

THE PILGRIM

OR

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

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WHY SHOULD ISAAC JOGUES BE CANONIZED ?

THE first step leading up to the canonization of Father Jogues and of the other martyrs of the Society of Jesus in the French Mission of North America, has at last been taken. It consists in the issue of what is called a "Declaration" of the various points which the Postulator of the Cause, Father Camillus Beccari, S.J., proposes to prove to be true, so as to warrant the plea which he wishes to present for a formal canonization.

There are one hundred and twenty-six points advanced. Each point or claim is expressed in a single paragraph ; each paragraph ends in the proscribed legal fashion, with the words, "as shall be hereinafter proved." Some of these points are mere facts of history, such as birth, baptism, occupations, studies, etc., while others deal more at length, with the sentiments which actuated the martyrs in their work of extending the kingdom of God as well as the motives which prompted their executioners to put them to death. The latter, especially, are of primary importance, so as to forestall the objections which are commonly made that they were killed merely because they were regarded like all Frenchmen, as enemies of the Indians.

Taking that part of the document which pertains strictly to Father Jogues, René Goupil and Jean De la Lande, we find first a careful and detailed statement of the birth-places, family and early home-training of Jogues ; but of De la Lande nothing, except that he came from Dieppe ; and of Goupil only that he was a native of Anjou, and when quite young asked to

be admitted to the Society, a request that could not be granted for reasons of health.

Naturally less is known of them than the priest. As regards Jogues his piety and studious habits at college, and his first aspirations to the religious life and his final entrance into the Society of Jesus at Rouen on the 24th of October, 1624, are set forth. It was about this time, the Declaration informs us, that Father Lalemant, the brother of Gabriel Lalemant, the martyr, predicted that the young religious would surely die in Canada. The narrative of the martyrdom of Father Spinola, who had been burned to death at the stake in Japan two years before, as well as the accounts which were then being sent from the Canadian missionaries, had the effect of urging the young religious to ask to be sent on the perilous mission of Ethiopia. Later on, during his theological studies, he was noted especially for "his rare prudence and the punctual observance of his rules."

Although the life of Father Jogues is so well known, we think it desirable to go over the main outlines of the sketch as it is drawn in this official document. It is an ecclesiastical lawyer's way of putting it before the court for adjudication.

Ordained priest in 1636, he was appointed to the mission of Canada, and accepted the work with the greatest manifestation of joy; writing to his mother on that occasion, "the love of God which calls me to this mission, and the desire we have to do something for the conversion of the savages there, have had the effect of making everything so sweet that we would not exchange these sufferings for all the happiness of earth."

At this point in the Declaration occurs mention of Goupil. Unable to enter the society in France, he had come to Canada, and after spending two years in the lowest and meanest offices of the house, and also in caring for the sick and wounded in the hospital, he was, at his earnest request, sent to join the missionaries among the Hurons. Fully aware of the dangers before him, he received the appointment with the greatest delight.

Father Jogues' career seemed just at this moment to be

about to end. Six days after his arrival among the Indians he was at the point of death and, though besides his illness, he endured the greatest poverty and destitution, he gave evidence of sublime patience and resignation and professed his complete indifference either to life or death. On his recovery, which was effected by the medical skill of the future martyr de Brébeuf, he applied himself with great zeal, even during his convalescence, to study the Indian language, and to habituate himself to the hardships of life among the savages. He accompanied de Brébeuf on his journeys and at this early stage of his career was able to gain many to the faith.

In 1640, he went with Father Garnier to the Petun Indians. On the long journey, which was made on snow-shoes, the missionaries were abandoned by their guides, compelled to sleep on the snow, and finally, in a starved condition, for they were without food, reached their destination; but, being taken for sorcerers, they were driven out and threatened with death, and found their way back as best they could to the mission from which they had started.

In 1640 Father Jogues was sent to Sault Ste Marie, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles in canoe, and from there he had to return all the way to Quebec, a journey of five days, threatened by hostile Indians on either bank, and spending his time in caring for his sick companion and in attending to the spiritual needs of the men who were with him.

After ten days in Quebec he set out with René Goupil and others. But their party fell into an ambuscade of the Iroquois and in the battle which ensued between the Hurons and their enemies, though in the thick of the fight and in constant peril of his life, Father Jogues remained at his post to give absolution and baptism to the wounded and dying. In this work René Goupil assisted him, standing at his side and sharing his perils. Goupil was taken prisoner, and though Father Jogues could have escaped, yet, in order to devote himself to the salvation of the captive Hurons and French, he voluntarily delivered himself up to the enemy, exclaiming as he embraced Goupil: "Oh, my brother! the designs of God are mysterious in our regard; but He is the Master and doeth what He judg-

eth best. He has accomplished His will. May His holy name be blessed!" Hearing these words Goupil fell at the father's feet, made his confession and offered himself as a sacrifice to God.

Availing himself of a momentary liberty, Father Jogues baptized his catechumens and administered the sacraments to the other Christians. Remarking this, the Iroquois fell upon him with clubs and stretched him half dead on the ground. When he recovered consciousness, they tore out his nails with their teeth and chewed the ends of the forefinger of each hand until they reached the bone, which they then wrenched out. On this occasion also, Goupil was treated with the greatest cruelty.

