

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR.

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No. 2.

DEATH OF FATHER GABRIEL LALEMANT.

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

FATHER GABRIEL LALEMANT was not possessed of the same physical or moral strength as de Brébeuf, whose companion he was. Naturally very delicate, very impressionable and even sensitive to excess, he seemed scarcely fitted for the rude toil of an apostolate among the savages of North America. Hence, in spite of his repeated entreaties his superiors during sixteen years refused him this mission. He was not discouraged, but from his novitiate he bound himself by vow to go to Canada, and every year renewed this vow and repeated the request. He rightly said that the grace of God could work miracles in a heart which is possessed of good will, and can give both to body and soul a courage which neither might naturally possess.

He was only seven months among the Hurons when the Lord found him ready for the sacrifice. Father de Brébeuf's martyrdom lasted three hours; his was continued during a period of an entire night. Tied to a stake he, like Father de Brébeuf, had his limbs burned and roasted. Long awls, collars of red hot axe-heads, burning torches, boiling water poured on him in mockery of baptism, and other things besides, were employed to increase his suffering. Like Father de Brébeuf, he was surrounded with heaps of pine bark and was burned over a slow fire. His nose was cut off, his mouth slit and his tongue cut out. In order to stop him from pray-

ing and talking, they put hot coals down his throat. Like Father de Brébeuf, he saw his flesh torn off in shreds and eaten before his eyes, and like him he was scalped.

What torture for a weak and delicate man! Nevertheless, the savages had others more terrible still, hoping, no doubt, to triumph over his feeble constitution in order to compel him to ask for mercy.

His martyrdom began, according to some, at the same time as that of Father de Brébeuf. Others put it at six o'clock in the evening. It was prolonged all night until nine o'clock next morning, and nothing was spared which the most ingenious ferocity could invent. All along the side of the left thigh they made a large slit down to the very bone, and in the wound they slowly passed the edge of an axe which had been heated in the fire. On the right thigh a double incision was made of like depth, but this time in the form of a cross, and with hot irons the quivering flesh was slowly burned. In the midst of this ineffable suffering the victim lifted his eyes to heaven very frequently to ask for courage and perseverance from Almighty God. His executioners tore out his eyes and put hot coals in the sockets. We could never end the recital of the horrible torments to which the young missionary was subjected.

A great part of the night he was given over into the hands of the children with permission to torture him in whatever way their fancy might prompt, provided they did not kill him, for it was forbidden to put a victim to death between sunset and sunrise. Those were long and terrible hours that he passed in the hands of these little savages. When they unbound his hands and when the thongs by which he was fastened to the stake were loosened, the sufferer fell on his knees, joined his hands together and with his countenance directed towards heaven, he prayed. But the savages, thinking that they found in this the secret of his marvelous strength, fell on him with sticks and ropes and compelled him to stand up and to let his hands fall. There was not a single part of his body, says Father Ragueneau, from the sole of his feet to the top of his head, which was not scorched by fire to such a degree that he already seemed to be burned alive.

One historian has said that in the midst of his suffering he uttered cries capable of piercing the hardest hearts, and that at times he appeared to be out of his mind. Another writer more anxious apparently for literary effect than historical exactness, speaks of his piercing cries which seemed to rend his soul ; and he informs us that the young religious writhed under these terrible agonies. If we refer to the correspondence of the missionaries of St. Mary of the Hurons, and to the accounts of these times, it is clear that these expressions are, to say the least, grossly exaggerated. Of course it would be hard to deny that the unheard of character of these torments did not wring from the victim who was so frail and delicate, some involuntary groans, and that at certain moments he really was out of his mind ; but nevertheless, his soul remained calm and his heart united to God. "We know," Father Poncet writes, on the 18th of May, 1649, "that instead of feelings of wrath and indignation against his executioners or of words of complaint that he might naturally be compelled to utter, his mind was so united to God that he continued to pray and look upwards to heaven, uniting his hands in supplication with the greatest fervor. After having passed an evening and a night and a morning without respite, in the midst of the most cruel torments, his strength of mind and his faith nevertheless remained so vigorous that in spite of his wounds he knelt down to embrace the stake at which he was to suffer and to make his last offering to God. About nine o'clock in the morning a savage tired of seeing him suffering so long crushed in his skull with a tomahawk on the 17th of March, 1649. He was then thirty-nine years of age.

After his death they found in his papers a precious manuscript where he explained the reason of his ardent desire to go on the Canadian mission. In it we read these wonderful words. "Since I am ready to be scourged, burn me and scourge me here that Thou mayest spare me in eternity." These words were literally verified during his long martyrdom at the village of St. Ignatius. He was scourged and he was burned and the flesh was torn from his body. "Is it presumptuous to add," says one of his superiors, "that he

lives in the repose of the saints, and that he will live there eternally? ”

He was the nephew of Fathers Charles and Jerome Lalemant and the son of James Lalemant, a lawyer in the Parliament of Paris. When very young he displayed a remarkable aptitude for literature and science. On him his family built the highest hopes, which were realized indeed, but in a fashion quite different from what they expected. “Under a weak exterior,” says one of his historians, “he concealed a courageous and generous soul in which there was an insatiable desire of self sacrifice. This sacrifice he was able to make by entering the Society of Jesus. After being professor of grammar, of literature, of philosophy, of science, and then prefect of studies he felt that the desire of immolation for the salvation of the savages had grown in him year by year and day by day. He was at Bourges when a letter of his Provincial gave him permission to depart. His mother was still living, and two of his sisters had entered the convent of the Carmelites. The oldest was at that time prioress in the Community of Bourges. When Father Gabriel came to bid her good-bye she gave him several relics of the martyrs, apparently a supernatural announcement of the kind of glory that was waiting the young Jesuit on the other side of the ocean. His mother a valiant woman, strong in the fulfilment of her duty, embraced him and blessed him. Mother and daughter both said that they soon would have a martyr in heaven, and they were not mistaken. On learning of the heroic death of Father Gabriel the mother thanked God for the great grace which had been granted both to the son and to the mother—to the son to be a martyr to the faith, to the mother to be able to count a martyr among her children. The holy prioress of Carmel when told by Father Jerome Lalemant of how her beloved brother had died fell on her knees and sung the Magnificat. The rest of her days was a long canticle of thanksgiving.

