

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

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THE LEGEND OF THE QUIVERING ASPEN.

“**W**HY shiver'st thou, oh aspen, why tremble as in
fright?
No storm is brewing near thee now—so calm, so
low the wind!

Through the day thy leaflets quiver; in the silence of the night
The moonbeams cast thy trembling on the whiteness of my
blind.”

Methought the aspen answered, “When the Virgin mother
mild,

St. Joseph and the Babe were forced to Egypt's land to fly,
They had entered in a forest, where, before the Blessed Child,
All the tall trees bowed themselves in reverence, save I.”

“I, in my pride and arrogance, knew not the Infant God;
The others bent their lofty heads—alone upright I stood,
With branches swaying gently, firmly rooted in the sod
I held up my leaflets heavenwards, alone within the wood!”

“The Christ, who knoweth all things, saw my arrogance and
pride,
Saw the other trees that bent their heads His Face Divine
before,
Said—in sad yet tender accents, “Oh, proud aspen, woe betide
Thee and thy race. Henceforward thou shalt tremble ever-
more!”

Methought the tree was silent. But I saw a shiver run
Through all its fragile leaflets, though calm and low the wind;
Morn and eve I watch its quivering—and when the day is done
The moonbeams cast its trembling on the whiteness of my
blind!

MARY MACALPINE.

FATHER BRESSANI.

BY REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

IN the month of September, 1643, Father Jogues left New Amsterdam and arrived on the coast of Lower Brittany on Christmas Day, 1643. In 1644, Father Vimont, Superior of Quebec, commissioned Father Bressani to bring to the Huron missionaries some letters and packages. Nothing had been received by them for the last three years.

Father Francis Joseph Bressani was born in Rome the sixth of May, 1612. He entered the Society of Jesus at the age of fourteen, having already studied one year of philosophy. When the trials of his novitiate and his philosophical and theological studies were terminated he filled with success the chairs of literature, philosophy and mathematics. He was destined for the apostolate of great cities, but he preferred the savages of the New World. Coming to Quebec in 1642, he began his life as a missionary first with the French and later on at Three Rivers with the Algonquins. To train himself to undertake the hardest kind of work he prepared himself by labor and prayer for the martyrdom which it had been predicted he would suffer.

Father Bressani left Three Rivers on the twenty-second of April, accompanied by six Christian Indians and a young Frenchman. On the third day they fell into an ambuscade of Iroquois not far from Fort Richelieu. They were all made prisoners; their letters were seized and torn up, and all the provisions destined for the Huron missionaries were captured. A brave Huron, named Bertrand, was slain while defending himself. The Iroquois cut his legs and arms in pieces, and boiled them in a pot along with his heart. After devouring what they had thus prepared they set out and journeyed along the Richelieu River up to the country of the Agniers, stopping with their prisoners at the village of Ossernenon.

Like Jogues, Bressani tells his own sufferings. His account, which is a model of literary purity and simplicity, is found in the "Brief Relation," published while he was still living at Mace-

rata and dedicated to Father De Lugo. In reading it one feels a thrill of horror and disgust along with a profound and religious compassion. It is hard to find a story which is more touching, showing the most terrible sufferings united with the greatest endurance and expressing the loftiest sentiments. We shall not give here all the details of this terrible captivity for that would mean the transcription of all the letters of Father Bressani. It is worth noting that when he wrote them he had only one finger on the right hand, and the blood which flowed from his open wounds fell upon the paper which he was using. The ink was made from some powder which he had found and the ground was his table.

"I shall not narrate," he said, "all that I had to suffer during the journey from Fort Richelieu to Ossernenon. It is enough to say that we had to carry our packs through the woods by unbeaten roads full of stones and thorns and of holes and water and snow. We were barefooted and sometimes had nothing to eat until three or four o'clock in the afternoon or even during the entire day. At night I had to carry wood and water, and cook whatever provisions they had. When I did not succeed in doing well or did not understand the orders they gave me they did not spare their blows.

"On the fourteenth day which was the fifteenth of May, we found ourselves about three in the afternoon and without yet having eaten anything, at a place where about 400 savages had gathered for a fishing expedition on the banks of a river. They came to meet us and at about 200 paces from their cabins they tore off what garments we wore and put me at the head of the procession. The young braves formed a hedge on the right and on the left, all armed with clubs, except the first who had a knife. When I attempted to advance the man with the knife stopped me and seizing my left hand split it with the knife between the little and the next finger. He did it with such violence that I thought he had cut off the entire hand. The others then began to beat me with their clubs and did not stop till I had arrived at the platform which they had prepared to torment us. I had to get up on this heap of bark high enough for the crowd to see us and to

jeer at us. I was covered with blood which flowed from all parts of my body and the wind to which we were exposed was cold enough to freeze it immediately on my skin. One of the chiefs seeing me trembling with cold gave me the half of an old cassock which was in rags. It was enough to cover me but not to warm me. They kept us sometime in this place leaving us entirely to the mercy of the young men and children who pierced me with sharp instruments, beat me with clubs and tore out my hair and beard.

“When night came on the chiefs cried out with a loud voice : ‘Come here ye braves and caress our prisoners.’ The crowd gathered in the great wigwam, then tore off the rag of garment which they had given me and in this state of nudity some pierced my body with sharp sticks ; others burned it with torches or with stones heated in the fire ; others again covered me with hot ashes or burning coals ; they made me march around the fire on the glowing embers under which they had planted sharp sticks in the ground. Then for about a quarter of an hour they slowly burned off one of my fingers. I had now only one finger left, and they tore off the nail of that one with their teeth. One night they would tear off a nail and the next day the first joint, on the following day another, and I was obliged to keep singing during this treatment. They did not cease their torture up to one or two o’clock at night and then they left me usually tied to the ground and without shelter. The only bed or covering that I had was a portion of the hide of a wild animal ; it was only long enough to cover half of my body. I was even left without any covering at all for they had already destroyed the piece of a cassock that they had given me.