On the journey to the Indian settlement they were given no food and were not allowed to sleep at night; the excessive heat, the swarms of insects, their open and rotting wounds which the worms were devouring and which the younger savages amused themselves in tearing open still wider or in irritating or poisoning them, caused intolerable torture. What parts of their bodies were not injured were torn by the nails of the Indians or prodded with sharp points, the most sensitive portions being chosen to augment the pain.

On the march Father Jogues was made the principal victim. Besides other outrages his beard and his hair were torn out, but his chief suffering, and one that brought tears to his eyes was the thought that the chief supports of the infant Huron Church were being destroyed. On the ninth day a party of savages were met on an island. To amuse these friends the prisoners were stripped naked and made to run the gauntlet between two lines of Indians who showered blows on each victim as he passed along. Father Jogues was the weakest and came last.

He, himself, narrates that at the end of the line he was dragged on a platform, half dead and all covered with blood. They burned off one finger and ground another with their teeth. One furious Indian seizing him by the face flourished a knife over him and was about to cut off his nose. "Not only that, O Lord," cried the martyr, as he stood motionless awaiting the stroke; "but my head if Thou willest." For

some reason or other the savage desisted; he raised his knife again but a second time in spite of himself he stopped and then went away.

Similar sufferings were inflicted each time any Iroquois warriors were met with. During the interminable journey no food was given to the captives except the wild berries that could be plucked from the trees; the heat was intense, and the victims, who had been almost stripped of their clothes, were crushed by the heavy burdens they were compelled to carry.

During the journey Father Jogues counselled René to escape under cover of the night. "What will become of you, Father?" was the reply. "As for me," said the Father, "there is no question of my leaving. I will suffer everything rather than abandon those so near death and whom I can nourish and strengthen with the blood of my Saviour." "Let me remain with you, then," said the faithful René.

After thirteen days march they reached the village of Ossernenon (Auriesville). The whole tribe received them with blows of sticks and rods. Father Jogues was especially maltreated, having his flesh torn almost to the bone by their nails. He was put on an elevated platform and almost killed by the blow of an iron ball which was attached to a rope, and with which he was hit in the small of the back. A female captive was then compelled to chew off his left thumb; Goupil's right thumb was meantime being sawed off with an oyster-shell. They uttered no cry, but offered themselves, with all their heart to the Heavenly Father, to use Father Jogues' own words, "as victims of His good pleasure." The priest even took up the severed thumb from the ground, and offered it as an expiation for whatever want of love and reverence he might have been guilty of whenever he was offering the holy sacrifice of the Mass.

The same tortures were repeated in two neighboring villages. In the midst of his sufferings, Father Jogues preached the Word of God to some Indian captives, and when he was commanded to sing during his torture, as the savages do, he began, as he said himself, to "sing the canticles of the Lord in a strange land."

It was at first resolved to put the captives to death by fire, but the sentence was revoked in the case of Father Jogues and René Goupil, and it was determined to keep them as slaves in the Indian village. By this time they were unable to stand; they could only crawl painfully on the ground; their hands were in such a pitiable state they could not help themselves and had to be fed like infants. A little Indian meal was given them and sometimes half-cooked squash. They had no bed but bark; nothing to cover themselves with but a deer skin alive with vermin; their wounds were unwashed and raw and constantly irritated by the sting of insects. Some women took pity on them and endeavored to care for their wounds. René was dying with exhaustion and ill-usage, but suffered with admirable patience. He was finally put out of pain by the blow of a tomahawk, and Father Jogues was left to suffer alone. He was given as a slave to a family, but was constantly menaced with death, and with his masters he had to make long journeys wherever they went. All these details are set forth in the document, and as we have said, after each is added the formula: "as shall be hereinafter proved."

With these external sufferings came great interior desolation to Father Jogues, and thinking of the happy death of Goupil he seemed to himself to be rejected of God, but found consolation in meditating on the Holy Scripture. In spite of the abandonment in which he found himself he applied himself to the study of Iroquois, and as the cabin which he occupied was used for public assemblies, he often seized the occasion to speak to the chiefs of the truths of religion. He succeeded in baptizing not only many children but even some adults who were dying and he was unremitting in his care of the captive Hurons, among whom there was a certain number of Christians. The mother of the family advised him to escape, but he not only refused but succeeded in getting a letter to the Governor of Montreal, begging him "not to let any consideration for his sufferings interfere with whatever plans that might have to be taken for God's glory." It was only much later when the Dutch settlers at a distant post exhorted him to escape that he took the resolution, after a night of

meditation had convinced him that he could better serve the interests of the Church in doing so. For six weeks he remained in concealment, constantly in danger of being captured and slain, and finally reaching the Island of Manhattan from which he was sent to France on the 5th of November. While among the Protestant Hollanders he was treated with the profoundest reverence, and in France Queen Anne of Austria shed tears over his lacerated hands. His humility strove to avoid the honor which he was compelled to receive in being brought to the royal court.

The servant of God longed for his beloved mission, with which, as he said, he had contracted an alliance cemented in blood. He remained only a few months in France, arrived in Quebec at the end of June and was immediately despatched to Montreal.

