, with the ugly, faithful dog. Crichetta was now fourteen and, had she been as other girls, would have been considered almost grown up. It was decided that she should earn her bread by fine sewing and lace mending, so deft, under Netta's teaching, had her hands become. She could darn all the household linen now, knit the stockings and almost make a dress, sitting quietly in her chair.

Trombino was growing perceptibly older; his touching fidelity to his mistress had won him a small place in his own little world.

And Don Fillipo still translated, went among his people, taught the child, all the while longing to be sent to some country charge where there would be no more the noise of the silk looms. "Which will be when we have two Archbishops in Milan," quoted Netta, an Italian proverb signifying "A blue moon" or the impossible.

### III.

#### A SOLO.

The level rays of an afternoon sun in August shot over the limpid lake. It was nearly six o'clock—dinner time at the Villa Peggain. The green shutters, closed all day, were thrown back to admit the faint, sweet breeze coming over the water.

Nina, the cook, stood at the kitchen window, tossing a salad, humming the Italian salad rhyme :

*Insalata,  
Ben salata,  
Poco aceto,  
Ben oliata.*

(Salad, well salted, little vinegar, plenty of oil.)

Out in the garden, under a spreading Judas tree, sat Crichetta, the old dog at her feet, her crutches beside her. She



was sixteen now, had grown up fair, slim and decidedly pretty. Her fair hair had deepened into a pale gold, and stood like an aureole round the delicate face. She was mending some of the Signora's fine lace ; it lay on the table near her.

"*Insalata*," sang Nina again.

"*Zitto, zitto!*" (hush) cried the girl through the open window ; " here are the Signora and *Il Capitano!*"

Nina was silent, a broad smile lighted up her plain face, and she nodded wisely.

During these years the young widow had refused all attempts at consolation, but finally a distant cousin, Captain Brasco, had presumed upon his relationship to become a frequent visitor at the villa. He was stationed in the barracks of Como, and it gradually got to be an understood thing that a cover was to be laid whenever *Il Signor Capitano* appeared at dinner time.

Crichetta knew this, but the truth had not dawned on her yet. As Nina contemptuously observed, "She is only fit, poverina, to braid St. Catherine's hair," a synonymous form for old maidism in Lombardy. She used to be up at the Villa Peggain for a month at a time, mending lace and linen, and as she had also plenty of work in the town, she was no longer a burden to Aunt Teresa—indeed, a decided advantage. The handsome couple came towards her ; she sat turning the delicate fabric in her small fingers with downcast eyes.

"Good evening, Crichetta!" The captain had a deep, full voice, with a hearty ring in it, and no little kindness.

Elvigia laid her white hand on the girl's pretty hair.

"*Cara*," she said, "stop thy work ; Nina shall give thee thy dinner, and Paolo shall row thee out into the fresh air over to Como. Eh, Trombino!"

Without looking up, the girl answered quietly :

"*Giorgia Signora*," then they left her sitting as in a dream. In the thrill of that manly voice, in the tremble of the sweet tones of the other, she had realized it all. A lump rose in her throat ; she bent down over the dog to caress it, and then, as he put up his paw, she whispered :

"They will leave us ! They will leave us ! We have Don

Fillipo, you and I. *He* will not marry and go away. But they will, and *La Signorina Pia* will be glad when she sees them happy, *amico mio*."

The old, childish fancy had come back, of the beloved dead, sharing in our joy and sorrow, and with the same childish feeling she kissed the old dog again and again.

"This is from *il Babbo*, this from *la Mamma*."

Then she crept upstairs, where he followed her. Paolo waited in the boat until the moonbeams silvered all the still water; but Crichetta was invisible. In the morning she looked so bright and sang gaily over her work; and when the Signora, later on, drove her into the cold, she went to see Netta, telling her the news with a smile. Then who so delighted as the priest's housekeeper?

"A good friend is worth a hundred relations," she exclaimed in one of her favorite proverbs, and added a saying of her own: "and a good husband is worth a thousand friends! He is a fine man and a likely. The dear Signora is not young either, but 'Time and stream ripen medlars,' and what is so delicious as a ripe medlar? Besides, a fine military man could not be troubled with a silly girl."

So she chattered on in high feather.

The wedding was to be before Christmas. A great many preparations had to be made; public notaries and advocates were called in. At the Signora's request Crichetta went to stay at the villa to help with the trousseau. Now the cold autumn frost had touched the trees and painted them till they shone in one great glory. The autumn is so beautiful, so sad, by the great Lake; but in the midst of the clear sky the year seems to die less cruelly than in more northern lands. Through the sensitive soul of the girl stole its chilling influence; she tried in vain to combat a presentiment that something would happen beyond this marriage to disturb her quiet life; then, when Don Fillipo came up one day he was horrified to see the change in her. To all his kind inquiries she only answered she was "quite, quite well." As for Trombino, he pined, as if in sympathy, dragging his maimed leg more than ever.

At last the two ceremonies, legal and ecclesiastical, were

over ; the carriage was waiting ; the Captain and his wife were already seated in it, when Elvigia caught sight of Crichetta, the old dog and Don Fillipo, who had left the company and was standing among the servants, beside them.

“Courage !” he had said to her. “Do not let her see thee weep.”

She waved her hand and smiled.

“*Arivederci*, Crichetta !” (au revoir).

It was not “good-bye.”

Then the mists from the Lake and the mist of her tears blotted the scene out ; she saw no more.

A worse parting was to follow this one.

Once more the “*monachelli*” nodded in the fields, St. Finan’s flowers scented the sweet springtime, when, one evening, Don Fillipo appeared at the café, graver and more ungainly than ever. He sat silently, seeming troubled in his mind. At last he said :

“*Figlia mia* !” they have given me the parish of Brunate, the wishes of my old heart are realized. The Cardinal Archbishop knew it. The news came to-day.”

