

# THE PILGRIM

OF

## OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

---

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### THE HURON FLIGHT TO QUEBEC.

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

**T**HE missionaries at St. Mary's were ordered to return immediately and on the 10th of June, 1650, they with 350 Huron Christians might have been seen in a long line of canoes silently paddling along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay and entering into French River. The shores of Lake Nipissing are deserted; the Algonquins had abandoned the Isle of Alumettes; the banks of the Ottawa once teeming with life were now lonely and desolate. The Iroquois swarmed over all the territory, leaving ruins in their track, and turning every place into a desert.

Half way on their journey the caravan fell in with Forty Frenchmen and twenty Hurons under the direction of Father Bressani. They were on their way to Quebec and unaware of the irreparable misfortunes that had overtaken the Hurons in the slaughter of so many of their people and the dispersal of the survivors. The two parties united and went to Montreal, but the Hurons refused to remain there. They would be too much exposed to their enemies and so on the 28th of July they all landed at Quebec.

This made a heavy burden for the French colonists. The poor Indians had nothing; no food, no shelter, no means to get by barter even a little wheat or a few peas. A hundred of them were cared for by the Ursulines, the Hospitalières and the families who were in easiest circumstances. The Jesuits took care of the rest and sent some Fathers to France to procure

funds. A month after the arrival of the Hurons at Quebec, Father Ragueneau wrote : " We gave them our blood and our life ; can we refuse them what is less than that, food to eat ? They come to us every day to beg ; they have built their own cabins, and will work to support themselves. We will give them all we have, and if they die of famine here close to the French, we shall have the consolation at least of having them die as Christians."

On September 29, Mother Mary of St. Bonaventure, a Hospitalière of Quebec, wrote to Paris : " Here are four hundred refugee Hurons at Quebec who have pitched their wigwams at the gate of our hospital where they come every day to Mass. I have never seen greater poverty or more piety ; a little sagamité, that is, a pottage of peas and Indian corn, does them for a day and they are happy to have it ; but happier we to be able to give it to them. Our little hospital ward meantime is filled with soldiers who were wounded fighting with the Iroquois."

The hospital of these nuns was always but especially that year an asylum for the poor, Indians as well as French. Throughout the year every charity was lavished on their charges. The burden was beyond their strength but never beyond their courage. They achieved what seemed impossible. They deprived themselves of everything rather than see the poor suffer.

The Ursulines were equally generous and devoted. Almost ruined by the enormous outlay which the erection of their monastery called for, they condemned themselves to the greatest privations to help the poor Indians who were knocking at the door of their cloister. Marie of the Incarnation wrote : " As a sort of trustee it is I who distribute the food and clothing to our charges and it affords me unspeakable consolation." Unhappily her consolation did not last long and on the night of the 29th of December, a conflagration destroyed the Ursuline Convent, and the Hospitalières whose generosity knew no limit placed their own house at the disposal of the daughters of St. Ursula.

Such was the condition of affairs in Quebec in the month of

January, 1651: the Ursulines compelled to throw themselves on public charity; the number of poor Hurons continually growing, and to help the nuns and Indians little or no resources in the French colony. No doubt, charity, as Marie of the Incarnation said, was greater than the poverty of the country, but charity has its limits which even the best will in the world cannot overstep. To make matters worse the Augustinian nuns had only received half as much as usual in the way of alms from Paris; the Jesuits were in the same embarrassment, and although Father Lallemand had gone to France to beg he could only get back in the spring; so that the colony in spite of its faith and hope was a prey to the greatest anxiety. How could it be otherwise?

The departure of the Hurons from Quebec diminished, if it did not dissipate, the dread that hung over the colony with regard to the future. This was effected by the Jesuits who at the end of March brought the Indians to the end of the Isle d'Orleans, known to-day as the *Anse du Fort*, where they owned a great extent of territory. Other families from Trois Rivières and Beauport joined them and Father Chaumonot took charge of the new settlement.

A village was quickly built in an admirable situation on a bend of the St. Lawrence, where the canoes could easily approach the shore. Around the chapel and house of the missionary numerous cabins were built after the fashion of the old Huron dwellings. Strong palisades protected the new establishment, and the exiles, who found their second country there, called it St. Mary's, in memory of the place they had been forced to abandon.

While the village was being built the ground was cultivated. "We made the Hurons cut down the woods and lay out the fields," says Father Chaumonot. "We paid Frenchmen to help in the work, but we could only get the Indians to join by promising them food, the quantity to be in proportion to the amount of labor. At first they grumbled and fancied we were making money out of them, but when they saw that, after having supported and clothed them at Quebec, we did not keep a single foot of the new lands for ourselves, but divided them

equally among all the families, they showered benedictions upon us. They even thanked us for having made them work, especially when they began to gather in their harvest." The colony, which consisted of four hundred souls at first, soon counted six hundred, and Father Chaumonot soon made it a model settlement, which recalled the Reductions of Paraguay.