From there he was sent with a trader to make a treaty of peace with the Indians. The letter of his superior found him in retreat. He confessed to some shrinking of nature at the remembrance of the past, but added, "God gave me peace of soul and will give me still more. Yes, Father, I wish whatever our Lord wills if it cost a thousand lives. How I should regret to have lost such an opportunity." The treaty was made but the Father profited by the occasion to exercise his ministry with the captives whom he found there; after which he returned to Quebec.

In the opinion of Father de Brébeuf, "an Indian missionary needs affability, humility, patience and generous charity." Father Jogues possessed these qualities to a very eminent degree.

His devotion to the Blessed Eucharist was most intense, and there was in him a heroism that made him dare anything to administer baptism. Even in the time of his captivity he baptized sixty persons.

He always availed himself of the opportunity of praying when the Indians were off on the hunt, and for hours knelt in the snow before a cross he had cut in a tree in the forest. He carried the Holy Scripture always with him, and succeeded in saving from the plunder of the savages the Epistle of St.

Paul to the Hebrews. This and a little wooden cross which he made himself and an indulgenced picture of St. Bruno he carried on his person. The desecration of the sacred vestments by the savages caused him unutterable grief.

René Goupil honored God chiefly on the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation and the Blessed Sacrament. He was tenderly affectionate in his devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and all his life was burning with a desire to enter the Society of Jesus; a grace which was granted him just before his death. His patience, his hope, his faith, were unalterable in the midst of his sufferings.

An instance is adduced of the heroic charity of Father Jagues, when in spite of his maimed and suffering body he rescued a poor woman and her child from a raging torrent at the risk of his own life, and his tenderness was manifested by the tears he shed when an Indian was being burned to death, though his eyes were dry in the midst of his own sufferings, nor did he even show the slightest aversion for his tormentors, but nursed them tenderly and bound up their wounds when they were injured with as great affection as he had shown to the sick in the hospital of Quebec. So likewise his prudence in managing people who were difficult to deal with was most remarkable, and for that especially was he chosen by the Governor to bring about the treaty of peace. His escape from his enemies was not due to his fear of death but in order to better work for their salvation. Both he and his companions were most assiduous in fulfilling all their duties to their Creator, of adoration, gratitude and prayer, and in acquitting themselves of every task which their cruel masters imposed on them. The humiliation of beggary in being compelled to appeal for rags to cover himself, filled him with joy; and he overcame the disgust in being compelled to drink the water given to him in a vessel used for lye, although starvation and this atrocious drink caused him intense agony, and all this while gangrene caused by a bad remedy was devouring his leg. Even after his rescue he would refuse all but indispensable assistance and relief in his many ailments.

Although so meek and mortified in his own person, he was

unyielding and energetic when there was question of the honor of God and religion. When warned by a savage that the sign of the cross was a source of danger, he replied : "Never mind, I will make it, come what may."

The declaration thus takes up virtue after virtue and shows to what a heroic degree they were practiced by the servant of God. Following this we find reference to the supernatural visions which were also vouchsafed to him, and whose reality are to be duly substantiated.

The death of Father Jogues on October 18, 1646, and that of De la Lande on the 19th, are then briefly described, after which an outline is given of the various proofs that are to be adduced in order to show that the death of all of them is to be ascribed to no other motive than hatred of Christianity.

The document concludes with an enumeration more or less complete of testimonies to the saintly life and death of these men. Among others is that of Father Charles Garnier, who himself was soon to be a martyr. The opinion of the Superior of the mission is positive in pronouncing their death to be genuine martyrdom. Most satisfactory, perhaps, is that of Father Jogues himself, who in writing of Goupil two years before, described him as dying for the faith. Much more truly can this be said of himself. The last testimony is that which is given by Auriesville itself, viz. : the presence of a chapel there and the attendance of numberless pilgrims at the shrine.

Only one miracle of any importance, however, is as yet known to have occurred.

Such is the character of this important document. We trust that the long delay in taking up the cause of these great servants of God will be a reason for accelerating whatever remains to be done to complete the work.

"PER CRUCEM AD LUCEM."

WHO that has been to Rome is not familiar with the "Trinità de Monti," and has not been to Benediction there on Sunday afternoon? Everyone goes there—Jew and Gentile alike. Mendelssohn has written of the sweet singing of its nuns, and so have scores of others. But there are so many churches in Rome where one may hear beautiful music, how account for the strange attraction to this one in particular? Well, first of all, it is situated on the Pincian Hill, close to the Gardens, and the guide-books advise the sightseers to drop in there as they return from their afternoon promenade. In obedience to its behests, two young girls, "forestieri" of the "distinti" type, had taken their places, I shall not say among the worshippers, but among the curious on this Sunday afternoon in early spring. They had worked their way up to the grating which separates the body of the church from the sanctuary and small portion reserved for the nuns and their pupils. They peered curiously into the enclosure, and the scene which met their gaze, to us a simple one, indeed, to them, non-Catholics, had all the charm of novelty, and to such as were imaginative something of the weird and mysterious: a band of young girls, wearing black dresses and with white veils upon their heads, were filing slowly into their places with downcast eyes. As she reached her place, the leader of the band raised hers for an instant, and the eyes were so beautiful. Rosalie, one of our young friends outside the barrier, could not restrain the involuntary expression whispered into the ear of her sister, Estelle: "Oh! what a beautiful face—did you see it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the latter, "and it is the first time I have felt glad that Reggie was not at my side, but far away, for no one could look at that face unmoved."

