

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1903.

No. 9.

SHRINE ANNALS.

All day has the rain fallen steadily on the valley of the Mohawk and on the hill of Martyrs. The distant hills are scarcely discernible through the grey mist, and the slowly rising steam marks the toilsome course of the train at their foot.

Amid such rain, perhaps, did the missionary of the Mohawks sorrowfully wait the tardy passing of the night to seek in early dawn the sacred remains of his slaughtered companion. Alas! what the savage Indian had neglected to do, the impetuous water of the ravine, swollen by the rain of hours, had done—robbed him of the mutilated body.

On the summit of the hill the remains of the old stockade may still be traced, but the human hearts that once beat wild with savage rage within its palings, those martial hearts that burned with warlike fire when some runner brought news of the advent of a hostile band, who can mark their resting place within the beautiful valley that once was theirs, or in the more distant lands of the farther west, whither the white man's greed and the white man's firearms had driven them? The villages of the Indian along the smiling valley have given place to the crowded cities of the pale-face, the bark canoe of the red man is seen no more on the river, but the little chapel on the hilltop, the rude stations on the hillside perpetuate the memory of a past when the black-robed apostle, "carrying neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes," came "where the harvest indeed was great but the laborers few," came "as a lamb among wolves," came not to despoil the owners of their rightful soil, not to drive them from their simple villages, but to teach them of their God, "to enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death," "to direct their feet in the way of peace," to lead their souls to heaven, that city of God where there shall be neither white man nor red, but all alike,

children of one Father, where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more," that "hath no need of the sun nor of the moon to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof."

No smoking ruin, no orphan's cry marks the path of the black-robe, but the simple sign of man's salvation, the names of Jesus or of Mary carved on the oak-tree or the birch, reveals to passing Iroquois more clearly than the mocassin-crushed leaflet the course of the missionary.

What could have been the thoughts of a Jogues as he traversed alone those trackless forests? For centuries the stars of heaven had looked down upon the sleeping village of the Iroquois or Huron, whose nightly silence even the bark of the village dog but seldom disturbed: the morning sun as it mounted slowly the crest of yonder hill beheld the white smoke curling lazily from the fire of the wigwam, and too often, as it sank to rest at eventide behind the western hills, did its last rays linger on the quivering flesh of some captive Huron, whose life amid the awful barbarity of Iroquois torture was ebbing away as noiselessly as the passing of the autumn sun.

And it was to such men that Isaac Jogues would carry the light of Truth! I see him at nightfall after a painful journey through the unbroken forest, seek some clearing in the woods, to offer his silent prayer to the Father of all—one of nature's own rough-wrought shrines, o'er which perhaps even now rises some modest village spire, but for him the mighty world is his cathedral, and heaven's star-lit vault, its dome. Perhaps in like scene, with the same silent spectators of His orisons, had another Missioner, another Shepherd seeking His lost sheep, prayed on the hillside or mountain top of Judea, and in virtue of His divine prayer was the humble missionary of the Iroquois encouraged and strengthened and confirmed in his noble work.

Death! He feared it not. Had not his divine Master—the Good Shepherd who giveth His life for His sheep, had He not been consumed in the burning fire of divine charity, tied to the stake of the cross! Nay, had not the intrepid soldier of a Crucified Leader, kneeling in lowly adoration before His sacramental King, pleaded "Lord, let me drink deep of thy chalice" and received the consoling answer "I have heard your prayer and will grant your petition: be strong and brave."

What if some prowling savage should find the wayworn soldier, would not this very capture lead him first to those beyond, and the death that might follow would it not but transform the earthly missionary of the American forests into a heavenly intercessor before the great white throne of God !

For the poor children of the forest, as well as for the cultured Greek, the warlike Roman, the polished Frenchman and the sturdy Briton had the Saviour of mankind shed the last drop of His blood ; for that poor Huron covered with many a scar from Iroquois tomahawk and now breathing out a lonely existence in some forsaken wigwam, for him as for a Charlemagne, or a Louis XIV. had Jesus come to send fire on the earth and what would He but that even in that poor lonely heart it be enkindled ?

Such must have been the thoughts of God's missionary as night after night he lay his weary head on some rough stone of the forest or branch broken by the winds that swept the woods, leaving to the Master the care of body and soul. "The Lord directs me and nothing will be wanting to me."

Perhaps, like Jacob, he drew fresh strength for the morrow's toil, mayhap for the morrow's death, from a vision of angels bearing to earth the Precious Blood of the Crucified and returning heavenward richly laden with the priceless burdens of souls in grace—souls, perhaps, of little babes whose ears would never be assailed with the fierce battle cry of their tribe, whose now stainless hands would never grasp the bloody tomahawk, from whose belt would never hang the scalp of white man or of red. Or might he not in vision see an Indian Agnes, a fair lily amid thorns—a Kateri Tekagwitha adorned with heavenly virtues amid the fierce Indian tribes with whom bloodshed and rapine and plunder were a second nature ?