Besides the morning and evening prayers at home, the Hurons came every day to public exercises in the church. On Sundays and fast days the number of communions was very great. The bell on such days rung three separate times; the first to summon the sodalists, the second those who were not, and the third the children under fifteen. When the latter left the chapel, they went to the missionary's house for catechism. At all these reunions the separation of the sexes was observed. Then another of the Relations of 1654 recounts with great detail the various exercises of devotion, and the lasting fervor of the neophytes, but especially of the sodalists of St. Mary's.

But it was the lot of this people, ever since their first defeat by the Iroquois, never to find a fixed abiding place. Those who fled to the north or west or south of the Huron country wandered from place to place and could never settle down. Once established in a locality some imperious need of change, or force of circumstances, drove them elsewhere. Perhaps it was the avenging hand of God that punished this unhappy nation for its long resistance to the Gospel. They had some good qualities, indeed, but were ferocious, treacherous, mendacious, immoral, untrustworthy, even when they gave their word, and born thieves.

Perhaps the Lord wished to scatter this tribe in the forests of the north, south, and over the lakes of the west, to carry the light of truth to savages who otherwise would not have known it, and so prepare the way for apostles who would soon appear in those distant regions. For it is undeniable that among those wanderers there were many Christians as the future missionaries discovered.

## THE DWELLING OF LOVE.

I ASKED where Love doth dwell,  
I sought through the shadowy earth,  
I sought through the heaven-girt sea,  
Where visions and hopes have birth  
And golden horizons flee :  
    But none could tell  
    Where Love doth dwell  
Though they showed me the prints where his footsteps fell  
    But what were the prints to me.

I sought if Love did stray  
Perchance where the lily grows  
In some sheltered garden's rest,  
Or in the cup of the rose  
By whispering winds caressed ;  
    But they knew not the way  
    Where Love did stray  
Though his virginal blush they were forced to betray,  
    And the snow of his sinless breast.

Then I thought; 'mong all dwellings that are  
On the earth, that a maiden's eyes  
Were the home where Love doth sleep ;  
But when, in too passionate wise,  
I broke on that hallowed keep,  
    He shot forth afar  
    Like a meteor star  
Laughing at men from its fleeting car  
    As it glances from deep to deep.

Now I know that Love doth dwell  
In the flame of a burning heart  
Where self is dissolved in twain,  
Exchanging its mortal part  
For the whole of an infinite gain :  
    But that Love's sweet spell  
    No tongue can tell,  
Though they that live under it know full well  
    The bliss of its mystic pain.

JAMES KENDAL, S.J.

## THE CULTURE OF LILIES.

**I**T was usually recognized, by those qualified to judge, that John Veridden had a complex nature, and this not only in the sense in which all human nature is complex, but in an unusual kind and degree. The man had certain theories of life, high sounding and far reaching, and a lofty forcefulness which raised him above the average mortal, and caused friends to prophesy for him a brilliant and splendid career. Whereas, on the other hand, he permitted himself to be drawn into correspondingly low depths, amazing to his admirers.

His forehead was massive, his eyes stern and self-centred under bushy brows, his mouth hardened into rigid lines, which told of thought and effort. His was a countenance, in short, which spoke of the fierce strife of the years, of the storm and stress through which a strong nature had passed. There were moments, however, when the eyes became, as it were, electrified by the flashing of a luminous thought and a smile about the mouth grew at once human and tender, resembling that glacial flower of the Alps, which blooms in untoward places and brightens amid an all-pervading desolation.

Now it was that particular expression which John Veridden's face wore when Father Harvey first encountered him in an east-side tenement. The place was foul with odors, blended from many sources; the close rooms on either side of narrow passages fairly swarmed with human beings, who passed, day after day, up and down the creaking stairs, too often with evil words on their lips and evil thoughts behind the mask of heavy and stolid countenances. Yet here, John Veridden, forever seeking amongst the dark places of great cities, had found a lily.

Snowy-white it gleamed through the gloom, and golden was the heart within, as the stamens of that queenliest flower. On the top floor of that tenement, truly a "bad eminence" in the darkest and most squalid of its apartments, this young girl, Belinda Morris, existed. For she lay upon a couch, crippled.

Her delicate, pearly skin was framed in shining hair ; her eyes were blue, and should have been, in John Veridden's opinion, tragically, mournfully blue. They should have been weighed down by the sorrows of humanity, by the despair engendered of such a life and such surroundings ; instead of which there was a deep calm in their luminous depths and a joyousness, as of sunny childhood, in their smiling.