"It may seem a strange coincidence, but Reggie's eyes were raised in prayer at that very moment as he fell on the field of battle in the distant Boer land. Reggie was Estelle's fiancé, and on his return in June, which they had never for a moment looked upon as doubtful, they were to be married in London.

As for Rosalie, she was as yet fancy free. The little angelic creature behind the “grille” had just uttered a prayer for the souls departing; let us hope that it brought pardon and peace to the brave young officer dying so far away.

The Benediction over, our young friends sallied forth, and stood for a few moments on the steps of the Trinità, as everyone does, entranced by the view, one of the most beautiful and interesting which the world affords. All Rome lay at their feet bathed in the splendor of a more than usually gorgeous sun-set. Waiting for them, enjoying it all, seated in their carriage at the foot of the steps was our young friends’ chaperon, Aunt Eliza. She loved Rome for the pleasures of sense it afforded, the perfume of its flowers, the light of its skies and the soft balmy breath of breezes. As for its churches and “Romish” ceremonies she found no pleasure or entertainment in them.

Soon the luminous scene was left behind, and all three were driving briskly through the long Via Sistina and its continuation the Quattro Fontane to a palazzo in the Esquiline Quarter, where, according to Italian fashion, was being held a Sunday reception. The hostess, the Contessa L—and her daughter did the honors in the sweet gracious way peculiar to Italians, devoting themselves especially to the English girls. Estelle gave her opinions freely of all they had been seeing in Rome, telling of course of their visit to the Trinità that afternoon, adding: “I feel sorry for the poor girls shut up there, how anxious they must be to get out.”

“Well, I know of one who is not,” answered the Contessina, “my little sister Claire, why we can hardly coax her to come home for her holidays, and even then she spends most of her time in the Convent of the Reparatrice; it is in the Piazza Lucchesi, have you been there yet?”

“Oh, no! do tell us all about it,” exclaimed Estelle, “the convents interest us so much.”

“All about it?” said the young Contessa. “Well, by that I suppose you mean how the nuns dress and how they sing, of that I can tell you, but it is, I assure you, far from being all about them, for that is God’s secret. Their name ‘Repara-

trice' implies that their lives are devoted to repairing the outrages committed against the Divine Majesty by the impious."

Estelle feels rebuked and listened in silence to the account of the beautiful church connected with the convent where the Blessed Sacrament is always exposed and the nuns always in adoration.

Then followed a description of the beautiful habits worn by the nuns, of light blue and white, with long trains, over which drop long white veils covering head and face, from which they are never lifted except when the faces are turned towards the altar. Estelle was now deeply interested and longing to be peeping through the grating into this other cloister upon these, to her, mysterious beings.

Meanwhile Rosalie was talking of other matters to young Eduardo, the Countess' son; he was one of the "Guardia Nobile" of the Papal Court, and a fine looking fellow, as they all are; he was, in fact, a manly reproduction of the angel of the F"rinità" who had bewitched them all that afternoon. Our little Rosalie was, as it were, bewitched for the second time, not so much by his magnificent appearance as by the nobility of his sentiments and an unmistakable grandeur of soul. His talk was so different to that of the average society young man she was accustomed to meet in the London drawing-rooms. Their conversation was cut short by Aunt Eliza, who had just learned that the uniform worn by the young man talking to her niece was actually that of an official of the Papal Court; that he was a sort of remnant of the temporal power. This information made her uncomfortable, and she was anxious to get away. The young girls were loath to leave, for, though in a different way, they were both enjoying their visit. That evening Rosalie was decidedly *distracte*; it was evident that she was no longer fancy-free. She was already wondering how she could arrange to prolong their stay in the Eternal City, and what pretext she could invent to remain in Rome, even did her sister leave at the time decided on. Alas, little did they then know of the way in which their plans were to be altered, and that the blasting of Estelle's earthly hopes was to pave the way to happiness for Rosalie. But so it was; the

news came all too soon. To Estelle the blow was a crushing one; she fairly reeled beneath it. The very thought of London and home was distasteful to her; it was her desire to stay on where they were. This plan, needless to say, suited Rosalie admirably, but Aunt Eliza would not upset her own arrangements even in view of her niece's bereavement, and carried out her original plan of leaving for home the following week. It was decided that the young ladies should remain with the Contessa L——, who cordially opened her doors to them. The gay little Contessina Isabel was deeply grieved at her friend's trial, and did what she could to console, but it was the gentle Claire who proved her true consoler. She was now home for her holidays, and Estelle daily accompanied her in her visits to the "Reparatrice." On the first day she whispered to her: "It is not I who invites you to come, but the Sacred Heart, who says to such as you: 'Come to Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will refresh you.'" She knew that none who go to that source of refreshment ever fail to find it, nor did she. Her heart now emptied of creatures opened its door to Him who stood there and knocked, her Creator, and He led her softly into the Ark of safety, His One, Holy, Catholic Church.

Meanwhile Rosalie was being led there by a different road; she was being drawn with the chains of love. Eduardo was her ideal of all that was high and noble, and she was convinced of the truth of a religion which could so ennoble and uplift man. When plighting her troth to him she had promised to place herself under instruction.