Need we wonder that cheered by such a dream, he arose with gladsome heart to live, perhaps, another day of weary but welcome labor for the Master, to seek a little longer for the dear lost ones ? Ah, little he recks the cares of life, the fatigues of labor, separation from friends and loved ones, the loneliness of mountain, the solitude of vale, who has read in the bleeding Heart of a God the value of a single soul. Souls ! Souls ! To win souls for Christ, to rescue from the power of the demon souls for whom the Precious Blood was shed, such is the ambition of the apostle. Like another St. Paul "the charity of Christ presseth" him and the charity of Christ for each single human soul lead the Master up the rugged hill of Calvary.

And so with Father Jogues. Long had he sat at the feet of the Master. In spirit had the future apostle felt the warm drops of the Precious Blood falling from the pierced Heart upon his own as he knelt at the foot of the Cross on Calvary, and it made him likewise impatient to be baptized with that Baptism where-with He was baptized. Nay at the altar of God had he not daily applied his lips to the very Heart of the Master and drunk in copious draughts of that Precious Blood which were to flow as rivers of living water—from his own burning heart—rivers of living water, which were in turn to irrigate the sterile field of Indian hearts bringing forth therein the choicest flowers of virtue!

The Indian village is no more. The bones of the Indian warriors have long mingled with the dust. But, who can tell the Indian souls that sprung from the blackrobes' blood, chant to-day their glad hosannas before the mercy seat of God!

* * *

The pilgrimage from Albany, as usual under the direction of Mr. Felix McCann, came earlier this year than before. For many reasons it is desirable that the pilgrims from different cities should come on different Sundays, the chief advantage of this being the comfort of the pilgrims, which is naturally enough in inverse ratio to the number coming together in pilgrimage. Edifying as it is to have numbers come to Auriesville, more good with less inconvenience is experienced when not too many come on the same day. Still no attempt is made to regulate the numbers, save now and then a suggestion to a pastor to await a day which will not be too crowded. Occasionally, as happened this year, the railroad limits or increases the number of pilgrims by withholding or increasing the number of cars allowed for the various trains. The Fathers in charge of the Shrine also limit the pilgrimages by insisting that no party shall visit Auriesville without the consent, and, if possible, the company of the pastor or of some priest delegated by him. This restriction will explain the order that prevails everywhere about the Shrine and the absence of policemen usually deputed to handle large crowds of people.

The pilgrimages do not fall off as years go on; rather they increase in variety as well as in number. This is explained not only by the fact that the Shrine becomes more known and more popular, but also, and chiefly, by the fact that the Church is growing fast in the diocese of Albany, that immigration is bring-

ing vast numbers to this fair and enterprising region, and, what is far more important, that the immigrants are looked after not only by the pastors already in possession but by others also of their own nationality. This year, it was very consoling to witness the ardor with which the Poles and Italians made their pilgrimages. No doubt, they were reminded of home by the open-air chapels and devotional exercises; but they manifested also the keenest interest in all that was so eloquently preached to them in their own languages about the meaning and origin of this Shrine.

The only organized pilgrimage in July this year, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes (not Troy as erroneously stated in the August PILGRIM), has already been described. The Sundays immediately following that many came to Mass at the Shrine, but the first pilgrimage in August this year was from Albany, on Sunday, the ninth. Fully a thousand came to pay this year a special tribute of veneration to the Queen of Martyrs. One of their number, Mr. Patrick Carroll, had given to her Shrine a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, life size, carved in beautiful Carrara marble, and it was unveiled and blessed on this day. It is placed for the present in the old Shrine and here after the blessing the sermon was preached by Father Wynne. The weather was perfect; the pilgrimage trains arrived early enough to have the Masses over in good time to have the Stations before noon. After the blessing of the statue there was the usual procession to the Ravine, where Father Thompkins addressed the pilgrims. Then followed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the choir which had come from Albany specially for this occasion chanting the *Pange Lingua*. The beautiful banner which these pilgrims brought with them, remains at the Shrine, the pilgrims' gift in honor of our Lady of the Assumption.

August 9 is now one of the memorial days at the Shrine. With the new statue have come already the many blessings promised and invariably granted wherever the image of the Sacred Heart is specially venerated. The donor, Patrick Carroll, departed this life the last week in August, closing a career modest enough in appearance but distinguished by his charity and good deeds, the fruit of which lasts even after his death in the many handsome legacies he left to Catholic institutions. The Mass on the First Friday at the Shrine will be said for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

On August 15, four priests said Mass at the Shrine, and, as

usual, many pilgrims came from the neighboring cities to join those who had been stopping at the Shrine during the Novena, which was concluded on this Feast, or who had come from distant cities on their annual pilgrimage to Auriesville. The weather was very fine, and all the open-air devotions were followed devoutly, the day closing with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The pilgrimage from St. Joseph's Church, Troy, which was announced for Sunday, August 16, had to be postponed until August 23, because the railway officials could not promise a sufficient number of cars. For this reason, the pastor of St. Joseph's German Church, Schenectady, decided not to organize a pilgrimage this year, but to have his parishioners go with St. Mary's (Polish) parish from that city on August 23. Meanwhile, the parish of St. Adalbert (Polish) came to the Shrine Sunday, August 16, under the direction of Father Molejkajtys, of Albany, in place of their pastor, Father Gogolewski, who was ill at the time. They numbered about one thousand persons, and fully another thousand came from different places along the route from Albany, and a special pilgrimage from Johnstown the Children of Mary of St. Patrick's parish, under the direction of their pastor, the Rev. J. W. Dolan, who visited the Shrine later in the day after concluding the usual Sunday services in his parish. The weather was charming. To satisfy the different congregations there were separate exercises and two sermons in the Ravine. The breeze was too high to have the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. From Canajoharie and intervening towns a barge carried about one hundred and fifty pilgrims on the canal, for whom Mass was said about twelve o'clock.