“ On the 26th of May we left that place and after travelling several days we arrived at Ossernenon. There our reception was like the first only more cruel ; for, besides the blows with their fists and with their clubs which they showered on every part of my body especially where I might feel it most, they a second time split my right hand between the thumb and the index finger, and they scourged me until I fell upon the ground half dead. As I did not get up simply because I could not they continued to beat me on the breast and on the head. I would

certainly have died under their blows if one of their chiefs had not dragged me upon a platform made of a heap of bark like the other on which I had already suffered. There they cut off the thumb of my left hand and split the index finger. In the evening an Indian made me enter into his cabin where we were tormented with more cruelty and in more horrible ways than before. They disjointed all my toes and pierced my feet through and through with a blazing torch. I can scarcely say what they did not attempt to do.

"After having satisfied their cruelty they sent us to another village nine or ten miles further on. In this place they added to the treatment of which I have already spoken, another torment, namely, that of hanging me by the feet sometimes with ropes, sometimes with chains which the Hollanders had given them. During the night I remained stretched out on the bare earth and tied as usual to several sticks by the feet, hands and neck. During six or seven nights the methods which they adopted to make me suffer were such as are scarcely permissible to speak of.

"After this treatment my body became so horrible to look at that everyone kept away from me, or if they approached it was only to increase my suffering. I was covered with vermin and had no power to free myself from them. There were worms in all my wounds. I had become a burden to myself so that if I had only consulted my own feelings I would have regarded death as a gain. I desired it and watched for it but not without feeling a terrible horror of the fire by which I was to suffer. Death did not come, and on the 19th of June, contrary to my expectation I was given to an old woman of the tribe in order to take the place of her father who had formerly been killed by the Hurons, instead of burning me as all had decided to do. They accepted a purchase price from her. The price was a few beads.

"The old Iroquois woman found her captive too weak and too clumsy to be of any service, and she sold me to the Hollanders at 250 or 300 francs."

Father Bressani's captivity lasted four months. He was brought by his deliverers to La Rochelle where he arrived in the month of November, 1644.

PAUL SIU.

MANDARIN AND APOSTLE.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. HORNSBY, S.J.

A FEW steps from the large missionary establishment of the Jesuit Fathers near Shanghai, there is a crescent shaped mound, overgrown with long grass and surmounted by four fine trees standing tall and straight like sentinels. It is in the midst of the little fields where the peasants grow their vegetables and cotton, and round about may be seen broken fragments of statues, parts of human and animal figures. The visitor, if at all acquainted with Chinese monuments, is at once aware that he is before the ruined tomb of some important personage, though there is no inscription left to tell the name and title of the distinguished mandarin, whose mortal remains have for centuries rested within the concave of that crescent. Any passing villager, if asked, will answer at once that it is the tomb of Zi Kolao, the Prime Minister Zi, and the inquirer, acquainted with the history of Chinese missions, learns, not without emotion, that he is before the tomb of the most illustrious, and in every respect one of the noblest Christians that the Church in China has produced.

Paul Siu was introduced to the readers of *The Messenger* some years ago, (1) as the founder of the family that has given its name to Zi-ka-wei, the headquarters of the Jesuit mission. Siu is pronounced Zi in the Shanghai dialect. The name of this noble Christian has for three centuries headed the list of Chinese converts and, though the hand of God is not shortened, it would seem that the mission shall have to wait some time still before such another fervent Christian and zealous apostle arises in the ranks of China's high officials. The writer has heard it remarked by an old missionary, who is at present writing a history of Chinese missions, that three names stand out preëminently at the beginnings of the Church in the empire—the name of St. Francis Xavier, of Father Matthew Ricci,

(1) *Messenger*. Dec., 1895.

and of Paul Siu. St. Francis gave the impulse, Father Ricci founded the mission and Paul supported and extended the growing Christianity. No greater praise and honor, from our point of view, could be bestowed upon the illustrious neophyte than to class his name with those of the great Apostle of the East and his faithful follower and brother, the founder of the Chinese mission.

Siu Kwong-ki, as he was called, was born in 1562, in what was then the unimportant little city of Shanghai. He did not belong to a family of wealth or rank, but he was ambitious and talented, and he aimed at winning himself a high place in the government of the empire. In China the doors are open to worth in any rank. Siu applied himself with diligence to the usual literary studies, and at the age of thirty-five he obtained the first place in the provincial examination of Nanking. The scholars of Nanking are reputed the first in the empire, and Siu's signal success at the southern capital assured him a brilliant career. Two years later he went up to Peking for the final examination, which was to open for him the doors of the public administration, but, however it may have happened, the first scholar of Nanking failed in the examination at the capital. It must have been a crushing disappointment for a man of his hopes and ambition, but the national spirit of patience and plodding perseverance did not forsake him. He waited quietly for the next trial, which according to rule was held three years later. Little did he dream then of the career Divine Providence had marked out for him, but after his conversion he recognized a special dispensation in his failure and the following years of quiet study at the capital.