The two girls were baptized on the same day in the Convent chapel, not of the "Trinità," but of the "Reparatrice," where one of its little doves had flown. That morning Claire had received the blue and white habit and the veil which was forever to hide those lovely eyes from all but the angels of the sanctuary. Her place at the "Trinità" was soon to be filled by Estelle, who was about to enter not as a pupil, but a novice. These young brides of Heaven bid farewell to the little bride of earth, promising her the aid of their prayers, should she, too, ever be called upon to tread the rugged road of the Cross.

ROMANA.

MARTYRDOM OF FATHER GARNIER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

AS soon as the fugitives arrived on St. Joseph's Isle, they set to work. They felled the forest trees, they dug ditches, and erected a palisade, built cabins, and constructed a stone fortress one hundred and twenty-three feet between the angles of the two bastions, with a wall seventy feet long uniting these defences. The ruins of the bastions and the wall are still there in the village on the south-east side of the Island which was the place of the missionary chapel and house, and easily traced by those who have read the old *Relations*. The new residence was called St. Mary's in remembrance of the one that was left on the mainland.

The work was kept up with such energy that before winter the shelter of the fort assured them against all attack. The land was ploughed and sown. Spurred on by the French, the Hurons proved hardy workers; and what was better, their life was exemplary and their piety most admirable. On the 13th of March, 1650, Father Ragueneau wrote to the General of the Society: "Never have we reaped such a harvest of souls; never has the Faith struck deeper in their hearts; never was the Christian name so glorious as in the ruins of this unhappy nation. Last year we baptized more than three thousand Indians. We are realizing the truth of the text: "God chastiseth every son whom He receiveth."

Fort St. Mary's was being finished when the Indian runners brought Father Ragueneau the news of another woe which fell on the mission. After the Iroquois had ravaged the Huron territory, and had slain, or captured, or put to flight all the inhabitants, they had come in the dead of winter into the mountains of the Petuns and were already a short distance from the village of St. John.

Skillful and courageous fighters, the warriors quietly waited for them for some days; and not seeing them put in an appearance went out to meet them. It was a mistake. The Iroquois who had been watching their enemy executed a great

flank movement, covering up their tracks, and while they were being hunted for, swooped down on the village uttering their fearful war-cry. The old men, women and children hurried to their cabins and some took to flight. Everywhere there was terror and confusion.

Father Garnier who was instructing some catechumens in a cabin hurried to the church. "We are lost, my brothers," he cried. "Pray to God and flee wherever you can. Keep the faith while you live and let death find you thinking of God." His neophytes urged him to flee with them ; but he refused. The priest's place was in the midst of those who needed his help. He gave them all a general absolution, and then hurried to the cabins to baptize the children and catechumens, and to prepare the Christians for death.

Meantime the foe were setting fire to the cabins and slaughtering the inmates. The Father was struck by two bullets and reeled over bathed in blood. Although mortally wounded he summoned what strength was left, and so as to die in the exercise of his apostolic work, he dragged himself to the side of a Christian who was dying near him. An Iroquois saw him and with two blows of the tomahawk on either temple despatched him where he lay. The martyr was only forty-nine years old.

The work of destruction did not last long. The Iroquois fearing a return of the absent Petuns hurriedly left the settlement that night. It was December 7, 1649.

When the warriors came back two days later they found only smoking ruins and mutilated and charred remains. Their grief was indescribable. Seated on the ground amid the ruins of their village they remained the whole day like bronze statues, silent, motionless, their gaze fixed on the earth. Not a moan, not a tear ; moans and tears are unworthy of a man, say these savages.

Informed the evening before by the fugitives of what had happened Fathers Garreau and Grelon, who lived at St. Mathias, had come for the precious remains of the dead missionary. They found him under a heap of ashes, stripped of his garments, his body all gory, his head split open on both

sides and his face all disfigured. They covered him with their own clothes and buried him in a grave hollowed in the midst of the wreck of the chapel.

Father Garnier had written to his brother, in France, on April 25th of that year, five weeks after the death of Fathers Lalemant and de Brébeuf: "Thank God for me that He has given me for brothers martyrs and saints who long every day for the crown. Ask Him to give me the grace to serve Him faithfully and to accomplish the great work He has confided to my hand so as to consummate my life in His service. Truly, I regard myself henceforward as a victim that is to be immolated." Like his brethren who had preceded him in the bloody combat he yearned for martyrdom. But that was the hope of all the missionaries of the Hurons. "They are ready for anything," wrote their superior; "crosses, dangers, tortures, nothing frightens them; death, they desire it."

Father Garnier desired it more than the others: On August 12th, 1649, he wrote to his brother: "If my conscience did not reproach me with infidelity to my good Master, I could hope for some favor such as He has vouchsafed to those blessed martyrs. But His justice makes me dread that He will find me unworthy of the crown. Nevertheless I hope that His goodness will give me the grace to love Him some day with all my heart; and that will suffice. Ask Him that for me, and if He gives me that it will matter little what death I die."