THE BELLS OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

LOOKING from out the tower of San Juan Capistrano at the hour of sunset the eye wanders over a scene as fair as the good Franciscan Fathers loved to gaze upon two hundred years ago. Miles of rolling prairie covered with mesquite bushes surround the mission, while to the north lies the old city of San Antonio, set like a jewel in the Texas plain. Nature is nearly the same as in the days of the Spanish friars ; but the beautiful city has grown beyond what they knew, though, perchance, they may have dreamed of its development. The roof of the old Cathedral of San Fernando gleams in the sunset light, whose dying rays, with all their splendor, light up both city and plain.

Through this scene of enchantment runs the silvery river, along whose shores the Fathers planted their different missions, destined to survive long after they themselves had vanished from the scene.

The twilight descends just as the bells of the old cathedral ring out the *Angelus*. The sound reverberates on the soft air until it is caught up by the other churches, and all the bells of the city seem to mingle in one musical harmony.

"*Ora pro nobis*," they seem to say ; "*Ora pro*"—not for us only, but for the spirits gone hence who loved and labored and suffered in these scenes so many generations ago.

"*Ora pro*." Ah, yes ! pray for them, until the earth gives up its dead, and the just judge recompenses all. In this evening hour their mystic spell is upon us, and we muse upon the history of these souls who have so long since preceded us to the "place of refreshment, light and peace." So, as we wend our way slowly homeward there comes to us from out a recollection of many legends and chronicles of these old Franciscan missions, one story telling of love in the springtime of life ; of a sacrifice made in the heyday of youth and hope.

Don Victor Gerragas had been a grandee of Spain, who, because of impoverished fortunes and the death of his wife, had come to Texas in the early days of the Spanish missions, and

with him were his two daughters, Margarita and Marta. They were beautiful, these young señoritas. Donna Margarita, who was five years the elder, was like a Madonna of Murillo, with the same strength and sweetness; the same wonderful dark eyes that live in the painter's pictures. In her heart, too, was the tender mother love; for even as the Madonna cherished her little son, so Donna Margarita loved her sister Marta.

Oh, this Marta! What a creature she was of laughter, of smiles, of joy. In her hair was a glint of gold, while her eyes were of the peculiar shade of blue found in some parts of Spain.

It was a great change from the civilization and refinements of the old world to frontier life in the new; but Margarita and Marta met all hardships cheerfully.

The town was well garrisoned, and the better class of residents, nearly all Spaniards, kept up as far as possible the traditions and customs of their country. The beautiful gray walls of the Alamo, set off by two near-by communities of nuns, was the centre of the religious life of the city.

It was a time of peace, following the earlier wars between France and Spain to obtain control of that part of the country, and Don Gerragas dreamed of the day when, freed from pecuniary embarrassment, he could take his daughters back to Spain to resume the place in society and the world that was theirs by rightful inheritance. Meanwhile life in the Spanish city was full of interest; the good fathers found their flock more than ready to assist them in all charitable work. New residents were constantly arriving in the town, many of them almost destitute. Among the Indians and Mexicans attached to the missions were many who needed clothes, medicine and nursing. Amid such scenes the Spanish women of San Antonio could be seen daily, and among the faithful band that formed Padre Gregorio's right hand none were more loyal and devoted than the señoritas, Margarita and Marta. There came one Christmas, in the year 17—. Donna Margarita had been out to the mission of San Juan Capistrano, a few miles down the river. She was on horseback and alone, save for a Mexican attendant, who rode behind her on a strong, shaggy burro.

It was such a day as the Shepherd's in Bethlehem must have

known on the first Christmas eve—the air was balmy, the sun warm, with just a hint of light frost in the atmosphere as evening drew near. Overhead the evening star shone pure and clear; the young girl glanced at it, as she cantered over the bridle path made by the fathers from the outlying Missions to the city. Her eyes swept over the lovely country around her, so full of peace in the evening hour, then back at the brilliant star that seemed to tremble and quiver in the sky; so it must have looked to the Shepherds, thought Margarita—in the heights glory, on earth the peace and good will.

There was a bend in the road that bordered the river, and as she turned the corner her horse shied violently, almost unseating her; the Mexican was by her side with a hand on her bridle, almost immediately.

“What is it, Juan?” said Donna Margarita, springing from her horse. Even as she spoke she saw a dark form lying on the ground almost on the brink of the river. In an instant both mistress and man were bending over the prostrate form, and while Margarita unfastened the man’s cloak, Juan filled his hat with water from the river, and dashed it over the upturned face that seemed like one dead. There was no response to this heroic treatment. The man had evidently been on horseback; but where was the horse? With tender, practiced hands Margarita unfastened his heavy riding apparel, and as she did so the Mexican’s quick ear caught the sound of horses’ hoofs drawing near. He mounted a tree and looked toward the path they had just traversed—“It is Padre Gregorio, Señorita,” he said.

“Oh! quick, Juan,” cried Donna Margarita; “ride back and ask him to come here with all possible haste. The Padre is a good physician and will know what to do.”

Juan sprang on his burro and was off, Margarita heard the meeting, and the deep exclamation of the priest. It was only a few seconds later when the Padre was kneeling by her side, feeling the man’s heart and examining him carefully. “He is not dead,” he said, “only stunned. He has been struck on the head,” and then he gave a few rapid directions while he unfastened a small medicine case that formed part of his usual travel!

ling outfit, directing Juan to ride at once to the city for a conveyance on which to carry the man to some place where he could be properly cared for.

"He must come to my father's house," said Donna Margarita—"It is less than half a mile from here, and my father would not forgive me if I let the poor man go elsewhere."

Juan was gone in a moment, leaving the priest and young girl, who did everything possible to revive the unconscious man. After what seemed to Margarita a long time their efforts were successful; the stranger opened his eyes, looked wonderingly for a moment at the lovely face bent over him, and then asked, in a faint voice, but in purest Spanish, for water.

The priest raised his head, while the young girl held a gourd of water to his lips. "Do not speak, my son," said the priest; "you are in good hands; by and by you can tell us all."

The young man obeyed like a child, and it was not many minutes before Juan appeared with two Mexicans, carrying an improvised litter. Very gently the wounded man was placed thereon and covered with blankets, as it had meanwhile grown quite cold. The little procession started for the home of Don Gerragas, where they found Marta and a Sister she had sent for, ready for them. The stranger was placed in bed in the best room, and Sister Dolores took up her watch by his bedside.