In the meantime a learned man from a far western land had arrived at Peking, in the company of a high mandarin, and had attracted much attention by his wonderful maps and accounts of the world, and also by his remarkable erudition and his refined manners. The stranger, known as the western scholar, Li Ma-tow, was Father Matthew Ricci. Many high officers and scholars of the capital eagerly sought an introduction to the learned stranger, and our future convert was among the number. He was much taken by the missionary's discourses

on the immortality of the soul and the existence and nature of God, and thenceforth the missionary could claim no more devoted disciple than the scholar from Shanghai. The ideas of God and the immortality of the soul were not altogether new; they may be found more or less vaguely expressed in the national classics. But the inklings of such important truths, which he may have gathered from his books, seemed only to whet the appetite of this earnest seeker for the whole truth, and he listened with avidity to the certain and clear teaching of the missionary. After sufficient instruction, he was baptized at Nanking in 1603, by Father John Rocha. One year later he obtained the literary degree which he had missed in the former trial, and this time he succeeded so well, that he ranked high, even among the chosen few admitted to what Europeans call the "Imperial Academy." The Chinese call it, metaphorically as usual, the "Forest of Pencils." That distinction assured him a bright future in the public service. He was immediately given a subordinate place on one of the boards of administration, and he sent for his family. His first solicitude was to make them all Catholics. This he accomplished; he had the happiness of being followed in the faith, not only by his wife and his son and the latter's family, but also finally by his aged father, who was not so easily brought around.

During those quiet years of public employ in the capital, he had daily intercourse with the missionaries, and was of great assistance to them in the composition of the excellent works, on science as well as on religion, which are still standards in their line. Their first work, published under the name of Father Ricci, was a geometry, the first six books of Euclid. It has been reprinted often, notably by the Viceroy of Nanking some thirty-five years ago, who himself composed a laudatory preface for the edition. The religious works of those first years are still turned out by mission presses, and nothing better for their purpose has been produced since then.

Before going farther with our sketch, it will be of interest to know how the great Christian mandarin was and is still esteemed by his pagan fellow countrymen. The following extracts are translated from the official Gazetteer of Shanghai.

After speaking of his birth and literary degrees, it goes on to say that "he studied astronomy and mathematics and the science of fire-arms, under the western scholar, Li Ma-tow. He mastered the works on the art of warfare, on military colonization, on the salt industry, and on the regulation of water-ways. . . . He requested permission to cast large European guns for the defence of the city. The emperor approved of his proposal, and promoted him to the presidency of the Board of War." It then recounts how he was twice removed from his charges on account of misunderstandings. "In the first year of Tsong-chen [1628]," it goes on, "he was called back, and he offered advice on the organization of the army. He was named First Vice-President of the Board of War with the control of affairs.

After narrating how he was raised to the Presidency of the Board of Rites, it continues: "About that time the emperor was troubled at an error in the prediction of an eclipse, and he wished to punish the astronomer. Kwong-ki said: 'The astronomer follows the method of Ko Shau-king. Now, in the time of Yuan [the Mongol dynasty of Kublai Khan and his successors, 1295-1368], an eclipse was once predicted which did not take place. That in the time of Shau-king himself; why wonder at the present astronomer's error? Your minister has heard that the calendar has long been in error, and it would seem time to correct it.'" * The emperor took his advice and summoned the westerners, Longobardi, Terrenz, Rho and others, and entrusted to them the rectification of the calendar. Kwong-ki was appointed to superintend the work. . . . Next year, in addition to his other charges, he was named chief Minister of State and Privy Counsellor, and received the title of Senior Tutor of the Prince Imperial. We have here the account of how Siu introduced the missionaries at court as astronomers, and how he was later raised to the highest charge of state. Our authority continues: "Kwong-ki possessed a steadfast character and well balanced powers. He had capacity for governing, but upon arriving into power, he was already advanced in age, and the empire could not profit by his ability. He died the following year in the tenth moon. . . . A cen-

sor called attention to the fact that Kwong-ki, on the day that he was put into the coffin, had no superfluous money in his purse. The fact was mentioned as a reproach to avaricious officials. He was given the posthumous title of *The Accomplished and Firm*. Long did the emperor speak of Kwong-ki's erudition and his diligence in office. His son Ki was granted an audience, and he offered the "Complete Treatise on Agriculture" in sixty books, which the emperor ordered to be printed by the government press and distributed. The work referred to was the chief work of the deceased.

The above sketch, in the typical laconic style of the *Gazetteer*, is taken almost word for word from a still more authorized source, the imperial annals of the last dynasty; so that it may be considered the official appreciation of our subject. We gather from it that Paul Siu ranked among the first scholars of his day; that his services were demanded on various occasions to save the tottering dynasty from impending ruin; that no one served the government more faithfully or with greater success; that he finally rose to the highest offices of state, and that the emperor sincerely deplored his loss and honored his family with the imperial favor and gratitude. The proud analysts would not deign to mention that such a worthy man professed a foreign religion, though that was the most prominent fact of his life, nor would they even notice the intimate friendship which existed between their subject and the westerners whom he employed to correct the calendar. The *Shanghai Gazetteer*, however, does not entirely ignore Siu's religion. Under the sub-heading of *Churches*, which is relegated to the end of the work and appended contemptuously to the article on pagodas, we read: "It is a tradition that during the reign T'ien-ki, in the city of Si-an-foo, while digging, a stone was found which had been erected in the second year of Kien-chung of the Tang dynasty (782), and it was called the 'Illustrious Religion Tablet.' The scholars and mandarins who had taken up the western doctrine, all contended that the religion had been known in the time of Tang. At that time Siu Kwong-ki was living at home. The western scholars, Cattaneo and Ribeiro, were very intimate with him, and he built a

chapel west of his residence. . . . He received an imperial inscription, 'Reverently Praise the Doctrine of Heaven,' to be hung in all the churches, and first of all in that of Shanghai." Again, in noticing the chapel in the cemetery of the Catholic mission, the *Gazetteer* states that one of Siu's memorials to the throne which, however, it does not say was in defence of the Christian religion, is conserved there, inscribed on a stone tablet.