As Father Harvey entered, John Veridden sat beside the invalid's couch, reading from a poet, the poet of nature, who has the magic gift of turning the blue of the corn-flower, the yellow of the primrose, the tints of an evening sky, or the glint of sun on a city pavement into words that burn. He had what John Veridden called a message for humanity, and most certainly the crippled girl's pale face was aglow with pleasure. Perhaps its light was reflected in part from that which shone in the aspect of the man beside her. John Veridden was at his best, and his rugged countenance was transfigured.

Father Harvey paused and regarded the two with astonishment. He knew the man as a cynic, a scoffer, an enemy of revealed religion, a trampler upon conventionalities and upon other obligations far more sacred, while he enjoyed a certain prestige among his fellow-men. And here was he at the bedside of this innocent lamb, whom it was the pastor's mission to watch over, in these pastures far from green, wherein its lot was cast.

But the priest was a man of experience and, after regarding the scene for a few moments, he advanced quietly to Belinda's couch and addressed her in his ordinary voice, with a courteous salute to the intruder.

"Well, my child, how did you find yourself this morning," he asked of Belinda.

"I'm doin' splendid, Father!" answered the girl, and there was no mistaking the joyous recognition and the intuitive respect and reverence with which Irishwomen regard the "priest." John Veridden saw and resented this peculiar shade of manner. This was what he called being "priest-ridden," and he was angry that this special favorite of his, Belinda Morris, should be guilty of the weakness. Hence it was not

merely the curt, formal, unsympathetic John Veridden known to business acquaintances, who rose from his chair at the priest's approach. There was something of evil, a positive malignity in the expression of his face as he grudgingly returned the salute. He felt, indeed, as near an approach to hatred of the priesthood in general as it is possible to feel for a class of men, collectively.

"This gentleman's been readin' me beautiful things, Father," said the girl.

"Indeed!" assented the priest, "that is surely kind; especially," he added, with a glance at John Veridden, "as beauty is not indigenous to this soil."

"It grows here, nevertheless!" growled Veridden, indicating the girl by a slight gesture.

"The human soul blooms everywhere," assented the priest, "and when it can be preserved unsullied, it is always of exquisite loveliness."

"Drop metaphysics," snarled Veridden, "and come to the point. I have been reading poetry to the girl, doing violence to my own nature."

Father Harvey looked up at him, with a bright, frank smile, which many a hardened sinner had found persuasive and made answer :

"I think not, sir : we priests learn, you will concede, to be, at least, observers, and the beauty of field and flower, the sunset sky and the moonlit waters have found an echo in your own soul or I'm mistaken."

John Veridden was surprised, half-pleased, a good deal nonplussed.

"Not that I'm a poet!" went on Father Harvey, cheerily, "In my youth, I had a boyish love for nature; spouted verses at school and wrote some under cover of my desk. Since then, my lines have fallen in rougher places, looking for the ore in a streak of gray-dirt, seeking a flower in barren soil, or a sheep on sterile mountain sides, but I know when I see him, a man, whose soul is alive to the beauty of the creation."

Belinda was exceedingly puzzled by this discourse, so different from the priest's ordinary, practical, homely words of



advice. John Veridden's face softened in his own despite, while he answered almost roughly :

"I abhor your cloth, sir, with its formalism and its narrow boundaries, within which it would imprison all life, reduce all things to the sorry limitations of right and wrong. I particularly regret to see you strive to compress in iron fetters the very lilies of the field."

"Or set them free in the true liberty of the children of God" answered the priest, "but I see you are about moving and I am going to abandon Belinda for to-day, and force my company on you for a few blocks. I want to get at your meaning about—let us say—the culture of lilies."

John Veridden could not do other than assent and he stood aside, while Father Harvey addressed a few words to the invalid, which were Greek to the man of the world. He promised to come in on Saturday afternoon to hear her confession and to bring her Holy Communion early on Sunday morning. The priest, then, followed his ungracious companion down stairs and out into the street. At the door stood Mrs. Morris, the crippled girl's stepmother, in conversation with a group of women as frowsy and untidy as herself. A silence fell upon them and there was an intent deference in their manner towards the priest, an uneasy, deprecating self-consciousness which made John Veridden secretly indignant. But Father Harvey had a word for every one of the group calling them by name and addressing a few pleasant sentences to each upon the weather, or the children, or some local happening of the neighborhood.

When the two men, priest and cynic, had passed on, they stood a few moments upon the pavement and looked about them. High tenement houses rose on either side of the street, shutting out the light of heaven. Old clothes shops, taverns or cheap groceries, with half-rotting fruits and vegetables, aided the garbage barrels in polluting the air. Grimy human beings swarmed at the windows, children in all stages of rags and filth sprawled over the sidewalks, drunken men reeled past, slovenly, unkempt women gossiped in doorways with loud laughter and coarse speech.