Sunday, August 23, fully 4,000 pilgrims came to Auriesville, from St. Joseph's parish, Troy, under the direction of Father Edmund O'Connor; from St. Mary's (Polish) Schenectady, under the direction of Father Dereszewski; and from St. Mary's, Saugerties, and other cities along the Hudson above Poughkeepsie and along the Mohawk Valley west of Albany, under the direction of Father Murray. It was a day of great enthusiasm; 800 received Holy Communion. All took part in the various exercises. Fathers O'Sullivan and Dereszewski preached, the former in the chapel, the latter in the Ravine. Weather was most favorable except for the stiff breeze which prevented the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. To accommodate the vast throng of people a second Benediction was given.

Though Auriesville, like every other part of the country, had its share of rain this year, it was not damaged by any severe storm and the only rainy pilgrimage day was Sunday, August 30, when pilgrims came from the West, from St. John's Church, Utica, under the direction of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. M. Lynch, D.D., accompanied by the Rev. William A. Ryan, of St. Agnes' Church, and assisted by Father James Murphy and Father Smith.

Several members of St. Cecilia's parish, Fonda, joined the pilgrimage at Fultonville. Under the special charge of Rev. Eugene Ostino were nearly 200 Italians, who heard Mass at the Sacred Heart altar, the main body of the pilgrims hearing Mass in the open chapel, where more than 300 received Holy Communion. Rain began to fall about eleven o'clock, and with little interruption it rained all day, not, however, to such an extent as to prevent some of the pilgrims from making their devotions privately, since it was impossible for all to attempt them in common. The Way of the Cross was made in the chapel, where one of the Fathers later in the day explained the origin and purpose of the Shrine to the pilgrims, who departed earlier than they had intended, after assisting at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mass was said at the Shrine until Monday, September 7, the Fathers in charge having to leave that day in order to attend the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of His Grace, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. Mass will be said again on September 29th, to commemorate the death of Rene Goupil, and on October 18th, to commemorate the deaths of Father Isaac Jogues and of Joseph Lalande, his companion.

Like every preceding year, this was one of many blessings at the Shrine. Many who had received favors after their pilgrimage last year came this season to report them. The number of pilgrims, the good order, the devotion and the generosity with which they contributed for the expenses of the Shrine are all so many proofs that people know and appreciate the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs for what it really is—a place of prayer and of pilgrimage, of peace and of blessing, destined always to be one of America's most favored Shrines.

Before concluding the record of the pilgrimages, we must add a word about the lamp which was hung above the Pieta, a votive offering of one who has been always very devoted to the interests of the Shrine. Those who have seen the statue and remem-

ber the figures of Christ departed and of His sorrowing Mother, may imagine how vividly they stand out under a light of 2,000 candle power. The lamp is known as the Kitson burner, and up and down the valley it can be seen shining like a star and shedding its soft, silvery rays on the central object of devotion at the Shrine.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Miss D., Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .	\$10.00	H. J. D., Devon, Pa.	\$ 3.00
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THE LITTLE MAIDEN BY THE SEA.

“JUST one white speck upon the ocean and one white speck upon the shore!” soliloquized the literary man who had come down to Little Morley for his Easter holiday. “Old Betton was correct in describing this place as ‘phenomenally quiet.’ It’s grand! simply grand, having all this stretch of sky and sea and sand all to myself. For the first time in my life I feel that I have left humanity behind, and my soul is alone with its Creator. How happy I ought to be! How happy, indeed, I am! And yet, in this vast solitude one somehow longs, more than ever, for a kindred soul to share the beauty of it all and sympathize.”

He looked again at the two white specks which had at first attracted his attention. The distant sail upon the sea quite failed to interest him, but instinctively he turned his steps toward that other note of white upon the shore.

The little wearer of that snowy Tam O’Shanter had some days ago awakened his interest and fired his imagination. Ever since the morning of his arrival at Little Morley, when he found her alone—the only living thing upon that long stretch of sand and pebbles by the sea—his thoughts, unbidden, had been weaving fancies round her. His ignorance as to her name, age, rank and occupation only added to the enchantment of a lovely face, a girlish figure, a resolute bearing and her evident love of solitude.

As soon as he had arrived at what he judged to be a suitable distance, he sat down upon the stones, leant his back against the breakwater and gave his imagination a long, long rein.

As her back was turned towards him and she was entirely unconscious of his presence, he was obliged to content himself with a general impression. So he began by studying her outward garb.