Midnight found Donna Margarita, with her father and sister, kneeling in the Alamo for the first Christmas Mass, in her heart a great thankfulness that the blessed Virgin had brought her such a work of mercy.

It was Carnival time throughout the Catholic world, and nowhere was it more faithfully observed than in the city of San Antonio. There was to be a masked ball on Shrove Tuesday. "Let it open early," said the Padre, "and close early, so you can be home, my children, before Ash Wednesday."

Among those who seemed gayest and happiest during the festivities was Don Ortiz de la Cruz and the Señoritas Margarita and Marta.

Three months had come and gone since Don Ortiz had been carried to the Señor Gerragas' house. A twisted ankle took

longer to mend than the blow on his head, and his recovery had been slow, obliging him to remain six weeks under the Gerragas' hospitable roof.

Descended from an ancient Spanish house, Don Ortiz had entered the army and had been sent to America. He was on his way to join the garrison in San Antonio when he had been thrown from his horse and was found by Donna Margarita. Don Gerragas was delighted with the handsome and well-bred young man, who looked every inch a soldier and a gentleman. As to what was thought of him by the Señoritas Margarita and Marta, who that has tried to fathom a woman's heart can say. The streets were gay that night as the two sisters drove to the Carnival ball. In looks they were dissimilar, but in height and carriage they were singularly alike. It needed a practised ear, also, to distinguish their voices, which were low and musical. In the costumes they had chosen and with their masks, it was hard to tell them apart. Marta, in soft white drapery, covered with silver, was supposed to impersonate a water nymph, while her sister was attired in a Moorish costume of the thirteenth century. The material for their dresses they had found in a chest brought by their father from Spain, and their own clever fingers had cut and made the costumes.

The ball was at its height when Margarita, who had been dancing with a youth dressed as *Don Quixote*, was accosted by a cavalier of the time of Philip II, who, bowing low, requested the pleasure of the next dance.

"I think I know you, señorita," he said, as he led her away.

"Don Ortiz," said Margarita, and then she laughed; "your voice betrays you, señor."

They went through the dance with pleasant word and jest; long after Donna Margarita remembered how light her heart was that night.

"Señorita," said Don Ortiz, "may I call on you to-morrow? I have something special I want to say; but I cannot say it here."

"Yes," answered Donna Margarita, very low.

"I think you understand me, señorita," he replied, sweep-

ing the ground with his hat ; and just then another partner claimed the young girl, and led her out to the dance.

What she did or said the rest of the evening, Donna Margarita hardly knew. She felt as in a dream ; for had there not been tones in Don Ortiz's voice and a reverence in his manner that could mean only one thing ?

From midnight until dawn the city slept. A gray cloud passed over the sky and darkened the waning moon ; the light of the stars vanished ; mirth and joy were giving place to lamentations and sorrow ; for was not the Lord of heaven and earth about to enter on His fast and final agony ?

With the first streaks of the sunless dawn the city became alive with men and women hastening to the Alamo. With the quick revulsion of feeling of the southern nations, their three days' pursuit of pleasure was forgotten, and their minds were attuned to the fast they had entered on. It is this adaptability to the environment of the moment which is not understood by the sober North, and which makes them think the three days' carnival a strange preparation for Lent.

Donna Margarita advanced with her father and sister to the chancel rail and knelt to receive the ashes.

"*Memento, homo,*" said the priest, "*quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris.*"

Let us fast and lament, sang the choir ; let us entreat the Lord to have mercy and to spare, and to close not the mouths of those who sing to Him and whose hearts look for happiness.

"*Grant us, O Lord,* said the priest, "*to begin our Christian warfare with holy fasts, that as we are about to fight against the spirits of wickedness, we may be defended by the aids of self-denial.*"

Not in vain does the liturgy arm us for the conflict ; if we fail it is because of our own sin, and not from any fault of our Holy Mother, the Catholic and Apostolic Church.

The solemn service was over, and the vast congregation came out on the Square in front of the church. It seemed natural for Donna Margarita to walk home with her father, and for Marta to be joined by Don Ortiz. He accepted the invita-

tion to accompany them home and partake of a light repast, and it seemed no wise stranger afterwards that he and Marta should wander forth in the garden, while Donna Margarita attended to her household duties; she could wait, she thought, what her lover had to say could be better said by and by, and Marta, dear child, with her sunny face, her laughter and sweet seriousness could meanwhile entertain him who loved her as a brother.

Donna Margarita was detained longer than she expected. After her household duties her father called her in his office; but at last she was free, and picking up her hat—for the sun had come out and it was getting hot—she stepped out in the garden. She rightly guessed that her sister and Don Ortiz must have gone to a seat at the end of the garden that was completely hidden from the view of anyone approaching from the house, by a thick growth of pecan trees and mesquite bushes. Donna Margarita walked slowly, drinking in the clear, beautiful air and all the signs of the coming southern spring. A narrow path, nearly one hundred feet in length, led through the trees and bushes. What was it that made Donna Margarita stop suddenly and press her hand to her heart—the sound of a beloved voice had reached her, and what it said was not for her—“Dearest,” Don Ortiz was saying, “I have loved you from the first moment I saw you; all through my illness you seemed to me like an angel sent from God.”

“I thought it was Margarita,” said Marta.

“No,” answered Don Ortiz, “your sister, she is noble, she is grand; but you alone I love, Carissima.”

Donna Margarita turned and went back to the house, in her heart a dumb anguish of pain. She understood it all now. Don Ortiz had taken her for her sister the previous night; she remembered that when he said he knew her. She had not spoken her own name, nor had he; each had taken it for granted that the other knew.

Once in her own room, the young girl fell on her knees by her bed. She could not pray connectedly; her mind was in a tumult; she could not even weep to relieve her overburdened heart. It was a fierce temptation that assailed her, one mo-

ment rebellion and despair—had it not been she who had found him and perhaps saved his life?—then came other thoughts. Marta loved him, Marta was sweet and loyal and true, and deserved her happiness. Margarita raised her eyes to the crucifix that hung over her bed.

“My child,” the Christ seemed to say, “deny thyself, take up thy cross and follow Me.”

Lower and lower bent the dark, beautiful head. Memory took her back to the morning service, and to the sublime prayers of the liturgy. Had she not joined with the priest in a petition that they might begin the solemn fast by fighting against the spirits of wickedness?