Siu's work on agriculture is held in high esteem, and he will be remembered in the literary annals of the empire as the author of the standard work of reference on a subject justly deemed of the first importance. The memory of their illustrious fellow citizen is perpetuated for the inhabitants of Shanghai by the most honorable and most notable monument of the city. It is a handsome granite arch over the main street, leading from the south gate straight to the magistrate's tribunal. The small merchants have encroached upon the street, and the sides of the arch are almost hidden by shop signs. The ornaments surmounting it, moreover, are broken in places and defaced, but the principal inscription in three large characters stands out boldly, to tell that it is the monument of a prime minister. Not far from the arch, on a side street, is Siu's old house, still standing, with the chapel to the west as mentioned in the annals. On the main street, also, a little distance from the arch, is the family hall, in which the great Christian receives a sort of cult from his pagan descendants.

TWO PRAYERS.

I AM so lonely, Lord ! the night is here
 Within my heart, tho' sunshine smiles above,
 And pain has gathered all its hosts of fear.
 The low, green mound has shut out earthly love.
When kindly eyes shone on me I was brave,
A child's hand made me fearless. But the grave
 Has hid the gladness from my weary eyes.
 I look to Heaven, but the very skies
Are clothed in darkness. I stand here alone,
With only Thou to hear my bitter moan ;
 Thou who didst call to life the widow's son
 Pity, and say to me, " Thy work is done."

So prayed I yestereve. The warm spring rain,
 From God's dear hand, fell softly through the night,
And flowers, long withered, lifted up again
 Their drooping leaves to greet the morning light,
What though my feet are climbing Calvary now,
He went before me with His thorn-crowned brow,
 My hands are empty, but can I not share
 With those whose burdens are too much to bear
As they toil upward ? Can I not pour
Balm upon wounded hearts tho' mine be sore ?
 Hear Thou my pleading, till my crown be won,
 Teach Thou my lips to say, " Thy will be done."

E. M. V. M'CLEAN.

THE ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

(Continued).

THE SIXTH STATION.

A WOMAN OF JERUSALEM WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS.

THE example of Mary following her Son, compassionating Him, courageous and brave, strengthened other more timid hearts. Some women soon began to accompany Him, likewise compassionate, and weeping with her. Jesus offered then a pitiable sight. Always bent beneath His Cross, ever panting heavily and very pale, He moves tottering on, large drops of sweat roll down and mingle with His blood upon His beautiful countenance. The Jews insult Him, the soldiers treat Him roughly : as a sheep which is led to the slaughter, He offers no resistance ; He makes no complaint. In the presence of so many griefs, in the presence of such great outrages, in the presence of that divine figure, covered with blood, a woman feels her heart stirred, she throws herself before the ranks of the soldiers, falls on her knees before Jesus and offers Him a towel with which Jesus wipes His face. Tradition relates that when He returned it to her His features were stamped in lines of blood upon the cloth. Ignorant of the name of that woman, tradition calls her in remembrance : Veronica, the true image, the true portrait.

This is the second mark of affection which Christ receives and acknowledges : the first came to Him from His mother ; the second from a friend. Does not this show us the two prime sources of consolation, wherewith we can strengthen our souls, our family and our friends ?

Holy Scripture calls friendship "the medicine of life—*medicamentum vitæ*." It offers us in David and Jonathan a most attractive and tender picture. "Anima Jonathæ conglutinata est animæ David et dilexit eum Jonathas quasi animam suam. (1) The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

(1) I Reg. 18, i.

But how rare is this holy and delightful friendship among men ! How frequently do self-interest, egotism, caprice, the very passions hide themselves under that name ! How lavish men are of that name ! How they profane it ! Friendship ! How they betray it ! If God, in His goodness, has sent across your path a friend, a true friend, sincere, loving, tender and faithful, oh ! bless Him, recognize the value of that great gift ! Open to your friend your suffering heart. Only to show him your suffering will at once relieve your soul.

Did the love of Mary, did the friendship of Veronica remove the cross from Jesus ? No, it is ever there, bruising His shoulder, but, at least, they have poured some sweetness into the heart of the Master.

So will it be with your friends ; before their friendship, your grief will not disappear, you will carry it ever poignant in your soul, but they will sweeten its bitterness. Their words will be as those ointments which do not close the wound, but which render the pain less intense. Taste then the sweetness of friendship, since God invites you to it by His example. Cultivate the joys of friendship since He has made friendship a remedy to the evils of life.

Alas ! what did I say in the beginning of these pages ?

Was it not that our friends abandon and leave us ? Was it not that absence separates us from their eyes and their hearts ? Was it not that they die ? Ah ! the anguish of abandonment ! the sadness of departure ! The heartrending of death !

To see them forget us and leave us here when we have centred in them all our hopes and all our happiness in life !

To see them go, a great way off, without hope !

Above all, to see them die, to see them die frequently, one after another, and to survive alone in the midst of their tombs ! Is not this the supreme agony of our poor human heart ! Hear David weeping over Jonathan :

“ O Israel, Israel, thy illustrious children are slain upon thy mountains. How they have fallen, thy valiant ones ! Tell it not in Geth, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. Ye mountains of Gelboe, let neither the dew nor the rain come upon you, for upon you

has been broken the shield of the valiant! Daughters of Israel weep over him! O, my brother Jonathan, exceeding beautiful and amiable to me above the love of women, as the mother loveth her only son, so did I love thee! How could you have died!" (1)

Alas! who does not know how those we love can die? Who does not carry the grief of these deaths in his heart?

Would we then be alone if all human friendships should fail us in our sufferings?

No! There still remains a Friend who never dies, who, night and day, waits for us and calls us, ready to give Himself to us in an unspeakable love. Jesus Christ.

It is He who calls Himself by that name, giving it to us for ourselves, "*Non jam dicam vos servos, sed amicos*—You are no longer My servants, but My friends."