This grace of martyrdom which he so much desired, but of which he deemed himself unworthy, the Lord gave him. He had made a vow to defend with his life the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. He died on the eve of the feast and solemnized it in heaven.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

BY a decree dated April 22, 1903, the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, ordains that the title, "Mother of Good Counsel," be added after "Admirable Mother" in the Litany of Loretto.

"From the moment in which the most Blessed Virgin Mary, filled with the grace of the Holy Spirit and illuminated by the splendor of His light, received with entire homage and affection of mind and heart the eternal Counsel of God and the mystery of the Incarnate Word, having become the Mother of God, she deserved to be also called Mother of Good Counsel. Instructed furthermore, by the oracles of Divine Wisdom, those words of life which she had received from her Son and preserved in her heart, she poured forth abundantly on her brethren. Nor was it only at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee that those who ministered followed the counsels of this new Rebecca; it is but just to believe that the pious women and the other disciples of our Lord, including the Holy Apostles themselves, heard and obeyed her words of wisdom. Which prerogative of the Virgin Mother of God we find acknowledged and confirmed when Jesus, about to die, seeing His Mother and the Disciples, whom He loved, standing near the cross, said to His Mother: "Woman, behold thy Son." Then He said to the Disciple: "Behold thy Mother." And from that hour the Disciple took her unto his own. But that John represented at that moment all the faithful of Christ, the Fathers of the Church have handed down to us as a sacred tradition. Moreover, from time immemorial, and with the full approval of the Holy See, the clergy and the Christian people united in imploring her aid, have saluted the Most Blessed Virgin with the glorious title, Mother of Good Counsel. Finally, His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, through his singular piety and that of the faithful towards the Mother of Good Counsel and her sacred picture which is venerated, particularly in the sanctuary of Genazzano, after a new office and Mass had been approved by the Congregation of Rites, in A.D. 1884, and a new indulgenced Scapular had been allowed in 1893,

elevated the Sanctuary itself, increased by his beneficence to the dignity of a minor basilica with all due rights and privileges. And to increase the honor and veneration of this title of the Blessed Virgin Mother, His Holiness decreed that it be inserted in the Litany of Loretto after the words, "Admirable Mother," being firmly convinced that, amidst calamities so frequent and darkness impenetrable, the Pious Mother, who is styled by the holy Father "the treasurer of heavenly graces and counsellor of all," will, if invoked by the Catholic world under this title, prove herself to be to all a Mother of Good Counsel, and obtain that light of the Holy Ghost, the gift of Good Counsel, which enlighteneth all minds and hearts of men."

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Even the drought has not damaged the Shrine grounds to any extent. The trees and hedges have been watered daily, and with the rain promised they will all look as well as ever this year.

The trees which were not doing well, some of the hemlock especially, about forty in number, have been replaced, the arbor vitæ hedge has been extended down the roadside and privet hedges planted in various places on the grounds and in the ravine.

A new bridge has been thrown across the creek in the ravine, forty feet long by eight feet wide. It is south of the sepulchre and leads over to the site chosen for the old statue of the Pietà. The east bank of the creek has been cleared and levelled, and makes quite a spacious and beautiful sward. The terrace below the grotto has been renewed and a small bridge thrown across the creek to the west of the bank below the grotto.

A cyclone blew over the Shrine on the first Friday of May and destroyed the memorial cross. It will be replaced in good time for the pilgrimages.

The Shrine will be opened in July and the pilgrimages will be continued during that month and August.

We need not urge our readers to respond generously to the appeal for aid for the Shrine which we are going to issue the first week of June. It tells the need of the place for this year, and the prospect of beginning the new chapel just as soon as we can provide the necessary funds.

MISSION NOTES.

THE NEEDS OF NORTH AFRICA.

The Archbishop of Algeria, Mgr. Dury, writes of the zeal and self-denial of his missionaries in their laborious work of "extending the kingdom of Christ in these vast regions where the Gospel is less known and obeyed than the Koran." Much has been done, but little in comparison with what remains to be accomplished. It is the same sad state of humanity as in our Saviour's time—the harvest is great and the laborers but few. Many villages in which Christians live can be visited only once a month. The faithful see their pastor only for a few hours. The stations are scattered at distances of twenty-five and thirty miles from the central residences, and so poor are they that the missionary cannot find in them even a shelter for a night. Thus we see the difficulty of Christian instruction and training, particularly in the case of children. Around them are all the evil influences of Mahometanism, immoral in doctrine and life, and fanatically opposed to the Christian faith.

Many Christians suffer keenly on this account.

In one of his pastoral visits the Archbishop was thus addressed by one of his flock: "I have seven sons who toil with me in this village, where we are deprived of all religious aids. We work like the animals of the field, and like them we have to die. If within a year we have no priest to minister to us, we shall certainly leave this place and go to another village, no matter of what sort, in order to be able to live as Christian people."

"Our difficulties," writes the Archbishop, "increase rather than diminish. Each year new villages are established and new colonists arrive, but through lack of resources and of men, we cannot attend to them. It is true, that from time to time the civil authorities enable us to erect a church or residence; in the entire colony six such centres were established last year. But the official assistance is not enough for our increasing needs."