"Our lily has but a thorny setting," observed the priest.

"Yes, but it is a lily," snapped John Veridden.

"Granted," agreed the priest, "and as we have this common basis of agreement, I am presently going to ask you a searching question. I know you, Mr. Veridden, by name and reputation."

"You know me by name and reputation," interrupted John Veridden, "then you know me, sir, as the avowed enemy of all priest-craft, all shams, all factitious bonds by which men are held in restraint. And knowing all this, you meet me on terms of courtesy, even of friendliness."

"You are, in one sense, as free to your opinions as I to mine," laughed the priest, "and though I dissent from almost every one of your views, an honest foe can be met with respect and deference."

"Are you an honest foe?" queried the cynic.

"Idle to say that I am no foe at all to you as an individual," smiled the priest, "and as to my honesty, why, if I be an honest man, in the words of the world-poet, 'God keep me so.' However, the subject of our discourse was to be lilies, their treatment and their care."

"Well, then!" cried John Veridden, "putting aside metaphor, I say and repeat that that girl yonder has a beautiful nature, capable, if taught, of attaining the highest flights. I mean to educate her and place her where she belongs, in the aristocracy of intellect."

"She has, I agree with you, a beautiful nature," observed the priest, "in the highest degree spiritual and susceptible to the workings of grace. And I mean, Mr. Veridden, as her pastor, and so responsible for her, to place her where she belongs, amongst the chosen of God."

The two men stood and regarded each other, under the pitiless glare of the sun, with the sickening, fetid atmosphere of the crowded thoroughfare about them. There was defiance on the one part, a calm earnestness on the other.

"She is like," said the priest, breaking the stillness, "the snow as it falls from heaven, unsullied and free from sin as human nature may be."

"Do not mention sin, sir, in her connection," growled John Veridden.

Father Harvey laughed, as he said, quietly :

"Your poet of nature styles the Virgin Mother 'Our tainted nature's solitary boast,' and he is right. But the question I wanted to ask you, Mr. Veridden, is simply this : How do you account for the marvellous preservation of this lily in such surroundings?"

He waved his hand, and the cynic was aware that this gesture included not only the all-pervading squalor and low level of living, but the drunken father and the slovenly stepmother. Yet he answered, boldly :

"By nature's laws, preserving her highest products."

"Wrong, Mr. Veridden, wrong," cried the priest, "this exquisite nature has been preserved by the faith and the virtues springing from faith, of her Irish mother, dead, a little more than a year ago, and by her own fervent practice of religion."

"You mean that she has been preserved by the iron restraints of your Romish Church which has kept her in fetters, imposed iron restraints, restricted her already limited life into narrow bonds?" questioned John Veridden.

"Which has rather taught her bright soul to soar above bonds into the eternal regions"; corrected the priest, "has shown her the light beyond the prison gates."

He paused, and even the cynic before him was struck with the expression of his face.

"Think you, Mr. Veridden," he went on, "that without the living grace of the Sacraments, of prayer, of faith and practice, this girl, and mark you, numberless others, could breathe this atmosphere, without becoming vitiated. To take lower ground altogether, could Belinda Morris have ever comprehended your flights of poetry had she not been prepared for it by the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden was silent, unconvinced, but perplexed and too honest to deny what he could not controvert.

"One thing I ask of you before we part," asked the priest earnestly, "and this has been my chief reason for desiring this conversation with you. That you will not by word or glance

seek to unsettle the girl's untroubled faith. Believe me, it is not only her comfort and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur and for which, be certain, you would have to answer at the bar of divine justice."

John Veridden glared. He was conscious at first of a furious anger against the priest's impertinence. Then he rather liked his courage and evident earnestness and so stood still undecided, while Father Harvey held out his hand with a frank smile.

"I should like, Mr. Veridden," he said, "to see you occasionally, if only to discuss the best methods for the culture of lilies."

John Veridden did not take the proffered hand, and turned away with a curt nod and a slight touching of his hat.

## II.

After that, Father Harvey, from time to time, heard many facts about John Veridden, his conduct, his startling lapses from conventional decorum, so that the priest looked grave, when he heard from Belinda that "the gentleman" was still a frequent visitor to the top floor of the east-side tenement. The girl's artless talk about nature, the gleam of heaven's blue, above the dimness and dinginess, the flower in the cleft of the rocks, the daisy of the field with its message to humanity, would not have been disquieting in itself, but for the unbounded admiration for her cynical visitor, which seemed to possess her. The only thing which served to re-assure the priest, even in a measure, was that one glimpse he had had of John Veridden's face transfigured. He, therefore, did not try directly to counteract the cynic's influence, nor even to decry his pantheistic love of nature. He, too, talked poetry to the girl, but he led her mind upwards from the perfection of the flower to the infinite perfection of the Creator, from the beautiful places of earth to the supreme loveliness of the Christian's abiding place, from the ideal happiness, which John Veridden pictured, founded on unreal conditions, to the beatitude of the just made perfect.