She wore a white woolen Tam o’-Shanter over her short, dark curls, a warm, black cloak with a fur collar (the early April winds being still occasionally very cold), a blue serge skirt and neat, brown shoes and stockings.

With an artist's eye he noted how the coloring of her clothes harmonized with her surroundings, and he wondered if she chose them herself, or if her mother dressed her. He found himself wondering all sorts of things, but it was her age which puzzled him the most of all, and until he could decide whether she were nearer twelve years old, or thirty, he could not place her satisfactorily in his thoughts.

Her short hair, her very youthful face and the lightness of her step suggested the child; but there was a certain repose of manner and dignity of carriage which baffled him. The long free stride, the poise of the head, the resolution—almost he fancied, the *courage*—of her bearing, bespoke the woman who had faced difficulties and troubles and had faced them nobly. She might be thirty, with a past; or she might be thirteen, with a future. Yet it was unnatural for a child—and he inclined to the supposition that she could be little more than a child—to come down alone to the sea day after day and lie so still for hours watching the waves and sky. Morning and evening she came, as though she were performing a task and he read firmness, decision, heroism, into her even steps. She always chose the same part of the beach and settled herself down under shelter of a great black breakwater, crowned with dripping, golden seaweed.

Three boys were building a sand castle perilously near the incoming tide, and he wished that she would essay to do some childish thing that he might offer to assist her. But she never came around with a bucket or a spade. She carried two books and something glistening—exactly *what* he was not able to discern—twisted around the fingers of the other hand.

“She ought to have someone to play with, or someone to look after her. Where is her mother or her elder sister?” demanded the literary man aloud, but the thud and ripple of the waves as they broke upon the shore was the only answer vouchsafed to him.

“It is not good for anyone to be so much alone,” he thought. His own solitary condition was due to the fact that the friend who had told him about the place succumbed to an attack of influenza at the last minute and was unable to accom-

pany him ; and, having once arranged his plans, it had seemed better to him to get to the sea alone than not to get there at all. Moreover, he wanted a little quiet time in which to work out a story which for years had been swimming in his brain : a simple story, treating of healthy, English Catholic life, with a heroine who, amidst many difficulties and trials, humbly committed her way unto the Lord ; accepting the little things of life and living nobly amongst them : such a heroine as he had never been privileged to meet, though he believed that there must be many such girls trained in the schools of the Sacred Heart ; Children of Mary, who even in this struggling go-ahead twentieth century, follow meekly and wisely in Our Lady's footsteps.

As he was meditating upon the character of his heroine, with his eyes upon the little girl by the sea, a distant clock struck five. She rose, collected her possessions and set forth homewards, leaving him lost in admiration at the beautiful way she held herself.

He sat on thinking and wondering until the setting sun and the chill evening air practically recalled him to an everyday world. Then he went for an hour's brisk walk along the beach, taking a short cut back across fields, yellow and white with new spring blossoms, to a dinner of fried ham and eggs at the Red Lion Inn, where he was putting up.

"Are you going to the Good Friday concert on the pier, at Longer Morley, to-morrow evening?" inquired his landlady, who pitying his loneliness indulged him with the local news whilst she cleared away his meals. "They say the singing will be something beautiful. I hope you'll go, sir. It will be a nice change for you."

His smile was not entirely devoid of sarcasm. After being accustomed to the best of everything in London he fully expected that the music provided by the local talent of Longer Morley *would* be a change for him ; yet, all the same he said that very likely he might go, and delighted the good hostess of the Red Lion Inn by purchasing an eighteen penny reserved stall from her on the spot.

His little girl was not upon the beach next day, and he

hoped that perhaps she was reserving herself for the evening concert. It would give him great pleasure to recognize her, differently dressed, sitting amongst the audience. He wanted to picture her under the influence of some other environment. But no! when he arrived upon the pier, and took an eager survey of the inmates of the concert room, he saw in an instant that his little sea-maiden was not amongst them.

The room was as yet but a quarter full. He stood near the door anxiously watching the passers-by until the concert was about to begin; then, with a sense of extraordinary disappointment, for which he found it unreasonable to account, he took his place in the one row of red plush seats, and devoted his attention to the decoration of the room. The effect of color was distinctly pleasing: the crimson curtain on either side of the stage, the many windows disclosing views of the sea, the painting of the woodwork in two delicate shades of blue. And his seat was comfortable. If the music was not more than usually atrocious he thought he might as well remain here for an hour or so.

It did not seem probable that there would be any name he knew upon the programme. The piano solo, and the baritone song were not calculated to distract his thoughts from the subject which engrossed them; but then—— No. 3 Miss Rosamond Athelstane, "Ave Maria" by Joseph Lynde, filled him with totally unexpected joy and surprise. It was impossible not to recognize the slight graceful figure, although she looked considerably taller in her long white gown, and although her curls were lost under a large black picture hat, which made an exquisite sitting for the sweet-face child below.

His little maiden of the sea! and yet how wonderfully transformed. He had never imagined that she sang. Ah! how divinely! with what ease! the quality of her voice, the repose of manner, the sympathetic rendering of the song! Here was the true note of sympathy for which he had so often listened in vain.