Once more she raised her head and looked at a picture that hung near her crucifix. It was a small Spanish painting, and represented one whose hands were clasped and bound, and on whose brow stood drops of blood—“A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.”

Long she prayed until the warfare was ended, and victory gained. Margarita crossed herself reverently. “So help me Christ and His holy Mother,” she said.

When Marta and Don Ortiz returned to the house full of their happiness, they found as cordial a welcome and congratulations from Donna Margarita, as from the delighted father. Marta noticed how pale her sister was, but attributed it to the fast of the day. She was brimming over with happiness, and if at times it brought a pang to Margarita’s heart, she was a brave woman and did not flinch.

Don Ortiz took his bride back to Spain, and after the death of her father, Donna Margarita entered a sisterhood. She lived many years loved and revered by all who knew her. There may still be seen the quaint old convent garden on the banks of the river where she used to walk with her nuns at the hour of recreation.

The rose bushes that grow in tangled luxuriance, are as beautiful as those she used to train and tend.

The little children and the poor who come to the convent gate—Americans, Mexicans and Indian half-breeds—might be

the same people that Donna Margarita taught and nursed, and led toward the Kingdom of God.

And the bells of San Juan Capistrano? Only the central bell remains, that was the gift of Don Victor Gerragas in memory of his wife; but tradition has it that after he returned to Spain, Don Ortiz shipped two beautiful bells to San Juan that were placed in the tower. One bell was silver, inscribed with the name *Marta*, a thank offering from Don Ortiz for the gift of his beautiful wife; the other bell was of bronze and was marked *Margarita*; "for," said Don Ortiz, "had it not been for her I would not have lived, or attained my present happiness."

Generations passed, and there they hung and swayed in the breeze; the silver bell to commemorate the one who was all light and laughter; and the bronze bell with its strength and musical sweetness, true type of her who was like Murillo's Madonnas—the dark-eyed, loyal Margarita.

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

ANNETTE.

A STORY OF LOURDES.

WITH his elbow on the table and his head resting stupidly on his hand, before him, as usual, a stone pot of cider and a drinking glass—for cider is the ordinary intoxicant in Brittany—Yves M—— had just finished giving his opinion about the Dreyfus "affair," and the conduct of the law courts, while a thin, fine September rain was lightly spraying the greenish window panes of the village inn. The innkeeper, a short, stout Breton woman, was busying herself passing to and fro in the smoky room with the air of one who hears the most absurd opinions without paying serious attention to any of them.

"But, Yves," she said, "what about your daughter?"

"My daughter—she is always the same; there is never any improvement."

"They say her sister intends to take her to Lourdes!"

"Marie-Jeanne is cracked. If I only knew where she hides her money—," and before the fishermen lately returned from

Newfoundland, and silent as men of the sea so often are, he made an expressive gesture signifying that then the cider would flow more freely. The little treasure, so economically hoarded by his industrious daughter, would indeed have quickly disappeared.

For Marie-Jeanne had conceived the project in her determined Breton head that she would take her sick sister to Lourdes, and, moreover, that she would pay all the expenses of the journey out of her own earnings ; that is to say, besides supporting the family she would save up 150 francs, which sum is a fortune in that lone land where the rock is barely covered by the soil and the cattle feed on the young thorns and bright yellow flowers of the furze. The lady of the *chateau*, when she heard of Marie-Jeanne's design, offered the necessary money ; but the brave girl would not accept it. Her savings would be an offering to Our Lady of Lourdes.

She worked half days away from home, and returned at night to the cliffs, her shoulders sore with the burden she carried, her face bronzed by sun and wind. At night, when all had gone to sleep, she stitched by the dim candle-light while repeating her *Ave Marias*.

A day came at last when the needed sum was gathered ; and that evening Marie-Jeanne came to embrace her sick sister. "To-morrow," she said, "we shall set out at four in the morning."

The journey was terrible. The ordinary sufferings of the sick girl were greatly increased, and every jolt of the uncomfortable wagon along the narrow road, washed and cut by the sea, drew from her cries of pain. Her malady kept her teeth pressed tightly together ; so that, for seven months, she had been unable to eat, and life had been supported by a little milk passed with difficulty into the closed mouth.

They passed through the entire country, often objects of idle curiosity at the railway stations, but usually left to their own thoughts and sisterly conversation. Silence and sorrow are strangely ennobling, and the speech of the two pilgrim sisters was in striking contrast with that of a great number of travelers. They spoke of their home by the sad gray sea of their native Brittany, of those who were dear to them, of the

favors they expected to receive at Lourdes. They prayed, but with the simple faith of childhood which never doubts of being heard.

"One day more and the Blessed Virgin will cure you," said Marie-Jeanne, when Annette said she was unable to pray any longer. "At home in Brittany, too, they are praying for us. Besides, if you are cured our father will practice his religion ; so you *must* be cured."

But here is Lourdes. Over there is the Grotto ; there, the Basilica ; everywhere the vast crowd, swayed at time by an indescribable enthusiasm. There are reports of cures ; there are proofs ; the favored ones are seen.

Three days the sisters spent at Lourdes ; and the Lord whom they love and His Mother alone know what prayers they said. They join in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament ; and the sick call out to the hidden Master as in other days in Palestine, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us !"

But there seemed to be no answer for Annette and Marie-Jeanne ; and the *Magnificat* of the great crowd awakened no response in their hearts. "God does not wish," they said ; and their eyes began to fill with tears.

The last evening, during the procession, the Bishop delayed with the Blessed Sacrament before the afflicted sister, and she prayed as only they can who have her faith and sorrow. But a miracle was not vouchsafed, and the Bishop moved on. Then Marie-Jeanne followed the Blessed Sacrament, with a fixed obstinacy of faith in her eyes. And almost grasping the cope of the Bishop she said, "Lord, you cannot send us away. Have pity on my poor sister !" The Bishop turned, and the crowd formed a circle around the chair of the sick girl, besieging Heaven with prayer. Tears of joy began to fall from Annette's eyes ; and while many hands were stretched out to help her she quietly turned them aside : her prayer had been heard.