"Confound it all, sir," cried the cynic, meeting Father Harvey at the door, one afternoon, "you have stuffed her head full of cities of pure gold and gates of pearl, and walls of jasper, with foundations of precious stones, emerald and porphyry and sardonyx and hyacinth and heaven knows what besides. She's as full of mysticism as an ancient solitary."

Yet with all John Veridden's sharpness, there was a whimsical gleam of humor in his eyes as he spoke.

"And pray, Mr. Veridden, what has been the effect on Belinda's mind?" asked the priest, calmly.

"The effect of a narcotic!" cried John Veridden, "she bore pain, she smiled through tears of agony, she answered her drunken brute of a father like an angel and bore with that foul-tongued stepmother, because, as she said: 'What does it matter, if only we're happy in heaven one day?'"

"And does it matter, John Veridden?" asked the priest.

"Why, I say, what do you mean?" blustered the cynic.

"Simply, that I ask you, with your experience of life, of its light places and its dark, its so-called pleasures and intellectual enjoyments, what does it all matter, compared with something that is stable and permanent and that something complete happiness."

"Are you trying to entangle and confuse me with your sophistry?" roared John Veridden.

The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"Go home and think it all over," he said, "take every possible argument for and against my theory and tell me, if I am doing wrong in striving to bring heaven into the lives of the poor and miserable."

"If *you* believed it, sir, it might be different," sneered John Veridden.

A crimson flush rose from Father Harvey's chin to his very forehead, but he spoke quietly.

"I pass over the insult; the Catholic priesthood take that as their daily bread, but I ask you, as man to man, here face to face, and eye to eye, do you believe that I am living a daily falsehood. Do you suppose that I have sacrificed home, friends, comfort, some measure of wealth, the career that I

might have followed, in order to teach systematically what I knew to be false. Have I no shining Paradise as my goal, no country of perpetual gladness to solace me for the heartbreaks of this?"

It was a strange scene, that squalid and dingy purlieu and those two, of widely different views, standing thus confronting each other. John Veridden eyed the priest for an instant or two of intense silence, then he exclaimed in a broken voice.

"I spoke hastily. I believe you are sincere in your belief."

From that moment, when his belief in man was reconstructed, became possible a still more tremendous resolution, his ability to believe in God. He went home, his whole nature in chaos, but with its dark places prepared for the great light that was approaching. All that night, John Veridden wrestled, prostrate on his face, upright, pacing restlessly, kneeling at length in supplication.

The fruit of that terrible vigil was a hasty line to the priest.

"I was wrong and you were right. You best understand the culture of lilies."

### III.

In a convent chapel was seen at length the climax to this simple story of life. A solemnly impressive service taking place was the investiture of a novice with the habit of religion. The postulant was fair and slender, with eyes of luminous blue and the hair that fell under the sacrificial scissors was of shining gold. A large slice of John Veridden's future had gone to a surgeon of international repute, who had made the infirm whole and transformed the cripple of the east-side tenement into the prospective nun. While the choir intoned the "De Profundis," and rose triumphant in the "Te Deum," the strong soul of the whilom cynic was wrung with a fierce, human pain, which, perhaps, but one spectator guessed. John Veridden had given the girl, health, the restored use of her limbs, the education of which he had once dreamed, Christianized, under the guidance of Father Harvey, and, perhaps, in return, he had hoped to keep her always with him, to give her a home and a name and a measure of earthly

happiness. But following the path traced out for her by her spiritual guide, Belinda had found her way into that closed garden, where the lilies bloom forever, awaiting their transplanting to the eternal meadows.

Despite his conversion, it was not easy for John Veridden, at first, to understand the meaning of vocation, but he was very humble in the ordeal and freely acknowledged that he was unworthy of Belinda and that she was secure in a sheltered home.

"She is safe now," whispered Father Harvey, when the ceremony was over, "and believe me for her it is best. Our lily will bloom now forever in the eternal gardens."

"But what will become of me? How shall I ever find her there," groaned the former cynic, in deep anguish of spirit.

"In our Father's house there are many mansions," said the priest solemnly, "and in one of them, through faith and love and through what you have done for these my little ones, you will find some day, your lily."

ANNA T. SADLIER.

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## MISSION NOTES.