"Undoubtedly," he thought, "she must be a Catholic." She sang with such touching reverence.

His heart went out towards her amidst that uproar of

applause. She bowed, returned and bowed again, and finally was persuaded to repeat her song.

From the magnificently evident delight of the old lady sitting next him, the literary man concluded that she must be his little maiden's mother. The programme quivered in her slender fingers during the singing, and when the song was done she tore off her gloves and rings and clapped as he had never guessed an elderly lady was capable of clapping. He contrasted her nervousness and excitement with her daughter's appearance of angelic calm.

"Miss Athelstane is by a long way too self-possessed," remarked someone behind him, as soon as she had left the platform, "no one gets on nowadays who isn't nervous."

"Good quality, but lacks finish," said someone else.

And the literary man glared round angrily at the people who dared to give their unprejudiced opinion of *her* voice.

"Hush! hush!" remonstrated he, and the old lady next him smiled gratefully.

In the second half of the programme Miss Athelstane was down to sing again. How he longed for her reappearance, that beautiful, calm, oval face, with its long, dark lashes and the sweet, trustful smile. At last she came, but though "The Green Hill Far Away" moved many members of the audience to tears, a feeling of awe at the recollection of that scene on Calvary nineteen hundred years ago silenced their applause.

"Sir Edward Douglas tells me that she is the cleverest pupil they ever had at the college," whispered someone who was sitting within earshot of the literary man.

"*Clever* does not seem to me exactly the word to describe her," replied someone else, "I should rather call her exquisitely *good*. She suggests an atmosphere of exalted purity."

"And Dan Gilbertson has just offered her £500 a year to take Nell Solly's place in 'The Unthinking Girl.'"

"Good God! you don't say so. Surely, some one will prevent her from doing that."

"Her guardian angel, very likely—they are the only beings I know of nowadays who can afford to be unmercenary."

The literary man could bear no more. At the end of the next 'cello solo he got up and left the hall. The walk home by the sea in the starlight brought a certain amount of alleviation to his agonizing thoughts; yet the idea of his little singing maiden being drawn away and swallowed up in the gulf of comic opera haunted his sleep and he dreamed of Dan Gilbertson in the form of a fiery dragon, slain by himself in the guise of St. George, just as the lady of his heart was about to be devoured.

Next morning she was sitting again in her usual place upon the shore, and he found it difficult to persuade himself that this solitary child was identical with the sweet singer of yesterday.

He ensconced himself a little nearer than he had ventured hitherto and watched her with a tender, wondering pity and anxiety. After that overheard conversation in the concert room he longed more than ever to know something about her history and her circumstances. Had she no one to shield her from the temptations of the world? No one to give her good advice or fight her battles?

He doubled up his arm and felt his well-developed biceps with a smile of satisfaction. If it had only been a matter of personal strength that was required, nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have entered the lists on the spur of the moment as her champion knight; but as things really were, he failed to see how mere brute force was going to avail his little sea-maiden.

There was only one other force of which he had experienced the quality—the force of prayer. “Benediction at half-past four,” his landlady had told him. Perhaps Miss Athelstane would be going, too, and he might march some paces in the rear, acting as her invisible escort, by the way. He studied her carefully to see if she were about to move, but at twenty minutes to the hour she still lay motionless, evidently asleep, and he rose quietly and left her to plead her cause before the throne of God.

The pretty custom of blessed flowers was new to him, and he treasured his tiny bouquet in the hope of being able to find some means of conveying it to her.

She was still asleep when he returned to the beach, and the fast approaching waves seemed to have nearly reached her feet. He felt concerned for her bodily safety, and resolved, with the help of a great inclination, that it was his obvious duty to awaken her. He laid his offering of the holy flowers at her right hand, seeing the glistening pearls of her rosary twisted round her fingers. The office of Our Blessed Lady and "The Fioretti" of St. Francis were beside her. All the secrets of her inner life appeared in that moment to have been revealed. He understood now the heavenly quality of her voice and her beautiful repose of manner; they were an answer to her fervent prayers; she came down to this silent place to commune with her Creator.

He withdrew to a little distance, leaving it for her guardian angel to awaken her. The sea was not so perilously near as in his first impulsiveness he had imagined.

At the sound of the Angelus she rose to her knees, and, after making the sign of the cross, the little bouquet caught her eye. She raised it to her lips, saying: "Dear Lady, you have sent me the flowers and a blessing! How good God is!" Yes, she was a Catholic, and with the knowledge of it his interest in her increased enormously.

At the altar rails, on Easter morning, he and she knelt side by side. He, conscious of the close proximity, was offering his communion for her earthly welfare: she, unconscious of everything except her union with her Saviour, was murmuring softly, "A hundred thousand welcomes, dearest Lord."

When his thanksgiving was finished he noticed that she was kneeling in advance of him, a little to the right, but she had not yet raised her head, and he could not watch her here.

There was a lady whom he knew just leaving the church, and he followed her, and entered into conversation with her just outside the porch. They were still talking when his little sea-maiden passed by.