One of the most urgent demands is for a central seminary, in which young missionaries may be trained. Until a recent date Algeria had to call for missionaries to the dioceses of France. The answer was generous; many gladly left their fatherland to toil on the sun-scorched plains of North Africa. It was by those devoted men that the ruins of the ancient Church of Africa have

been rebuilt. But at present the dioceses of France need all their priests. And, moreover, the opinion has gained ground that the missionaries born and trained in Algeria have an advantage in better knowledge of the land in which their career is spent. They know better the people of Algeria, their character, their ideas, prejudices. They will be better able to stand the strain of climate and labor. Nor are most promising vocations lacking in this country which was sanctified so long ago by the blood of many martyrs.

The anti-religious policy of the present government in France is keenly felt in Africa, where all the colonists as well as the officials largely depend on the favor of the rulers. Hence the tendency will be to send in future to government schools children hitherto confided to religious teachers. And so vocations will be fewer, and temporal resources less. The Catholics of France, even in the midst of trial, must still be the chief support of missionary work in Algeria, where, although it is officially a French colony, the exile, the labors and the privations of more remote mission fields are not by any means unknown.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

“Otaron, which Mgr. Berlioz, Bishop of Habodata, has commissioned me to evangelize,” writes the Abbé Armand Pouget to the *Missions Etrangères*, “is a town entirely new and full of promise. Its population has grown in ten years from 18,000 to 80,000 souls. Its geographical position to the west of Hokkaido, on the bay from which it has taken its name, in front of the Russian positions in the extreme East; and its nearness to Vladivostok, the terminus of the trans-Siberian railroad, makes it a port likely to become more important than Hokkaido, and even one of the principal ports of Japan, especially when the network of Russian railroads will have been completed. What proves its importance even now is the fact that the Protestant missions have completely invaded it. There, already, five American religious bodies compete with the orthodox Russians. Their schools, churches, hospitals, catechists, multiply unceasingly; their material means are far greater than ours. I have been appointed a year already to this post, and have not yet been able to erect even a temporary structure. The bishop himself is unable to assist, since he has to beg in order to repair the ruins caused by the last typhoon.”

THE AFRICAN SLEEPING-SICKNESS.

Missionaries in Belgian Congo state that the sleeping-sickness is menacing the existence of entire villages of from 1,000 to 2,000 inhabitants. Great care is taken to isolate the natives as soon as they have been stricken. This is by no means easy, for the sickness comes on as the victims are standing in open day amidst their companions, while they themselves are quite unaware of danger. A missionary tells a story of a native aged eighteen who, while planing a board, began to sleep. After two weeks he could no longer quit his hut, but slept continuously. His slumbers continued two months, and ended in the deeper sleep of death. In some cases, persons when seized by the sleeping-sickness become violently insane, and after three months of unconscious slumber die. It was often possible to baptize the native pagans after very brief instructions when it was understood that death was drawing near. A young girl, apparently in perfect health, was brought to the mission station and offered for sale at a small price. This was suspicious, for, according to the degraded heathen custom, a much larger sum is usually demanded. She was bought, and death soon set her free after she had been baptized.

CARDINAL MORAN ON A GREAT MISSIONARY COLLEGE.

During his recent visit to his native country, Cardinal Moran paid this tribute to the great missionary College of All Hallows, near Dublin :

“ But in this reference to the foreign mission field there is one college whose merits are preëminent, and whose incomparable work has added new lustre to Ireland’s missionary fame. Needless to say, I refer to the All Hallows great missionary college at Drumcondra, which was founded and which attained all the perfection of its present mature growth within the past sixty years. I remember well the memorable day, November 1, 1842, on which it entered on its marvellous missionary work, for I was on that very day sailing from Dublin to enter upon my ecclesiastical studies in Rome. Three priests inaugurated the institution on that day, one of them, the Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock. It is truly surprising to find that within the span of one missionary career, a work so vast and so fruitful would have been begun, and have overcome all the difficulties that beset its early course, and attained its full maturity. On that

opening day the first student entered ; Mass was said in a borrowed suit of vestments ; the furniture of the house consisted of a three-legged table and two or three broken chairs ; the mansion house itself was in the first stage of ruin ; such were the beginnings of the college which, with its vast and stately edifices, now adorns the wide-spreading meadows of Drumcondra. Fifteen hundred priests have gone forth from its hallowed walls, and the missionaries from All Hallows are to be found bringing the consolations of religion to the scattered exiles of Erin whithersoever they may have roamed.’

It was of All Hallows that Aubrey de Vere wrote :

“ Hope of my country ! House of God,
 All Hallows ! Blessed feet are those
 By which thy shadowy courts are trod
 Ere yet the breeze of morning blows !
 Blessed the winds that waft them forth .
 To victory o’er the rough sea foam—
 That race of God which conquers earth—
 Can God forget that race at home ? ”

FROM THE JAMAICAN MISSIONS.

One who has not been in the missions amongst the poor negro people in the West Indies, can scarcely form any idea of their poverty and helplessness. The readers of *THE PILGRIM* remember the pathetic letters of good Father Rapp, S. J., who died soon after his return to the United States, after having labored long and faithfully in the missions of western Jamaica. The successor of Father Rapp sends us the letter printed below.