Crichetta gazed at him in speechless horror.

Brunate ! A place at the top of a mountain towering over the town of Como ; a little church, the remains of an ancient convent ; a small osteria ; a few cottages—that was all. There would be no whirl of the silk-looms, no rolling of carriage wheels, to disturb him there !

Oh, pitiless fate, her best and dearest friend !

She laid her fair head on her clasped hands, trying to think *what* it meant to her.

Poor Don Fillipo sat helplessly by. It had been his prayer for years, and now all the sweetness seemed turned to dust and ashes in his mouth at the sight of Crichetta’s grief. At last she looked up and spoke to him.

“When do you go ? my Father.”

“Next month.”

“So soon.” It was all she could utter.

“I shall be quite near, *carina*. I shall often come down. I cannot refuse to go now. It is not *addio*, only *arivederci*, Crichetta mia !”

Netta approved not at all. She began, the very next morning, as usual, with a proverb :

“Raw herbs, and sleeping on the ground sends a man to his grave, and that is what Don Filippo would do if I did not look after him. What a terrible world, one is never at peace. Our old saying is true enough. There is none happy who dies not in his swaddling bands! The whole house to be moved up to that desert of a Brunate in less than a month! *Povera mia!*”

However she set to with a will and they were installed in the mountain village shortly ; where at last the priest could write in peaceful quietude. Who shall say if his ideal was realized? Who can tell if he did not sometimes miss the noise of the looms, he never said so, but he grew more and more dreamy, and it may have been that “the thing prayed for came short of the prayer.” He left Crichetta resigned, almost happy in the thought that, after all, they were quite near. At night from the Piazza she could see the light shine from his window, which was something, and he came down often to see her. The Signora was to return for the summer months ; she began to sing over her work. Aunt Teresa loved her now, and her cousins treated her kindly—and there was always Trombino.

He had, however, failed lately, one day refusing to eat and his tongue had swollen. Teresa saw the end was coming, but she did not dare to take him away. He died in Crichetta's arms after vainly endeavoring to lick her hand—which was *his addio*. She did not resist when they laid him in a neat box and buried him in the back yard. Only Crichetta knew what he had been to her, the poor “drain pipe” of a dog, whom she had saved from death at the hands of the *Mazzacani*.

Don Filippo was terribly grieved when he heard it. And for him had a worse thing happened. A public company was formed to construct a funicular railway from Como to Brunate. He lived long enough to see the reality, dying suddenly just before the Cardinal Archbishop came in state to bless the opening of the line, which was a grand ceremony and well remembered to this day by the people round. Another *Curato*

reigns in his stead and speaks with awe about the exceeding learning of his predecessor.

His tomb is in the ancient graveyard of the Convent, his stole and biretta carved upon it with the word *Silenzio!*

The flowers have come again and the sweet spring scents, the *Signora* and *Il Capitano* live with their children at the Villa. When Crichetta can manage it, she goes to the *Campo Santo* and says her prayer for her loved ones at the foot of the sculptured angel on the monument of Pia.

Only Don Fillipo and Trombino have said *Addio* as far as they are concerned and this life lasts. She is alone.

Mrs. MARY MACALPINE.

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## THE SHRINE.

### AN APPEAL FOR OUR OWN MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

When shall we have a church to dedicate at Auriesville? It seems strange, does it not, that in far off Penetanguishene, Pen'tang', as the *habitant* calls it, those who are devoted to the memory of the missionaries who gave their lives for the faith should precede us in erecting to their memory a permanent shrine. It is strange, indeed, if we consider the numerous and frequent pilgrimages for which Auriesville has become noted, and the eagerness of its patrons to see some suitable memorial erected there. On the other hand, it is only fitting that the first enduring monument to the memory of these early apostles on our soil should be dedicated near the site of their first apostolical labors, the training ground of Jogues as well as Brébeuf, and of many who distinguished themselves later in the missions of the Mohawk Valley, Western New York.

If we are only too pleased to congratulate our friends over the border who have preceded us in building a memorial church, they in turn are generous in acknowledging our precedence in identifying, purchasing and honoring the site of the first home of the missionaries in our territory and the death place of Father Jogues and Rene Goupil. Since 1884 we have been in possession of Auriesville. It is only this year that the Catholics of Canada have come into possession of the site of the martyr-

dom of Brébeuf and Lalemant, after Father Jones' careful identification of it. They will no doubt mark this and other hallowed sites with suitable memorials and make them places of pilgrimage. While they are imitating us in this, we must follow their example and begin in earnest the task of erecting our permanent chapel at Auriesville.

For this purpose we are going to appeal to our friends for the means. The preliminary work at Auriesville is now complete and established on a firm basis, and we are now ready to proceed with the collection of the money necessary to begin the chapel there. We speak of it as a chapel, though those who frequent the place, and who know of the captive Father Jogues' beautiful vision there, always speak of it as a temple. Let it be what it may, a beginning must be made, and we may as well make it immediately. The structure we have in view will not be costly, but it will be extensive, imposing and lasting. Of late, as our readers must have remarked, contributions for this purpose have not been so frequent or numerous as formerly, chiefly because we have not solicited them. We deemed it advisable to have the ceremony of last summer over before urging this matter ; but now we mean to urge it earnestly, and we look confidently to the friends of Auriesville and to the readers of *THE PILGRIM* for a generous response to our appeal.

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CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

C. H. M., Peoria, Ill.....	\$1.00
Anon .....	1.00
E. L., New York.....	1.00
Mrs. W., Chelsea, Mich.....	1.00
J. O'B., Chester, Pa.....	.50