"Rose, dear," exclaimed the lady. His friend knew her intimately. The introduction was soon accomplished. "You both go the same way," she added, "Sir Herbert Downington is staying at the Red Lion Inn."

So they walked back together. How natural it was ! and yet the literary man felt as though the most wonderful thing in the world had happened.

They spoke of the concert. It was the first time she had sung since a serious illness, she told him. She was so thankful that he thought her voice had sounded well. The air of Little Morley had undoubtedly done her good.

"I see you sitting by the sea," he said.

"Do you?" Her surprise was entirely genuine. "I have never seen you!"

"That was because you never looked my way."

She laughed. "I always look straight out before me—it is so beautiful, so wonderful. The varying clouds in that immense expanse of sky, touching the blue sea-line of the horizon; and then the line of silver white; and then sand, wet sand, dry sand, and sand with sky reflections; and the countless shades of gray and yellow pebbles on the beach: with, for white, occasionally a sea-gull, or a sail; and for the darkest note the rich lines of the breakwaters."

"So its artistic loveliness appeals to you? I used to wonder what you thought about," he said.

"Oh, I just *feel* that, I don't *think*—at least I try not to, because I promised my doctor that I wouldn't. He told me to sit by the sea and let my mind float out on the ocean of God's love, and trust His Providence for the future."

The literary man found her sensitive and charming as she gradually unveiled the subject of her own troubles. During that short walk home he discovered all that he had been so anxious to understand. She was twenty-two years of age and her mother was sixty. They lived upon a small annuity which would die with the mother, and the mother had been given less than a year, at the most, to live. This was a secret which the family doctor had confided to Rose just before she came away, saying it would be wiser for the old lady to remain unaware of her own critical condition. Rose's health had temporarily broken down under the combined strain of study at the Royal College of Music and sick-nursing at home, and it was on her account they came to Little Morley for rest and

change of air. Now it was definitely decided that she could not afford to study any more, and she feared it would be almost impossible to obtain a sufficient number of lucrative engagements to sing at concerts or "at homes." The only good offer that had been made to her came from a quarter which—she hesitated. "I know," replied the literary man.

He called upon her mother after this, discovering her to be the widow of his first editor, and the recollection of a boyish gratitude easily expanded now into a debt which he felt it would be an honor to be allowed to pay.

Mrs. Athelstane found him a good-looking, distinguished, sympathetic companion, with many mutual friends, amongst whom was the very "Old Betton" who had told him of the place. In the course of a day or two when Mr. Betton arrived the quartette was complete.

"Headaches, weak pulse, low temperature and want of sleep," had been, her mother told the literary man, the cause of Rose's coming to the sea, but now that she was so very much better their doctor wrote to suggest her taking long rambles in the country.

"Perhaps you would allow me to go with her?" suggested Sir Herbert, endeavoring not to express by the eagerness of his manner how very much pleasure those country walks would give to him.

"I should indeed be glad for you to do so. There are so many cows in the fields about here, and one never knows if they are bulls and going to toss you," replied Mrs. Athelstane vaguely.

It did not seem necessary to assure her that Rose was not in the least afraid of cows, and the supposition that they might belong to the ferocious sex, whilst it amused him, was such a distinct advancing of his cause that he let it pass.

He got to know his little sea-maiden considerably better after this, and she told him the secrets of her heart in a simple, confiding childlike spirit as they were searching for wild anemonies in the neighboring woods.

"Such beautiful things happen sometimes, which one cannot explain," she said, telling him the story of the Blessed

Flowers on Holy Saturday. "They were narcissus, white stock, forget-me-nots, scented geranium leaf and Our Ladies' laces."

He had not observed of what the little bouquet was composed, but he thought that her voice suggested the fragrance of flowers as she named them.

"I was so sorry to have fallen asleep and missed Benediction," she continued, "and I took the flowers as a sign that I was being watched over and cared for."

"Undoubtedly!" replied he heartily, but he did not add "by me."

"I have pressed those blossoms in my 'Garden of the Soul,' and whenever I look at them my confidence increases, and I understand that God made me and loves me, and that I must not feel anxious about the future."

"The future," soon formed the habitual topic of their conversation. It was such a relief to Rose to have some sympathetic ear into which to pour forth all her fears and doubts and difficulties. That she must not accept Dan Gilberton's offer the literary man felt "as sure as if five hundred pounds a year was likely to grow on every blackberry bush," as old Betton laughingly remarked.

"Yours is one of those cases, dear child," said Sir Herbert gravely, "in which one has no light but that which comes with prayer."

This emboldened her to make a request that had been hovering on her lips ever since the Easter morning of their introduction. Would he join her in a Novena to Our Lady, Star of the Sea, in the fisherman's chapel at Norton Harbor? Did he know the story of the picture? how it was painted by a lay-brother who had once been a sailor, and who always believed that he saw the Blessed Virgin beckoning to him from the evening star. "Serve me," he thought he heard her calling to him, and when at length he followed his vocation he was allowed to paint the vision of his stormy days for the fisherman's chapel, and the boatmen all came to make their Novenas there for a safe voyage, before putting out to sea.