Behold the immortal Friend of our soul. Before taking that cross, which He was about to carry to Calvary, He had given to His Apostles His Body to eat and His Blood to drink, wishing so to say to be dissolved in them, to make one with them. "He who eats My Flesh, and drinks My Blood remaineth in Me and I in Him." Read and reread in the Gospel that grand scene of the parting of Christ from those whom He calls His friends; it is overflowing with tenderness and love!

Why do we not go to that divine Friend? Why do we forget Him when we are suffering? Why do we leave Him alone in the tabernacle in His temples?

The friendship of Christ!

How many Christians know nothing of that word, and lose, in consequence of their ignorance, all the consolations and all the joys of that divine friendship.

Weighed down by their bodies, as I have said before, they do not imagine that there is something else in the world besides this material life.

They understand wonderfully well friendship between two living beings whom they see, touch and hear. If they had lived in the time of Jesus Christ, they would go to Him without hesitation, without difficulty, they would have loved Him.

(1) II Kings, i.

They understand too that divine friendship between Christ and those privileged souls, those saintly men and women, to whom they have read that our Saviour appeared, to whom He spoke, whom He questions, and to whose questions He replied. They envy the happiness of these souls. Oh, how they would love Jesus Christ, if Jesus Christ showed Himself thus to them. How they would abandon for Him all the friends of the world!

Between these two friendships, they know of no other! And how to commence them? How shall we make them recognize those mysterious communications which grace establishes without ceasing between Jesus Christ and our souls . . . and that mutual current which, by prayer, passes from our heart to the heart of the Master, and by illuminations, by strength, and by consolations, comes from the heart of the Master to our heart.

Oh! if you do not comprehend this interchange of affections, at least make an attempt to taste its sweetness. When you suffer, go to the foot of the altar, before the tabernacle wherein Jesus Christ reposes, and there, on your knees, with hands joined, without seeking formula or expression, with all simplicity, as a friend to a friend, tell Him that you are suffering, tell Him your troubles, tell Him your regrets, your desires, and ask His help. . . . Then, listen to the movement of your soul—it is Jesus Christ who is moving it, it is His grace which animates it, He is the Friend who consoles it, and responds to it.

“Nec lingua valet dicere
Nec littera exprimere
Expertus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere.”

Neither tongue can say, nor words picture, what it is to love Jesus. He who has tasted it alone can understand and believe.

THE SEVENTH STATION.

JESUS FALLS THE SECOND TIME.

Notwithstanding the help of Simon and the comfort which Mary and Veronica had given Him, Jesus was by this time

thoroughly exhausted. His strength failed again ; He falls a second time. This happened before one of the city's gates, the Judiciary Gate. The Jews had it walled up afterwards ; according to their tradition, if the Christians should take Jerusalem, it was by that gate they should enter, and the Jews wanted to guard against this.

It was a torturing shock to the hearts of Mary and Veronica ; they stifled a cry of agony, and, without doubt, they darted forward to run to the assistance of Christ. But the crowd and the soldiers drove them back. Those executioners, with their rude hands, lifted Jesus and kept Him standing. Then Simon, who only for an instant had supported the weight of the cross, put it back again on the shoulders of the condemned. They continue the march. The martyr could not endure much longer. In the crowd many are astonished that a body so delicate, so exhausted from the loss of blood and from suffering, endures so long a torture so cruel. Who can picture to himself our Divine Master at this time ? So many shocks had reopened all His wounds, His blood dyed His garments and flowed to His feet, it flowed from His forehead and enpurpled His countenance. A heart of bronze would have melted ; the hearts of the Jews remained dry and hard. If they experienced any fear, it was that death would come too quickly and rob them of the passionate emotions of the crucifixion.

But Jesus, in His heart, was thinking of that people He beheld, in the future, Jerusalem, ruined, pillaged, captured ; over her, over her children, over that perfidious race that was putting Him to death, he was weeping ! Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent to thee, how often would I have gathered together thy children, as the hen doth gather her chickens under her wings, and thou wouldst not ? Behold, your house shall be left to you desolate. (1) . . . For the days shall come, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee around and straiten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee, (2) and of Jerusalem, not one stone shall remain upon another.

(1) **Matt.**, 23, 37.

(2) **St. Luke**, 19, 43.

It was not on His own sorrows that the thoughts of Jesus rested, it was over His people, *popule Meus*.

In that second fall there seems to me to be a two-fold lesson for man.

Christ, the Master, shows us here that all consolations how sweet soever they be that come from creatures, are of no avail to us. He lets me have them, just as He wishes to taste them Himself; but immediately afterward, He wishes to anticipate the illusion which He fears in my regard, He is afraid that I should rely too much on them. It is when He had received all the love of His mother, it is when Simon had come to His assistance, it is when Veronica, full of pity, had wiped His face, it is then that His strength again fails Him and He falls painfully over the stones on the road.

I have said before; friendship, maternal affection, all the human affections, can sweeten for an instant our suffering. They are the oil and wine poured into the sores of the wounded traveller by the Samaritan who passes by; but see the evil: the Samaritan passes! The sweetnesses of friendship do not last long, they pass.

How often to the friend who is leaving us, have we said in supplication, as the disciples of Emmaus said to the Master: "*Mane nobiscum, Domine, quoniam advesperascit.*" Oh, remain, remain with us—the night is at hand!" But he departs! And night descends into our heart, we fall back into that gloomy solitude which our thoughts begin to people with phantoms. There is our grief, it revives, it increases, it reassumes its frightful appearance and proportions. . . . Our remnant of courage is quickly lost, and we fall back upon ourselves. We ourselves can do so little for our friends and the little we can do, how short a time we are able to do it!

In falling a second time beneath His burden, Jesus Christ wanted something more. He wanted to prepare us for the lapses and relapses of our own courage. Under the chagrin which oppresses us, we make fervent resolutions. We triumph over our chagrin. The victory does not last long; our energy

being soon spent, suddenly leaves us, and we fall again beneath our burden.