They came back to Brittany. The people, whose faith makes them live in the atmosphere of heaven almost as in that of earth, were scarcely surprised. Their father said not one word ; but from that day onwards he never set foot again in the village inn ; and Marie-Jeanne was to him what she had never been before, an object of wonder and almost of fear.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

With deep regret we record the death of Mr. James D. Murphy, of New York City, who for many years has been a devoted and generous friend of the Shrine. Pilgrims to Auriesville, especially those who spend a while there every summer, will remember the genial and hearty manner with which he entered into the spirit of the place and the simple and unaffected piety with which he took part in the exercises of the pilgrimage. They did not know so well the character he bore at home for his industry in business and zeal in many a worthy enterprise, religious and civil. Without a doubt it was his devotion to his important and often arduous tasks as one of the leading contractors of this city that hastened his end. It was clear to all who knew him well that he realized the possibility of succumbing to the constant tax on his energies, and yet he persisted in finishing what he had undertaken and in following up the various charitable works to which he had committed himself. He was an exemplary Christian, at home, in his parish, in his social and business relations, and as such he is mourned by hosts of friends. He died piously, fortified by all the rites of our Holy Church, prepared and resigned as a true Christian. It was on the Feast of the Holy Name, Sunday, January 18, and with his death on this day is associated an incident which made those who knew of it feel his departure more keenly, for it was on this day that the new Jesuit Novitiate of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, one of the last great buildings he had undertaken to build, was blessed and formally opened. His absence only emphasized the memory of his devotedness, and the debt of gratitude owing to his departed soul. He had great hopes for Auriesville and he took the deepest interest in its development, more than once manifesting that interest by handsome contributions for the improvements there. We trust that his hopes may be realized in due time. Meanwhile we confidently ask our readers to pray for his soul and for the comfort of those who are left to mourn him. R. I. P.

As we announced in *THE PILGRIM* for January, we intend to make known our plans for a more commodious and permanent chapel in Auriesville, and we shall do so in the March number. For the means to carry out these plans we propose to appeal to the generosity of friends of the Shrine in such a way that all may have some share in the good work and no one be unduly burdened. We are

confident that our friends will aid us, sufficiently, at least, to enable us to begin the work this summer, even though we may not be able to complete it. The plan, so far as we can foresee, will be simple, and it will certainly not be very extensive, but entirely in accord with the place and the work we hope to accomplish there.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Miss McD., Somerville, Mass.	\$.50
A. N., Manchester, N. H.	3.00
M. A. B., Philadelphia	1.00
E. W., Rome, N. Y.50

MISSION NOTES.

AMONG THE INDIANS OF BRAZIL.

The immense tracts of Brazil inhabited only by Indians form a territory larger than the half of Europe. Along the borders of the Araguay one may travel 200 leagues without seeing a single Christian habitation. By this great stream, the upper part of which is, in fact, called the Great River, Rio Grande, whose gold-bearing waters are poured over diamond-studded sands, through deep forests of precious woods, and between lands suited to richest vegetation, but as yet almost untilled, the traveler scarcely meets any other inhabitants than the native Indian tribes—the Cayapos, the Carajas, the Chavantes, etc.

There are, indeed, here and there, on the banks of the river, some beginnings of civilization. There is the village of Santa Leopoldina, once a town of some importance, but which declined as rapidly as it had grown from being a simple *presidio*, or military post. S. José owes its origin to a Capuchin, Father Sigismund de Taggia, who was here in 1860. Santa Maria has had almost the history of Santa Leopoldina. At present, few walk in its deserted ways.

In 1896 the Dominican Missionary, Father Gil Vilanova, determined to establish a mission in the midst of the savage tribes. With a companion, he descended the river for 200 leagues, and just below where the Naja falls into it he began his station, at a point called Barreira. An inundation of the river made them change to a plateau, where a few Christian families and about 500 Indians settled around them. They called the place Our Lady of the Araguay.

Other missionaries were soon sent to help them. In 1899 there were three priests and two lay-brothers, and this summer two other priests and a brother have gone to join them, with four sisters to open a school in the new mission.

The Indians of this mission centre are the Cayapos of the Tapuya race, one of the oldest of the country. They speak a language which is divided into as many dialects as there are tribes. They believe in one God, who is good. But because He is good, they consider it needless to worship Him, and set themselves to conciliate the evil spirits, who do them mischief.

Italian sisters are about to re-open a school amongst the Indians of Maranhao, on or near the site where "The First Martyrs of the Century"—Franciscan priests and sisters—were slain in April of 1901. Five Capuchin priests and seven sisters were killed at this post of duty in the new mission on the Maranhao. The church, convent, school and other buildings were pillaged, and about 200 persons of this flourishing agricultural colony died with the missionaries at the hands of the Indians. The girls of the school, however, were spared; and in the hope of finding them, the Italian Franciscan Sisters intend to build again upon the ruins.

BUREAU OF CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS,
941 F ST., WASHINGTON, D. C.,
FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, 1903.

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR BISHOP :

The crisis through which our Indian missions and schools are now passing renders it imperative that concerted action be taken to provide for their support.

It is unnecessary to review the heroic labors of Catholic missionaries among the Indians since the discovery of America; but it may be well to call to mind the circumstances that led to the establishing of our splendid system of mission schools.

In his message to Congress in 1870, President Grant invited the various religious denominations to co-operate in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians. He realized from the frequent outbreaks and the border wars with various Indian tribes that only religion could civilize the Indian and establish peace between him and his white neighbor. He recommended that the various reservations should be divided among the different religious denominations, and in carrying out this recommendation, the Indian Department decided that no minister should be allowed to officiate except on the reservation allotted to his denomination. We will not discuss the justice of this policy. Later on this policy was discontinued. The Indian

reservations became a free field of missionary operation for all denominations. The Government promised to assist in a pecuniary way the educational work of all religious societies, in the following terms :

“ The Government should be liberal in making contracts with religious denominations to teach Indian children in schools established by those denominations. It should throw open the door and say to all denominations: ‘ There should be no monopoly in good works. Enter, all of you, and do whatever your hands may find of good work to do, and in your effort the Government will give to you encouragement out of its liberal purse. ’ ”

The Catholic Church joyfully accepted this invitation, and at once entered vigorously upon Indian educational work. Through the munificence of the daughters of Mr. Francis Drexel, school buildings were erected on the reservations for the education of Catholic Indian children at a cost of about one million five hundred thousand dollars.

When the Protestant denominations realized that they were being outstripped by the Catholic Church in the work of converting and educating the Indians, they began to raise the cry that contract schools were sectarian, and, voluntarily relinquishing any claim on the Government for the support of the few schools which they were conducting, they demanded that all Government appropriations should be withdrawn from our numerous and flourishing schools. The cry of sectarianism was effective. In 1895 it became a law that, after five years, all such appropriations should cease, a twenty per cent. reduction being made each year. In 1900 the last payment was made by the Government.