"And you would make your Novena in the same spot before

putting out upon life's ocean for your unknown voyage?" he asked.

"You and I, and mother and Mr. Betton, I thought," replied she rather shyly.

So it was arranged to hear Mass at Norton for nine mornings for this particular intention; Sir Herbert and Rose walking there by the fields and woods, whilst their elders drove round by the longer roadway.

On the ninth morning Rose knelt longer than usual before the star picture after Mass was over, and the beautiful calm of her expression, and the intense confidence with which she offered up her *Memorare* struck her companion as being something nearer to the holy angels than he had ever hoped to come on this side of the grave.

Here was a gentle, naturally retiring child, who had been tenderly brought up, about to lose her remaining parent, and to be left alone and penniless in a world of which she dimly realized the temptations and dangers; and yet what countenance had he ever beheld so absolutely serene and trustful? Was not this the conclusion of his life-time's search—had he not found at last his ideal woman—the kindred soul with whom alone he knew that he could better serve his Creator?

When she rose from her knees he met her eyes—those clear, honest, trustful eyes—and he knew that the answer to their Novena was that he should be her pilot.

Two golden hearts hanging side by side beneath the fisherman's picture are all that now remain to tell of the literary man who married the heroine of his unwritten novel, and of the little singing maid whose trust in God was generously rewarded.

VIOLET BULLOCK WEBSTER.

MISSION NOTES.

Father Darbois, Superior of the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption in New York, writes that all their missionaries in the East, where they are numerous and successful, speak of a rather general movement amongst the schismatic Greeks towards reunion with Rome. Father Darbois encloses a letter from an Assumptionist missionary, it is entitled :

“SCENES IN THE GREEK CHURCH IN TURKEY.”

“The city of Peramos in Turkey in-Asia (6,000 inhabitants) possesses a monastery on the peninsula of Cyzika, now void of monks as mostly all the Greek monasteries elsewhere than on Mt. Athos. The revenues, which were considerable, served for the support of the schools of the city. The monastery was, moreover, the centre of a famous pilgrimage : every year 25,000 Greeks come hither to venerate an ancient image of the Blessed Virgin, attributed to St. Luke, and by which are accomplished, it is said, true miracles in favor of the sick. For a long time the bishops of Cyzika, upon which Peramos depends, had turned their attention to this monastery, not to re-establish religious observance in it, for the Greek bishops care little for that, but to obtain possession of its revenues. Be it understood that the Peramiotes did not intend to let themselves be fleeced without crying out. They are sheep accustomed to be shorn by their shepherds ; but this time they were to be skinned. They protested energetically ; but nothing came of it. Finally, they appealed to His Excellency, Mgr. Bonetti, the Delegate Apostolic at Constantinople, and declared that they intended to become Catholics. The document presented bore over 500 signatures, amongst which were those of six priests of the city and others of prominent men connected with the local administration.

“Meanwhile the affair was brought up before the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople, called Ecumenical, and before the Holy Synod. The matter having been wisely weighed, Patriarch and Synod declared that the Bishop of Cyzika had no rights over the disputed monastery, and that in consequence it should thenceforward depend on the Patriarchate. In other words; the Peramiotes would continue to be fleeced as before, but now it

would be by the highest authority in their Church. The priests, who, since April 26, had been making a solemn commemoration of the Pope in the Offices, were punished by degradation and exiled to Mt. Athos; their churches and schools were closed; and the other leaders of the movement were excommunicated and menaced with transportation. The sentence was only partially executed, but with this aggravation, that the lay leaders were sent to prison. The Turkish government is just now on the best of terms with the Greeks, whom it cajoles in order to have their support against the Bulgarians of Macedonia."

"Meanwhile the Delegate Apostolic wished to send three Greek priests to Peramos to encourage the people, but it was only after a long delay and great difficulties that they were able to set out. No steamer would carry them, the three companies which attend the port of Peramos having suspended their services owing to an injunction of the ambassadors of Russia and Greece. Notwithstanding that, on arriving at Peramos, the three missionaries were received with enthusiasm, they were soon compelled by the Turkish police to depart. During the night, these, by threats of exile and loss of all they had, forced the native priests and lay leaders to sign a retraction and an official request for pardon addressed to the Patriarch. The latter was content with the mere signatures extorted by force, and announced the pardon by telegram. It was said that he even promised not to take more than half of the revenues of the monastery. According to the official newspapers the incident had ended: the pardon was enthusiastically received by the entire population. Such statements are, however, entirely false. The people remain constant in their determination and ask for Catholic priests. On the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, a day on which the Greeks have the custom of receiving communion, the bishop sent by the Patriarch had only a few old persons at his Mass, while he heard on the way as he came, shouts of "long live the Pope!" Such cries were declared by the police to be seditious, and were punished by imprisonment.

"Such are the facts which the people of Peramos desire to make known to the civilized world. They have enough of a clergy, ignorant, grasping and unjust, and frightfully corrupt. The orthodox Greek church is in a state of putrefaction; and the declamation of a few salaried officials does not prevent intelligent people from seeing it. From all sides, from Albania, Thrace, Cappadocia, Smyrna, Constantinople itself, the same appeal

comes. People have grown weary of the horrid stepmother, the Church of Photius."