Let us rise and renew our courage. It is the second triumph, but once more our energies are exhausted, once more we fall heavily beneath the cross which is crushing us. And fatigue and discouragement seizes us, and I know not what disgust at the victories which we must always gain anew over an enemy who always defeats us again. Will it be necessary then ever to begin anew? Yes, poor soul, it is necessary ever to begin anew. Each day you must prepare yourself for grief. But is not Jesus there to give you an example? Is He not there above all to give you strength.

But it is not for sorrow only that we must each day prepare ourselves, it is also and above all for virtue and for duty. When a man fails the first time and consents to evil, his will has in the beginning struggled, then, beginning to waver, has become weaker in its resistance, and has finally yielded. But scarcely has the quickly-passing pleasure of the evil subsided, than his intelligence, clouded for a moment, lights up again his soul; blushing with shame, the man recognizes beneath its light the evil in all its ugliness, of which he has been guilty . . . he is ashamed of himself, he reproaches himself bitterly for having yielded, for having debased and defiled himself . . . and for so little! He repents and rises again. These two phases of a first fall are inseparable; the pleasure there is followed so closely by remorse, that, how charming soever the first may be, the second is so painful that in truth, all things considered, the poor soul can say that it does not love the evil, but that the evil hurries it along. A second fall, a third brings again to the heart the same succession of contrary emotions.

Nevertheless, while, by incipient habit, pleasure in evil takes root and grows greater, by the same habit the string of remorse becomes milder and more blunted.

And there arrives a moment, when, from fall after fall, from the force of "the cup of iniquity" as the Scripture says, the pleasure of evil is so deeply implanted in the soul, remorse has so lost its sting, that the first alone excites the soul and affects

it; the second . . . the soul no longer feels it! Or if it still feels it, it is at long separated intervals . . . at a time when a word, an event, a misfortune arouses it and harshly recalls it to its duty.

Oh! then, that soul has become enamored of evil! There it is enchained, it has become allied to it, it reposes in its arms, there is that soul, on the ground, in the mire! And who does not see that here the only remedy is in the energy of our recovery . . . we must, at each new fall, rise with so much the more courage, to counterbalance that weakening influence of habit.

Arise, O my Soul, arise more quickly, arise always!

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

SUNDAY, April 13, the anniversary of the death of Catherine Tekagwitha, Mass was said at Auriesville in her memory and in behalf of all who are interested in the Shrine. The weather was quite cold on the hill-top, and the shelter afforded by the chapel made it preferable to the Shrine itself for the service. About fifteen persons assisted at the Mass, two from Troy, one from Albany, and the others from the village and the neighborhood. For altar flowers evergreens were used. The scene was quite pretty when the sun shone over it, as all proceeded quietly and devoutly, but there was no warmth in the sunlight then or the rest of the day, which was raw and gusty throughout, with an occasional rainfall, until the evening, when one of the beautiful Auriesville sunsets promised clearer weather for the morrow. Snow was still visible on the distant hillsides, and some of the drifts still remained along the willow hedge opposite the Shrine entrance and in the ravine, which, however, was the only agreeable refuge from the stormy winds above. Needless to say the cold without made the hotel all the more comfortable a resort, especially after sundown.

So frequently have we had to report damage from the autumn and winter storms of late years, that it was a great pleasure to spend the rest of the day discovering that the roads and embankments had withstood the stress of the worst winter in the Mohawk Valley for forty-one years. It is the first year for some time

that we can proceed with improvements without stopping to repair damages, and our readers can imagine how agreeable a task it was next day to plan for the coming summer. It is a pleasure, too, to report that with favorable weather we have been able to accomplish much of what was then planned.

"We have finished," writes the foreman, "planting all the trees along the fence from the priest's house down to the Fultonville road, along the road to the hotel and around the hotel. We have replaced all the dead trees on the Shrine grounds, and planted trees about the house and a grove near the flagpole, straightened the line of trees on the north side of the ravine and planted pine trees on the south from the statue of St. Joseph down to the large fir trees on the knoll over the entrance. Vines have been planted over the bank.

"We have walled up the spring near the hickory tree, the one below the well called the old Indian well. We struck a fine spring in the ravine bank back of the statue of St. Joseph; it comes through a bed of quicksand and gravel, and we are making a reservoir so that the water can be led by pipes to any spot along the roadside. We are also draining the field between the Calvary and the old shrine.

"The new railroad station is actually in course of erection. It is to be forty feet long and sixteen feet deep, the office in the centre, a waiting room on the west side, and a freight room on the east."

The first pilgrimage for this year is announced for June 29, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, New York. Further announcements for the coming pilgrimage season we hope to make by circular during the month.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

M. McG., St. Louis, Mo.	\$3.00
J. S., St. Paul, Minn.,	1.00
M. L. S. H., Buffalo, N. Y.,	5.00

FOR THE CHALICE.

- M. C., Philadelphia, a gold ring.
 B. F. J., Montclair, N. J., five brooches, two pair of earrings, four cuff buttons, a gold pencil and several other pieces of jewelry.
 M. A. C., Troy, N. Y., two pairs of earrings, two brooches, two rings, a pair of bracelets and several pieces of jewelry.
 J. A. R., fifteen dollars in gold from three contributors.

FOR THE ALASKAN MISSION.

Collection from Ward's Island, New York	\$6.00
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MISSION NOTES.

DETAILS OF THE DEATH OF RECENT MARTYRS.

The March number of *THE PILGRIM* announced the death of the two Belgian missionaries, Fathers Van Merhaeghen and Bongaerts in Mongolia, and of Father Julien in China. Some details of their martyrdoms are published by the *Missions Catholiques*.