### METHODS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

When we hear so often, says the leading French Catholic journal *L'Univers*, of September 9, that the Chinese are a peaceful, home-loving people, we ask what, then, can be the cause of all the revolts, local or provincial, that almost incessantly desolate the Empire. Mr. Alexander Ular, a German Protestant journalist, professes to give at least a partial answer in the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*. "The Protestant missionaries," he asserts, "English, German, or American, refuse to conform to the customs and manners of the Chinese, or abuse them to engage in trade and realize unlawful profit." "They are," he adds, "the bane of China." The accusation is formal, and Mr. Ular declares that he has abundant proof to sustain it. He adduces the case of the director of a Protestant missionary establishment in Shen-si, who bought from a Chinese merchant silk and other commodities to the value of 8,000 *yen*. According to the Chinese

custom he made a *verbal* promise to pay in three months. This he failed to do, and obtained a delay of three months more. Still refusing to pay when the time had elapsed, he was cited before the courts. The officials declared he was not subject to their jurisdiction, but to that of his own consul at Tien-Tsin, one hundred and fifty leagues away. Meanwhile, Mr. Ular says, the missionary remained in the secure quarters of his mission house to avoid being lynched by the angry creditors as several of his colleagues had been in similar circumstances. When the matter was finally brought to the consular court, written and signed proofs were demanded. There were none to be had, because the transaction reposed on a *verbal* promise to pay. The missionary was acquitted of the alleged debt, and he promptly denounced to the Imperial authorities the unfortunate merchant and his friends as calumniators. For this story we have to take the word of the journalist, who affirms that such cases as this are not uncommon.

#### MONUMENT TO AN IRISH NUN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A lofty Celtic cross of granite stone marks the spot in Rhodesia where sleeps a great pioneer missionary nun, Mother Patrick. This memorial to an Apostolic woman of their race was erected by the Irishmen of Mashonaland. On the day of dedication, Sir Marshall Clarke loosed the broad green band which held the concealing veil. Day by day, he said, they marked the narrowing of the ranks of those sturdy pioneers who had brought this favored region under the sway of European civilization. Mother Patrick had been there to trace the earliest steps of progress. When the country was new and untrodden save by the feet of the native blacks, Mother Patrick had had her share in the work of transformation. Christians of every denomination, and beyond them men of whatever creed or faith outside the Christian pale, held her memory in reverence. Her example lived before the eyes of everyone—an example of love for her country and zeal for the task she had set before her.

#### THE TRAPPISTS IN THE DESERT.

The far-off mission-station of Monte Cassino in Mashonaland, set here in the wilderness by the Trappist monks, has a history of only six months' length. A little construction of wood and iron was first set up as a shelter during the rainy season, which



was soon to begin. A space for a garden was cleared by cutting down the trees and clearing away the brushwood. The toil was hard under the fierce sun's glare. At first there was promise of a crop, but the rains did not come, and the springing plants soon withered. The untrained natives soon relinquished their unaccustomed labor and returned to their kraals. Brother Leopold had brought about forty head of cattle, but disease carried them all away. A large building, sixty-six by twenty-one feet, rudely built it is true, and thatched, but suited to the needs of the monastic community, was unaccountably destroyed by fire: a misfortune increased by the thefts of the natives. "The one consolation we have," writes Father Hyacinth, "is in gazing at the hill on whose summit a great white cross was erected several months ago, and remembering that in the cross is hope. I have often begun native missions; but never before have I experienced such an accumulation of disasters at the outset."

Notwithstanding all the difficulties the mission is full of promise. The natives are well disposed and apparently ready for instruction. A school under the direction of the Sisters will soon be opened.

#### LEO XIII AND INDIA.

The *Catholic Register* of Madras thus speaks of his work: Leo XIII established and proclaimed the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in India by his Apostolic letter "Humanæ Salutis Auctor," dated September 1, 1886. Before this there were in India only three dioceses and only one archdiocese: Cochin, Damau, Mylapore, and the archdiocese of Goa. Some Prefectures Apostolic were also in existence. Leo XIII, however, on proclaiming the Hierarchy created the archdioceses of Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Pondicherry, Colombo, Verapoly, and Agra; and the dioceses of Krishnagar, Dacca, Vicagapatan, Hyderabad, Nagpur, Trichinopoly, Poona, Mangalore, Mysore, Coimbatore, Kumbakonam, Jaffna, Kandy, Galle, Trincomalle, Quilon and Tabé. He created also the Vicars-Apostolic of Ernakulam, Chenganacherry, and Trichur, and the Prefectures Apostolic of Assam, Kashmir, Rajputana and Bettiah.

In 1897 the late Leo XIII erected a general seminary for the natives of all India at Kandy, and placed it under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers of the Belgian Province. It contains now about ninety seminarists, giving free board and education to all.