Father Emerick, S. J., writes from St. Ignatius’ Mission, Brown’s Town, of his success amongst the poor in his scattered and needy mission-field. The people have plenty of good will, and respond quickly to missionary devotedness. With almost no pecuniary means, Father Emerick has developed his several missions, supplying them all, as far as possible, with schools. The schools have been very successful, particularly since they have been placed under the charge of Sisters of Mercy, some few of whom went to those country missions from Kingston. It is a revelation of this mission land how the Sisters have been able to live, and how the zealous missionary has been able to keep his schools and churches in fairly good order without money. The people do much without recompense, and

the mission staff live on the slenderest means. Books of instruction, hymn-books, etc., have also been distributed amongst the people.

READING, Montego Bay, Jamaica, May 7, 1903.

The Editor of The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs, New York.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—May I kindly ask you to make known to the readers of your invaluable periodical the present need of these missions, namely, two horses and buggy, wanted for the Missioner in order to reach his people—there being no other way of getting to them—as the old material has become utterly useless. Father Rapp, S.J., in May, 1896, received and acknowledged in your paper a contribution of \$25, and this is what has given me confidence to write to you.

May Our Blessed Lady reward those who will give ear to my appeal. Thanking you for this favor, allow me to be, Very Reverend and Dear Sir,

Yours gratefully in Christ,

FREDERICK BARIN, S. C.

(Priest of the Society of Don Bosco.)

AMONGST THE PUEBLO INDIANS.

The Indian Sentinel thus writes of the reopening of the Indian Industrial School at Santa Fe by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament :

“Mistrusting their own weakness, and relying on Him Who said ‘Power is made perfect in infirmity,’ they reopened St. Catharine’s Indian Industrial School.

“Many of the old pupils returned, and, shortly after, the Sisters announced their intention of accommodating girls also. This announcement was soon made known to the old Indians, and with a feeling bordering on suspicion as to the wisdom of sending the girls, a few brought their daughters.

“Only those who know what a deep, intense love the old Indian has for his little ones can realize what a sacrifice it is to send them off to school. Much harder is it to part with the girls, and many who came that first year to St. Catharine’s had never before left their pueblos.

“How could those poor children of nature, who had been so often betrayed, deceived and wronged by their more privileged brethren—how could they know that in transplanting their little

daughters from the pueblo to the Sisters' school, they would find in these Sisters devoted hearts ready to be all things to them that they might gain them for Christ?

"It was pathetic to watch their first experiences in bringing girls to school. They followed the little ones everywhere—to dormitory, classroom, dining-room, playground—and having convinced themselves that the Sisters would be kind to their children, they gave their parting blessing to the little ones, who, with reverently folded hands, on bended knees, received this farewell token of affection.

"Many and many a time that first year must their thoughts have turned towards their little nestlings away from their adobe dwellings, rude though they were, and frequent indeed were their visits to St. Catharine's.

"But as time wore on, their confidence grew, and within a year the number of girls had so greatly increased that the Sisters were obliged to build a special department for them. They placed it under the protection of Our Lady of Guadalupe—the Indians' Blessed Mother. She is the good Mother of all her children—the Mother of beautiful love and holy hope—and her aid has not been wanting to the good Sisters who daily ask her assistance in spreading the good tidings, the Gospel message of peace and love to these poor little Indian children, who wish with all their hearts to love the Saviour Who died for them.

"Many of these poor, untutored souls in their simple, primitive innocence, and life untainted by the ways and wiles of more attractive surroundings, are led to love and serve, with their whole hearts and souls, Him Whom only lately they had learned to know.

"Instances are told of several Indian boys who, in order to avoid being entrapped into a dance which they feared savored of idolatry, left the pueblo and under cover of night walked miles to receive sacramental absolution and be fortified with the Bread of the Strong, and thus were enabled to remain firm under the pressure of repeated solicitation and long-standing custom."

REVIEW OF ONE YEAR'S WORK.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children was first suggested by the late Archbishop Corrigan. It was inaugurated in the autumn of 1901, and at once received the approbation of his Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, his

Eminence, Sebastian Cardinal Martinelli, and of the Most Reverend Archbishops Corrigan, Ryan and Keane. The *Indian Sentinel*, an annual, published with a view to keeping the people informed on the condition of the Indian missions, was first issued in the spring of 1902. The result of a little more than one year's effort may be stated thus :

Amount collected through the direct efforts of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions by appeals in Catholic papers, personal appeals, and the efforts of priests who have generously devoted a portion of their time to furthering the interests of the Society, \$11,089.19	
Amount collected in the Diocese of Cleveland, as a result of the establishing of the Society by Right Reverend Bishop Horstman,	9,531.43
Amount collected in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia through the efforts of Reverend H. G. Ganss,	8,672.24
Total,	<u>\$30,192.86</u>

Notwithstanding the fine showing made by this total, it supplies less than *one-fourth* of the amount required for the running expenses of the schools—hence the necessity of speedily increasing the membership of the Preservation Society.

The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions desires to express its appreciation in an especial manner of the generosity of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia and of the Diocese of Cleveland ; of the notable interest manifested by Right Reverend Bishop Horstman, and of the zealous, untiring and fruitful efforts of the Reverend Father Ganss.

It is apparent that the Preservation Society has been a success. With another year of equal results it will have gone a long way toward solving the knotty problem of the support of the Mission Schools.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

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