Meanwhile Miss Katherine Drexel had become a Sister, and since the withdrawal of Government aid has contributed about \$85,000 annually for maintaining the contract schools. But this help, great as it is, supplies only little more than half the amount needed to continue the work which has already been undertaken. It is given at a great sacrifice, and cannot be relied upon forever. Moreover, we confess that we view with sadness the fact that one devoted woman gives every year to the Indian missions more than all the Catholics of the United States combined.

At the present date we are not prepared to admit that the clergy and laity of this country will allow our Indian missions to be destroyed at the nod of bigots.

Shall the grand work of so many years be allowed to die out for want of support? All who have investigated the Catholic schools admit that the Catholic plan for the civilization of the Indians is the only practical one. It depends on us whether they shall continue. United States Commissioner Jones, in his last report, confesses that the Government schools are a failure, and that the \$45,000,000 which have been thus expended have been wasted.

Since 1822 the various societies of Europe, but especially the Propagation of the Faith of Lyons, have contributed to the Church here the enormous sum of over \$7,000,000. And what have we Catholics done in return? What are we doing now for our dependent Indians? We number over ten millions. We should surely take care of our own, even if we do little or nothing for the conversion of the pagans of Asia, Africa, South America and the islands of the Pacific. As has been well said: "The work of converting the Indians is incumbent upon the whole Church in America. It should not be left to the charity of the few, but every individual should feel it a duty to bear his part in this great obligation. It would be sad, indeed, to think for a moment that the Catholics of America would fail to supply such material help to their struggling missionaries as would enable them to successfully contend against the giant efforts which enemies of the faith are making to sow the seeds of heresy and unbelief among the Indian Catholics." We must keep up the Catholic schools.

A society has been suggested to be called the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Amongst the Indians, the members of which promise to contribute twenty-five cents annually for the support of the Indian schools. Think of the heroic priests and nuns who are giving their lives for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Indians, and then answer the question: Should I not give this pittance to enable them to carry on this grand work for the glory of God and the extension of His kingdom? The work has the warm approval of all the Archbishops of the country. At their last meeting in Washington, on November 21 and 22, 1901, after discussing the whole question, "It was resolved: That we heartily commend and will practically encourage work for the raising of the amount annually needed for the support of the Catholic Indian schools; and that we will similarly encourage wider efforts aiming at bringing the benefits of Catholic training to the Catholic children in the Government schools."

By a recent decision of the Indian Department, the Indian children in the Catholic schools have been denied the *rations*. This has added an extra burden of not less than \$25,000 per annum for the running expenses of the schools. With the schools already in debt, every one can realize how necessary it is to come to their support.

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children is an easy solution of our whole Indian difficulty. Were it introduced into every parish in the United States, abundant funds would be at the disposal of the Archbishops for Indian mission work. What splendid sums the Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists contribute yearly in this country for their missionary work in this and other lands! They ask for millions and obtain them. We are greater in numbers, and although we be poorer in worldly wealth,

should not our zeal and love for the true faith be as great as theirs is for their erroneous creeds? Again we quote from the Pastoral Letter of the Right Reverend Bishop of Cleveland :

“Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”—(Mark xvi, 15.)

Such is the charter of our Holy Church. Such is the commission from her Divine Founder. “But they going forth preached everywhere, the Lord co-operating with them and confirming the word with signs that followed.” (Mark xvi, 20). The Apostles, obedient to the divine call, spread the knowledge of the Gospel to all parts of the then civilized world; and in every age since, zealous missionaries have carried on that work, for the enlightenment of them that still sit in darkness, and in the midst of the shadow of death. Leaving father and mother, house and home, apostles have never been wanting in the Church of God and never will be until the faith of Jesus Christ has been made known to every creature. It is one of the minor marks of the divinity of the Catholic Church that she sends her missionaries everywhere for the conversion of pagans and that the Lord co-operates with them, confirming their words by marvelous signs. In every century God has blessed the labors of her missionaries. Whole nations have been converted. Her work has never been without fruit. Zeal for souls, the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ on earth, love for all that Jesus loved have ever been the signs of the true disciples of the Sacred Heart. Like their Divine Master, they are all on fire for souls. “I have come to send fire on the earth and what will I but that it be enkindled.” (Luke xii, 49.) “I have come that they may have life and have it more abundantly.” (John xii, 10.) “And this is life everlasting that they may know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent.” (John xvii, 2.) Our divine Lord came down from heaven that we might believe in Him. Faith is the greatest of all God’s gifts. Without faith it is impossible to please God. There can be no supernatural virtue, goodness or holiness without faith. The just man liveth by faith. Faith is the foundation of every virtue. It is the root of justification, of all righteousness. If we realize what a blessing our faith is, gratitude to God for this immense blessing and privilege must force us to desire the same blessing may be the privilege of those who do not enjoy it, nay, must force us to do what we can that they may obtain that blessing. How few of us ever think of thanking God that we had Catholic parents and through them received this priceless grace of the true faith. Do we pray that the light of faith may be granted to those who are in the darkness of infidelity and that the labors of the missionaries amongst them may be blessed with abundant fruit? Have we, in times past, made any sacrifice for the support of the missionaries in pagan lands? Have we thought of how much Catholic Europe has done for the spread of the faith in

our own United States ; how many priests and religious she has sent to us to build up Catholicity in our republic ; how, to our shame, we must admit that even now the poor peasants of France are still sending thousands of dollars for the support of the missions amongst our Indians ?

The Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, after one year's trial, bids fair, under proper encouragement, to be a grand success. The first year it brought in something like \$30,000. We hope to see this amount more than doubled during the year just begun.

In pursuance of the expressed wish of the Archbishops of the country, the Society was inaugurated in the diocese of Cleveland, in December, 1901, and in February, 1902, nearly \$6,000 was sent to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions as the contribution for 1901. The plan pursued in the diocese of Cleveland is an extremely simple one. The clergy act as managers. They secure as many solicitors as possible. The solicitors strive to gain as many members as they can, which is not a difficult matter, as the subscription is only 25 cents per annum. Solicitors report within two months after the announcement has been made in the church. Pastors transmit the returns from the parishes to the Chancellor of the diocese, who sends the full returns to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.