## THE WHITE FATHERS IN MID-AFRICA.

An English officer, Captain Sykes, thus describes a visit to the White Fathers at Bukumi, mid-way between Lakes Victoria and Albert :

“ There were three of them,” he says, “ and they vied with each other in doing friendly actions, insisting on my partaking of the meagre store of wine and cigars, which they kept, I believe, only for the benefit of wanderers. I found it at first beyond my powers to converse with any fluency, but they all helped me so skilfully and with such tact that my laid-aside French began to come back to me, but I had the usual difficulty of those trying to remember an old language, that new words always come when old ones are wanted. Their flock spoke the Bunyoro tongue, which I, of course, did not know. I stayed there two days and had all my meals with them, and very much enjoyed their society. They were full of praise for the British officers, who, by checking the mutineers in their career westward, had saved them and their mission from some fearful calamity. They had themselves erected a rough fortification round their house, for in such places it behooves the priest to have something of the soldier in him. One of them had served formerly in the Chasseurs d’Afrique, and perhaps from him came the bastions and quaint corners to be found in the fort. Under their practical care a European vegetable garden gave them its products, as succulent as any I came across in Equatoria. All over Uganda proper and its damp environments it was possible to grow most of our English vegetables, and such as leeks, carrots, beans and tomatoes flourished ; but in the drier districts of the Nile, potatoes, cauliflower and cabbages fared miserably. These good people had built a picturesque little church of sun-dried bricks and taught their parish an honest and practical religion, which showed itself in contented airs and peaceful occupations.”

## A BAPTIST MINISTER’S TRIBUTE.

Dr. Glover, Baptist minister at Bristol, recently expressed, according to the *London Tablet* (August 15), regret that the Baptists had not so many children in their mission day schools as they had communicants. He lamented the fact that the education of the young, especially of the young women in India, was passing into the hands of the Catholics ; this was owing to the numbers of cultured women they sent out. Surely Methodists

and other societies could do the same. In China they had lived down and died down the terrible slander against them. But in spite of the improved report, he grieved that the Wesleyan Missionary Society had made no substantial increase for a generation.

BELTANGADY, P. O. SOUTH CANARA, BRITISH INDIA.

DEAR FATHER—This time I write to you not from Fajir, my former place, but from Beltangady, the easternmost station of the Mission, with a vast jurisdiction extending to the frontiers of the Mysore Diocese governed by the Missionaries (Foreign) of Paris. Although the jurisdiction is vast, the population is the least, compared to other churches of the Mission, about 800, scattered among pagans who far outnumber them. These regions being surrounded with hills, malarial fever is the prevalent sickness, in consequence whereof, the pastor of this place has the highest number of sick calls during the year. The other day I had to carry Holy Communion (of course, on my legs) to six sick persons, and as it was too tedious to take Communion to a consumptive the following day after coming to my residence here, I was obliged to stay in the village, and saying Mass the following morning, I had a good march of six miles on foot, the previous day having managed to take my noon meal at 4 P. M.

The House of God is a thatched shed that can hardly contain 125 souls, having been used since yearly ten years to minister to the spiritual wants of over 800 souls, the strength of the parish. My predecessor opened a subscription list, appealing to the charity of the public. His Lordship, Dr. Cavadini, S. J., the diocesan bishop, having had ample occasions to stay here, even once a year on his way to the Sanitarium, has thus written in the subscription list book: "The subscription is strongly recommended, as the necessity of a church at Beltangady is very great." Our most Holy Saviour to Whom this place is dedicated—He alone knows when a decent House of God, worthy of the name, will be erected.

Living at the foot of the jungles, you can well imagine how cultured the people can possibly be. For want of a school, the pastor here has to be a Catechist, sacristan, church clerk, architect, in a word everything. My great aim is to civilize them by means of a school, without which they are no better than pagans, I should even say, than beasts among whom they live.

I am the Local Director of the Apostleship of Prayer here, and am consoled to see persons (especially children) from fifty to one hundred approach the Holy Communion rails on First Fridays. If your Reverence could kindly send me the necessary pamphlets for the guidance of the Directors, I should be most thankful to you. I would even say Masses according to your direction. In a jungle place like this, the Apostleship of Prayer alone must change the face of the earth.

Having laid before you my needs, I pray your Reverence will do your very best for me and for so many souls, Christians and pagans.

SÃO PAULO, BRAZIL.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—Your kind favor, dated July 3, was just received, and proved a very welcome visitor. Cordial thanks.