A PROTESTANT ON CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

The *Tablet*, of April 18, gives testimony of the "stalwart Protestant," the late W. S. Caine, as to the relative success of Catholic and Protestant missions to the heathen. At Singapore he found a magnificent Anglican cathedral, but no native converts present except those who waited on the English worshippers. The Presbyterian chapel presented a like spectacle. "The result of their (all the missionaries) labors are miserable, and I cannot but think their methods and plans of working must be wrong." At Penang and Malacca, things were in the same condition. "So much," he concludes, "for Protestant missionary zeal for the conversion of our heathen fellow-subjects in the Straits Settlements. But what are the Roman Catholics doing? They have twenty-five chapels in the colony. They have forty-one priests—missionary priests and catechists, with aggregate congregations of 6,500. I think it would be well if the secretaries of our missionary societies spent twelve months in the East trying to find out how it is that Jesuits succeed so well, when they fail so completely. What wants explaining is the comparative zeal and success of the Roman Catholic, and the comparative failure of Protestantism in the conversion of the heathen to the Christian faith."

FIFTEEN THOUSAND GREEK CONVERTS.

The *Missions Etrangères* have recently (April 10) announced the conversion of more than 15,000 separated Greeks. They have returned to the fold in a body, and were received by Mgr. Doumani, the Greek Catholic (Melchite) Bishop of Tripoli in Syria. Believing in authoritative teaching, the separated Greeks would, at least in very many cases, readily follow their leaders into the Catholic Church. Much the same as other separated Christians, however, they have been taught bitter prejudices against the Church of Rome and its Sovereign Pontiff. Hence it is not to be wondered at that Mgr. Doumani's zeal drew upon him the hostility of the separated Christians. Two of his priests, we are told, have been poisoned, and many presbyteries pillaged.

THE CHURCH IN JAPAN.

The Right Rev. J. A. Chatron, the scene of whose missionary labors is in the western part of Nippon, embracing the provinces

of Owari, Mino, Echizen, Shikoku and a number of islands, recently gave in Roxbury, Mass., an account of his mission. It embraces a total population of 15,000,000, of which about 7,000 are converts, the result of the work of the missionaries since the foundation of the mission in 1888. Under his jurisdiction there are 25 foreign and 2 native priests, 4 Brothers of the Society of Mary, 4 seminarists, 40 catechists, 16 Sisters of the St. Infant Jesus de Chauffailles, with 3 novices and 3 postulants. The mission embraces 34 congregations, or Catholic centers, made up of 8 churches or chapels, 24 stations in Japanese houses, 5 schools, one for boys and four for girls, with 409 children; one commercial school with 100 pupils under the charge of the Brothers of Mary; a school for foreign languages with 40 pupils; 5 orphanages with 250 children; several industrial schools with 200 pupils; a hospital and a dispensary with a staff of about 300 nurses. In one year recently baptism was administered to 193 adults, to 258 children of pagan parents, and to 100 children of Christian parents; 1,574 confessions were heard and 1,397 Paschal Communions given. The bishop has been working as a missionary in Japan for the last thirty years.

CATHOLICITY IN EASTERN INDIA.

An East Indian correspondent of *The Catholic Standard and Times* writes from Malabar, India, May 15: At the time when the Church is receiving such hard blows from the children of her bosom it is interesting to record her prosperity in a far-off land where the echoes of Western civilization seldom penetrate. It will be remembered that in 1896 Pope Leo XIII, in his solicitude for the preservation of the Oriental rites, accorded to the Syrian Chaldaic Catholics of the Malabar three Bishops of their own rite and nation. During the past ten years the Catholic Church of Malabar has made astonishing progress. The Catholics of this portion of India now number 252,000, and are rapidly increasing. There are 200 churches and seventy parochial chapels. During the past seven years the Catholic population has increased by 70,000. This averaging increase of 10,000 every year is probably unprecedented in the history of missions.

The following statistics, compiled by three Bishops of the Syro-Chaldean rite, will give a definite idea of the progress of Catholicity in Malabar :

	1896.	1903.
Catholics.....	252,320	319,045
Parish churches.....	201	246
Chapels.....	77	91
Priests.....	473	459
Seminarists.....	67	86
Students of high schools.....	295	470
Parochial schools.....	527	763
Total scholars.....	25,530	31,825
Annual number of conversions.....	310	1,070
Convents of both sexes.....	20	24
Religious of both sexes.....	156	294

The Church in Malabar was founded by St. Thomas the Apostle, and has been governed by Bishops of the Syro-Chaldean rite up to the seventeenth century. At that period the Indies passed under the authority of Portugal and the Church was ruled by Latin Bishops under the patronage of the Portuguese King. The administration of the Latin Bishops over the Chaldai-Syrians of Malabar caused endless dissensions, and resulted towards the end of the seventeenth century in the introduction of Jacobitism, which up to this day exists and to a certain degree flourishes. The restoration by the present Pontiff of the original episcopacy has been followed by great benefit, as is shown in the above figures.