Upon application to Rev. Wm. H. Ketcham, Director Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F Street, Washington, D. C., any desired number of Certificates of Membership and copies of the "Indian Sentinel" can be obtained.

Bishop Horstmann states that the establishment of the Preservation Society in his diocese has in no way interfered with his ordinary collections and works of zeal and charity.

The Preservation Society is being established in the Archdioceses of Baltimore, New York and Milwaukee. Philadelphia has vigorously taken up the work, and at the last meeting of the Bishops of that Province all the Bishops pledged themselves to establish the Society in their respective dioceses. We hope to see the grand work taken up everywhere. It is so simple, and one that appeals to the heart of every Catholic. We beg you to give to it your hearty support and co-operation. The aboriginal American must be saved to the Faith. "God wills it ! God wills it !"

<p>J. CARD. GIBBONS, <i>Archbishop of Baltimore,</i> JNO. M. FARLEY, <i>Archbishop of New York,</i> P. J. RYAN, <i>Archbishop of Philadelphia,</i></p>	}	<p>Incorporators of The Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions.</p>
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N. B.—Copies of this letter may be had on application to the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, 941 F Street, Washington, D. C.

ST. FRANCIS' MISSION,
ROSEBUD AGENCY, S. D., December 13, 1902.

REVEREND FATHER GANSS, Philadelphia.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER: When we returned after vacation Mother and the Sisters told us that you visited our mission, and that you love us Indian children and our mission. We are glad, dear Father, that you were here, but we are sorry we did not see you. As Christmas is near we all wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We will pray for you that the dear Infant Jesus may bless you and reward you abundantly for all you do for us Indian children. Christmas we will have a nice crib in church, and before it we will remember you too. We pray and sing in church every day, and on great feasts we have High Mass. Some of us are altar boys, and twenty-three girls and eleven boys sing in the choir. Before the feast of the Immaculate Conception all boys and girls who have made their First Holy Communion already had three days' retreat. On the feast of the Blessed Virgin we all received Holy Communion and then the retreat closed. About eighty boys and girls receive the Holy Sacraments every month, and we belong to the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and to the League of the Sacred Heart. We have a nice big church, and Brother Stander is building a frame church at Ponca which will be finished very soon. We expect Brother back before Christmas. The Fathers often go to the camps, and when they return they are nearly frozen. Some camps are twenty-six, forty-five, sixty-two and one hundred and twenty-five miles from here. Our picnic place on White River is only ten miles from here. We like to have a picnic, and we boys are all on our ponies then and the girls are in the wagons. Now we cannot go far, because the earth is covered with snow all over; but Christmas we may go home for three days. Those children who live too far stay here and have a nice time. There are 249 children here in the Mission, 130 girls and 119 boys, and I am one of them. I am a singer and an altar boy too, and when you come to St. Francis' Mission again please, dear Father, let me serve your Holy Mass. We will be very glad when you come here again, and we would like to see you. Our new Bishop is coming also next year, and we hope he will be good to us and like us Indian children. Your Bishop is very good and he loves the Indians and does lots for them, and we love him very much too. Please, dear Father, bring him along when you come again,

and we will be good boys. Sister told us that you are well acquainted with Mother Catherine. Will you have the kindness to tell her that we wish her a Happy New Year, and that every day we pray for her? We will remain thankful to her. Mother Catherine is very good to us and she will go to heaven when she dies. Sam Not Good died the next week after you left the Mission. We are glad that Christmas is near, and we hope to get a Christmas tree and cakes and candy and two apples, and also a mouth-organ or a horn and something more, like the white children.

We like to learn and to work. Every boy knows his Catechism well, and in Bible History we learned last week about the Israelites and now about the Infant Jesus. In arithmetic we are learning fractions. We know also a new song; it is a hunter's song with many la, la, las in it, and we like to sing it. We have a new well, and Dan Brave Bird, Daniel Charging Whirlwind, Henry Knock Off Two, and Max Paints His Ears White helped the Brothers. The well is 193 feet deep. Old Block, that is our old horse, was helping too, pulling up earth and sand in a barrel. Own Standing Bull, Robert Brave Bird and Dick help the Brother in the butcher shop. Every week we eat more than two cows. Brother said he butchers eleven cows for us every month. Brother Acks has four boys to help him in the bakery: Silas Leading Horse, Joe Red Feather, Nick Turning Bear and Augustine Scout. Every day we eat more than 100 big loaves of bread and about 250 small ones. There are five boys helping Brother Hinterhofer in the shoe shop. Brother Hinterhofer tends also to the chickens, and he made a new door on his cupboard. We sweep our school and other boys' rooms, and we make our beds in the morning. The baker boys have to split wood for the bakery. We like to play foot-ball. Cane Widow cut some holes in our foot-ball, while she was camping here. The ball went near her tent and she was angry about it. Dan Brave Bird is the best rider among us. He is not afraid to ride a very wild horse. There are some prairie chickens in our cornfield, and yesterday four prairie chickens passed the Mission. Yellow Horse's wife died. She used to come here every day to get something to eat. She was hopping on one foot. We have two little dogs and they are black. Shep, the old dog, is yellow. The prairie dogs are in their holes now, because it is winter. Mule Head has one wife, one child, two dogs, four ponies and

one old and one new wagon. There were some big prairie fires near the Mission. Some Brothers and we boys went to extinguish it with wet sacks, and we had to work hard for many hours to get it out. Henry Red Bull's hay is all burnt, and two of Hollow Horn Bear's horses also. Many Indians are very hungry, because they have nothing, or very little to eat. In winter now they are very cold too. Some of our fathers and brothers worked last summer, and they liked it. They received \$1.25 per day, and were very glad with it. Our old windmill has a new tower and four new wings. No Leaf, who lives near the Mission, has a little donkey. He brings wood with his donkey for the bakery. Brother Mueller measures the wood, and Father Perrig pays for it. Brother Surrig is 73 years old and works in the blacksmith shop, at the new well, and all over. In winter we shovel snow when there is some snow, and we carry coal from the coal shed to the kitchen and in other rooms. One of the little girls said in instruction to Father that God is not in the coal shed, because it is full of coal and God has no place in it any more. A little boy told Father, God is not in the big water, because He would get wet. We big boys know that God is a spirit and everywhere.