Our Protestants are making great fools of themselves here repeating the same old yarns. A funny incident happened some time ago in Villa Marianna, my mission. Two preachers located themselves in an abandoned saloon which had on its front this inscription, *Roma Intangible*, written by a bad Italian. Those evangelical idiots, taking very likely that inscription in a religious sense, wiped it out immediately. After a few weeks seeing that the sensible people of that suburb did not care for the new imported gospel, the two ministers went off, and the objectionable inscription did not appear any more. On the occasion of the dead Pope's funeral, which was observed with great pomp, an ex-Protestant Bishop of English origin dared to mock at the religious feelings of the many Brazilians, writing in a prominent newspaper a silly article: "The Pope in Purgatory." He received also from the newspapers a well-deserved rebuke. I don't think the reverend gentleman will come to print again. The Brazilian people have awakened, and nearly everywhere fight Protestantism. In many a place the evangelical trader had to pack up his tracts and Bibles and go to pastures new. I pity the good Protestants of the United States who send money to feed these loafers in Brazil, they could spend their money in a more useful and honorable way.

The missionaries are called in many a place to preach retreats and missions with great success. Father Aureli preached several retreats to the clergy in the State of Minas. The Rev. Bishop of that diocese made a rule that every priest should make an

annual retreat. The same was done in several dioceses in the north of Brazil. Thanks be to God, the missionaries here are generally much esteemed and warmly loved by all. The President of this Republic and the Minister of the Exterior (Secretary of State) are very good and much devoted to the Church. A few days ago arrived here from unfortunate France some Dominican nuns at Rio de Janeiro, and the Secretary of State in person went to the French steamer to receive them and escort them to their new home. Many an exiled religious from France reaches Brazil, and receives here a hearty welcome. You see, my dear Father, that the land of the Holy Cross (such is the appellation of our dear Brazil) is very different from what our deceitful American Protestant missionaries describe.

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## O SALUTARIS HOSTIA!

**A** SMALL, white disc upon the altar lying,  
 A snow-white circlet of unleavened bread,  
 Love-gift of God to men when they were dying,  
 For that they followed where no lover led.

Oft earthly love doth deeds of love out-classing  
 All other deeds that spring of earthly might.  
 But neither men nor angels dreamed the love surpassing  
 Betokened by this wheaten circlet white.

Earth's lovers love the while their love is sated,  
 And hide in self when love has lost its light.  
 Not so the Lover sinners immolated,  
 Who self-destroyed loves in this prison white.

Ah! Jesus, Lover, loving us past telling,  
 How can I ever all Thy love requite!  
 I'll take the chalice with Thy Heart's blood welling,  
 No other gift hath merit in God's sight.

H. M.

## ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

The Shrine was closed this year Monday, September 7. The pilgrimage announced for the day before from the Polish parish in Amsterdam, for want of cars, could not be made, but instead about five hundred persons came from different neighboring places. This was the second time this year the railroad company failed to furnish a sufficient number of cars. The Troy pilgrimage had to be postponed for this reason. The Amsterdam pilgrims were disappointed because the cars had been engaged for the excursions arranged for Labor Day and for the Syracuse State Fair.

Mass was said at the Shrine, Tuesday, September 29, the anniversary of the death of Rene Goupil. There was a small congregation present. On Sunday, October 18, Mass will again be celebrated at the Shrine to commemorate the death of Father Isaac Jogues and John De La Lande.

"Water, water, everywhere," is a line that applies to Auriesville, at least to the Shrine grounds. Shortly before the Shrine was closed a spring appeared on the hillside above the grotto of St. Ignatius. So abundant was the flow of the water that it caused a large landslide, and it was necessary to dig two deep wells in order to collect and lead the water by pipe to the foot of the ravine. It is so copious that we shall be able next year to make a fountain at this spot, and so pure that it will afford ample drinking water.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Veterans, U.S.A., Dayton, O . . . . .	\$ 5.00
S. D., Pittsfield, Mass . . . . .	1.00
M. O'D., Greenwich, Ct . . . . .	2.00
Anon., Wabasha, Minn . . . . .	5.00
M. M. D., Baltimore, Md . . . . .	10.00
C. S., Schenectady, N. Y . . . . .	4.50
J. R. M., Chicago, Ill . . . . .	1.00
Mrs. G. E., Stamford, Ct . . . . .	100.00
Mrs. E. R., O'Connor, Neb . . . . .	10.00
M. D. H., Sharon Hill, Pa . . . . .	2.00
W. H. B., Albany, N. Y . . . . .	25.00
L. W., West Philadelphia, Pa . . . . .	5.00
Mrs. L., Hoboken, N. J . . . . .	1.00
W. V. P., Worcester, Mass . . . . .	75.00
B. K., New York, N. Y . . . . .	1.00
E. G., Newport, O . . . . .	.25
M. M., Cambridge, Mass . . . . .	.50
Sundry Donations . . . . .	37.50

Miss K., Brooklyn, N. Y., Gold Ring.