On Friday, December 13, just as the night was falling, a band of thirty men, of whom sixteen wore military uniforms, appeared suddenly at the residence of the missionaries in Sia-yen-tzen, near Ning-Sia, in southwestern Mongolia. Father Van Merhaeghen was the first to fall, his head having been split open by a sabre stroke. His body was found all covered with blood, and bearing three deep wounds on the head. Father Bongaerts was left for dead, having received no fewer than fifteen wounds. Life, however, was not quite extinct. He was able to arise after some time, and lived ten days longer. There were three Christians slaughtered with them. The residence was pillaged, as were also some of the houses of the Christian natives.

These murders have been generally attributed to the vengeance of the Mahometans, who had been compelled to restore the Christian women and girls carried off after the martyrdom of Bishop Hamer.

Father Julien was from Normandy. He had been only a few years in the mission of Kwang-tung, China, whither he had gone as a missionary of the famous Society of Foreign Missions whose headquarters are at Paris. He was massacred with his two native Christian companions on the night of the fifteenth of January, through undisguised hatred of the Christian faith. He was killed while he slept; and on his head, neck and hands, were nine fearful wounds.

The Viceroy of Canton, when he heard the news of the murder of Father Julien, sent a message of condolence to the Prefect Apostolic, Mgr. Mérel. As the mandarins showed little energy in seeking out the assassins, the French consul is insisting on a thorough investigation.

THE REVOLT IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

For some time past there has been a very serious outbreak in southern China, although as to its causes, purposes and real strength, there is much obscurity. Since the cessation of the Boxer rising in the north, there had been indications of restlessness in the south. But a general outburst of sedition was restrained by the powerful viceroys. Of late, however, the imperial troops have been defeated in Kwang-tung and Kwang-si. According to recent reports, some 20,000 of the national troops have joined the rebellion. The generals in the field seem to be unable to cope with the rebel army, while reinforcements will be slow and difficult to obtain.

Before the Boxer rising, there was a bitter, though generally not a bloody, persecution in some provinces of the south. In July, 1900, there were martyrdoms in Kiang-si; and through a great portion of the southern and southeastern provinces the ferocious secret societies had numerous followers. The present revolt seems to be a continuation of the Boxer outrages.

THE KINGDOM OF ANNAM.

South of China is Annam, belonging to France. Here the faith has been sown in blood, and quite recently there has been a fierce persecution. Over and over Christianity has been almost entirely rooted out. In 1885 occurred, in the Eastern Vicariate, the massacre of 15 priests, 60 catechists, 270 nuns and 24,000 Christians; and, in the north, the massacre of 10 native priests and 12,000 Christians. Yet, before the recent troubles, there were at least 700,000 fervent Christians, 20,000 Christian children in the schools, 355 native priests besides the European missionaries, and 2,000 native nuns. The fact that there are here so many native nuns is a singular feature of the missions of Annam.

HINDOSTAN.

The *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, of March 27, gives the following statistics of the growth of an East Indian Vicariate:

“*The Summary of Five Years' Mission Work.*—In November, 1896, when Bishop Makil took charge of the Changanacherry Mission, there were 72 parish churches and 30 chapels. Now the parish churches number 92 and the chapels 51. According to the census of 1900, the Catholics of this mission number 140,-

272. Of these, 5,000 souls have, within the last five years, been converted from Paganism; Pulayas, Pareyas, etc. Two churches with more than 1,000 souls were rescued from schism; the priests and clerics converted from schism are 21; parishes newly established, 20; chapels newly erected, 21; of which 5 are for neophytes; new chapels and churches under construction, 11; newly consecrated church, 1; vernacular parish schools newly erected, 20; confraternities newly established in several churches, 12; convents newly erected, 2; churches and chapels visited, 115; baptisms administered by the Vicar-Apostolic himself to pagans, 203; confirmations, 21,585; communions distributed by his hand, 12,692.

“*Ordinations Conferred.*—Newly ordained priests, 28. Besides 12 seminarists there are pursuing their course of studies 19 young men in minor orders, 10 sub-deacons and 3 deacons. Total number of the native priests of this mission, 271.”

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MISSION FUNDS.

The *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* (March-April, 1902), give these interesting facts about the great society which they represent :

“1. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith was founded on May 3, 1822.

“2. Founded in France, the Society was soon introduced into the United States, and all parts of Europe, until to-day it receives alms from the Faithful of every country in the world.

“3. The amount of alms collected through the Society and distributed by it to Catholic Missions, from its foundation until 1900 was \$65,690,017.00

“4. From 1822 up to 1900 the Society gave to the Church in the United States nearly \$6,000,000.00. On December 6, 1884, His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, writing to the Directors of the Society, and speaking in the name of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, said: ‘Gratitude imposes upon us the highly pleasing duty of acknowledging publicly the signal services rendered to the Infant Church of the United States, by that Holy Work, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. If the grain of mustard seed, sown in the virgin soil of America, has struck deep root and has grown into a mighty tree, whose branches spread from the borders of the Atlantic Ocean, even to the shores of the

Pacific, it is, gentlemen, owing chiefly to the co-operation of your admirable work that we are indebted for this happy result.'

" 5. At their annual meeting in October, 1897, held at Washington, the Archbishops of this country formally approved the systematic establishment of the Society throughout the United States; the general headquarters are at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

" 6. To-day the Society helps over 300 Dioceses and 25,000 Missionaries throughout the world, and some idea of the results accomplished through the missions assisted by the Society may be gathered from the fact that in 1896 alone, 112,318 *adult converts* were officially reported.

" 7. *The Society of the Holy Childhood*, in the United States, received for its mission work, from March, 1901, to March, 1902, the sum of \$21,558.00. Of all the dioceses, Pittsburg gave most, namely, \$2,136; Cleveland was next, with \$2,108; Milwaukee gave \$2,047; St. Louis, \$1,942; Cincinnati, \$1,601; New York, \$255."