The Sister told us that you are acquainted with Mr. Wells. He was here at St. Francis' Mission, and he was kind to us, and therefore we love him. Please, dear Father, give him many regards and also our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Chief Two Strike came the other day, and while he went to the boys' play room, his pony ran away. No Leaf caught it again. Our gray cat caught two rabbits and ate them. Peter Big Turkey was here last Sunday to see his little Turkey, whose name is Johnny Spotted Bird. Johnny is now about eight years old. Ned Elk Teeth, one of the boys here, has a pony at home which has no tail. When the new well is finished we will make a little pond and let water run into it. As soon as the pond freezes, we will play there. Two boys have skates, but the others not.

We will be good boys and please God. That is all we have to say. Thanking you for all that you do for us Indian children, we remain,

Reverend and dear Father,

YOUR GRATEFUL INDIAN BOYS,

Of St. Francis' Mission.

THE TRAPPISTS IN SOUTH AFRICAN WILDERNESSES.

The extension of Christian civilization by monks is taking place under our eyes, much in the same way that it has been accomplished in every age of Christian history. The Trappist Monks, sons of St. Benedict, the patriarch and founder of Western Monasticism, came from their flourishing missionary establishment in war-swept Natal into the wildernesses of Mashonaland, far north of the now historic Transvaal.

The new mission station is five miles from the Salisbury railway, sixty miles from Salisbury, 120 from Umtali and near the Macheke River. Hither came a solitary Trappist lay-brother, to prepare the desert for a larger missionary staff. With the raw natives he set to work. He began to build and break up the wilderness into gardens. To other difficulties and obstacles was added the loss of nearly all his cattle by disease. He chose a space of about one hundred acres, sloping beneath a line of hills, or kopjes, and well watered by the clear streams. He cut a furrow, or trench, about a mile in length, to catch the waters in the dry season, for purposes of irrigation. Over the river he made a "drift," or ford, and planted his fruit trees and vegetables. Then Brother Leopold was joined by a priest and another lay-brother. They set to work to study the native language, in order to teach the simple people the Gospel story. They will construct huts for the people in neighboring centres of population, and visit these from the central mission station. "Already," says the *Zambesi Mission Record*, "the natives are showing great confidence in the missionaries. Though shy of working for some white men, the natives had been positively embarrassing to Brother Leopold in their determination to work for him; so that some had almost refused to be sent away. Just treatment was already beginning to make its influence felt." The natives will, in all probability, soon draw nearer and settle around the monastic buildings. Thus will, no doubt, a future city grow in African wilds, as the great European cities sprang up round the monasteries of the Middle Ages.

A large cross, seen far and wide over the valley, has been erected on the top of a high conical hill, to silently announce the message of Redemption.

The station of the Trappists is called Monte Cassino, after the famous monastery in Italy, founded by St. Benedict, and within which he sleeps.

A TRAPPIST FARM-CHAPEL IN BELGIAN CONGO.

It is named St. Peter Claver's, after the Apostle of the Negroes, and situated at Boangi, between Bamania (the principal mission centre) and Simba, on the banks of the Ruki river, which flows into the Congo in the northwest of the Belgian Free State. Boangi is populous, and its inhabitants seem to have a singular desire to become Christians. Many of the pagans make the sign of the cross, after the example of the converts, as they approach the missionaries. It is the practice of prayer particularly which draws them. In sickness they call the priests and ask their blessing. This inclination to believe is due to the example of the native Christians.

At the new station of St. Peter Claver there are already nearly 200 very fervent converts, without counting a much larger number yet under instruction. Many have been already married according to Christian rites, and are carefully training their children. Not far off is a botanical garden, established by the Belgian authorities. Here some 300 natives are employed, and all are under instruction for baptism. If any of these fall dangerously sick they are baptized without delay. So great is the readiness of those poor natives to embrace the faith, that the reality surpasses all the expectations of the missionaries. The field is vast indeed, and the laborers but few.

DIFFICULTIES OF CONVERSION.

One of the great difficulties in the way of Christian formation amongst those poor blacks of Africa is the tendency to revert to former superstitions and disorderly habits after they have been instructed and baptized. Hence great vigilance is necessary, and segregation from the pagan kraals. Polygamy is the ingrained habit with the Mashonas, though not quite so bad among the Matabeles. Hence Christian villages, or kraals, must be formed apart, and have become a distinctive feature in mission fields. The names of Saints or Mysteries are given to those settlements, exactly as in the early days of Catholic discovery and colonization. Hence we have in Africa Our Lady of Karlema, St. Joseph of Utinta, etc.

A danger to the younger converts and the adult native Christians is the attraction, because of higher wages, to work in towns or in the mines. "Contact with civilization finds them capable of absorbing its vices, and unable to assimilate its virtues."

That is the most charitable way of putting the matter. For the Catholic native who goes to live in the towns, there is daily and hourly peril. In the mines it is as bad, or worse; there the natives, out of the hours of actual work, are freer from restraint, and often without spiritual guidance.

Notwithstanding many very natural faults for people in their condition, there is much natural good, also, in the natives. Healthy and strong, they bear pain and labor without complaint. Bravery, even to daring, is found and esteemed amongst them, and they are hospitable and inclined to religion.

PEN-PICTURE OF A MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

The *Spectator's* "Supplement" quotes from Mrs. Archibald Little's "Land of the Blue Gown" the following account of a Catholic missionary at Hoang-mu-chang :

"The priest, a hardy young mountaineer from Central France, showed with some pride the few panes of glass he had just had inserted into his window by his writing-desk, thus enabling him to continue working when a Chinese, by the darkness of his paper windows, is compelled to inaction. Other luxury in his spacious sitting-room there was none, unless we count a book-case of the simplest nature to contain the few books he had brought with him from France. There was no table, three chairs; nothing more! He wore Chinese clothes, with the large, fanciful straw hat of the district. He had no wine except that supplied for Mass. It is true that he had a capital mule on which to visit his very widely scattered parishioners. But he was one man alone, not a family nor a pair of friends, as is so usual in our missions. There was no European nearer than a very long day's journey across the mountains, and then not another for days and days. No seven or ten years will entitle him to a trip home to those French mountains, a tiny pictured guide to which he showed us, but which we noticed he did not venture to look at while we were there. He received no newspapers, and it seemed few letters. We asked him how he spent his lonely evenings in winter. He said earnestly that was the great trial of the first year, but after that one had got over it."