PROTESTANT FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The effective force of the Protestant foreign mission societies of the world comprises 13,412 missionaries, men and women, and 70,218 native workers, with 1,285,227 communicants; a gain of about 4,500 over last year's reports. Their total income last year was \$18,121,120.00; of which the United States contributed \$5,636,758.00, besides supplying 3,635 missionaries, 17,427 native workers, and a membership of 405,653.

The *American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions*, a Congregationalist society from whose statistics these figures are quoted has performed a considerable part of the labor represented by them; its contributions amounted to \$697,370 00, its missionaries to 544, its native laborers 3,483, and communicants 50,892. Since its foundation in 1810 it has collected \$32,845,372.49 for foreign missions.

PROTESTANTIZING MEXICO.

The *Mexican Herald*, which is not a Catholic newspaper, informs us that Protestant ministers are quite welcome in Mexico since the accession of Diaz. The welcome is on the part of the government, not of the people, and the motive is political and not religious, just the same, we presume, as Protestantism

is cultivated by the infidel statesmen of France to help the anti-clerical movement. In Mexico, Protestants of all denominations amount to about 60,000; but on the 12,000,000 Catholics of the country they make no real impression, nor is there any likelihood of their doing so in the future. The sixty thousand include all non-Catholic settlers from the United States and elsewhere. Nevertheless, the Mexican clergy are very much alarmed by the presence of such a number, and regard the exploitation of mines, the building of railroads, the establishing of factories, etc., by foreigners as a part of the religious invasion and a means employed by Protestantism for the *peaceful conquest* of the country. In point of fact, however, the business men have nothing to do with the religious propaganda, and when reproached by the parsons with their indifference answer: "We are here for business purposes, and we do not propose to interfere with our profits by attacking the religion of those from whom we hope to gain a livelihood." The quickened commercial activity of the country is, the writer thinks, a mere matter of business evolution, and is quite distinct from any proselytizing intent, although the religious views of those Captains of Industry, if they have any religious views, may not be Catholic.

Contrary to a widespread impression, the Mexican clergy, says this Protestant paper, are not rightly to be condemned off-hand and sweepingly in the matter of their moral standing. Thousands of them do their Master's work, faring poorly, and coming to their last day in poverty. The self-indulgent, ill living, careless priests are in the minority. "I know priests," the writer says, "who deny themselves the principal comforts of life to be able to spare something for the poor of their parishes; and priests I have seen sleeping on boards without mattresses, and with only a rough blanket for a cover. When those who are unmindful of their high calling find Protestants at work in their parishes, they will probably be spurred on to a sense of their duty."

About Mexican women this writer has nothing but words of praise. Anglo-Saxon himself, he characterizes the modern Anglo-Saxon girl as a sort of Pagan, whose chief object is to discover how much enjoyment she can get out of life, and who is only nominally a Christian. But the "Latin woman," he thinks, places duty first, and so centres herself in her home. Her life may be "narrow," but so, according to the Scriptures,

is the way to eternal happiness. She believes this heartily, and her life is one of self-sacrifice ; and in her old age she achieves a beauty of the soul, a tranquillity of the heart rarely seen in the lands of feminine endeavor after pleasure and individuality.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS IN HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
AT FRIBOURG, (SWITZERLAND), August 18-21, 1902.

During the last years of the nineteenth century several congresses were held in honor of the Blessed Virgin : at Leghorn (1896), Florence (1897), Turin (1898), and at Lyons (1900). Catholic piety thought that, also at the beginning of the twentieth century, it should offer to Our Lady the homage of its respect, fidelity and love, under the form of an international reunion, at which by means of religious festivities would be proclaimed and honored the Blessed Virgin's prerogatives, which to know and revere is of the greatest importance in our days. The voice of the Roman Pontiff every year invites us with an ever increasing constancy to flock to Mary. In order that the reign of Jesus may come, that of His Blessed Mother must be established and spread ; in order that Our Lady may come to the assistance of a world, against which hell multiplies its attacks, we must strive with all our might to glorify the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of God, her who so often has frustrated the efforts of the enemies of the Church.

It seemed proper, therefore, to invite the Catholics of all lands to an international convention the first of the twentieth century held in honor of the Blessed Virgin. The universal character of this reunion, the study of the manifold needs of our time, the gravity of the threatening dangers, the hopes the realization of which must be secured, the very event of the festivals which are being prepared, all these reasons give foundation for the belief that this solemn homage rendered Mary will have the most favorable consequences for the progress of faith and increase of devotion towards Our Lady. Another motive for choosing the year 1902 for this convention, is that the Holy Father the Pope celebrates during these days the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate. Indeed, no one can deny that Leo XIII, ever since he governed the Church, did not cease to urge the Catholics to seek aid and protection from the Blessed Virgin and to increase her honor continually. The convention will, consequently, also be a feast of the jubilee of Leo XIII, at

which the proper means will be studied to reduce to practise the teachings contained in the Holy Father's encyclicals on the Blessed Virgin. Acceding to the wishes expressed to him, His Lordship the Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva has authorized the holding of the congress in the city of Fribourg, Switzerland, which ever distinguished itself by its devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, and which possesses one of the oldest churches consecrated under the protection of the Immaculate Conception.

This same year brings back the seven hundredth anniversary of its construction, which will be celebrated by a triduum of solemn festivities.

The Catholics of the entire world are invited to render to Mary the proof of their filial devotion, to be present at the scientific sessions in honor of Our Lady, and to edify themselves by the solemn celebrations, which will reiterate the glory of Mary : *Beatam me dicent omnes generationes.*

Circular of the Committee.