

Interesting Account of Indian Island Reservation.

Missions Held There And At Oldtown, Me., by Father Holland.

The following interesting letter arrived too late for last week's issue: Bangor, Me., October 29, 1908. Rev. Father Holland, of St. Ann's Church, Montreal, has just left for home after having preached a most successful mission to the English-speaking people of Oldtown. Many who had been very neglectful in their religious duties came back to the church, and on Sunday afternoon the ceremony of blessing the little children of the parish took place in the pretty Church of St. Joseph. After the singing of the Gospel "Suffer little children" by the missionary, a procession was formed of the school children, four of the little girls carrying the crib with the Babe of Bethlehem, around the church, while the companions under the direction of the good Sisters of Mercy chanted Christmas hymns. After the blessing, all present came to the communion rail, the babies in their mother's arms, and venerated the wax image of the Holy Child. This demonstration of Irish faith was perhaps the most touching event of the whole mission.

At four o'clock the mission was opened on Indian Island and at seven o'clock the missionary returned to doze that of Oldtown by his parting advice and the papal blessing. A short history of Indian Island may prove interesting to the readers of the True Witness, for the little island is not only a home centuries old for those who dwell upon it, but it is the oldest tribes of Indians now extant in the land, and stands as a symbol of their love for their faith and their liberty. Lying in the middle of the Penobscot river, about twelve miles above the city of Bangor and opposite Oldtown on the river's banks, Indian Island, the cradle of the Penobscot Indians, is today the object of many a pilgrimage, where a noble and loyal people, who have been washed in the saving waters of baptism, keep their gift with its fruits as fresh and green to-day as when they first received it.

An unpretentious ferryboat, manned by Charles Mitchell, the sacristan of the chapel, plies between the land and Oldtown. It takes about fifty strokes of the oar to cover the distance and what a difference in the two landings. What a change from busy little Oldtown to the quiet island with its forty houses and its beautiful little chapel so well looked after by the Sisters of Mercy, four of whom are charged with the education of the good Indians, young and old, and well they do their work, as a visit will show. How different the dusky sons of the forest to the religious garb, and how devout when before the holy tabernacle, but it is no wonder when we know the source whence they derive this reverence, for it was from the Jesuits that their forefathers learned to lip truths of religion from the missionaries in these regions, and an iron cross set in a stone base near the chapel marks the passing of Father Freitag, a Redemptorist missionary, who many years ago stimulated the faith of those good people by his ardent zeal for the salvation of souls.

In the first year of the seventeenth century the Indians of Maine numbered thirty-seven thousand. They were divided into two great nations—the Abenakis to the west and the Etchemens to the east. Of this latter race were the Penobscots from whom are descended the Indians of Oldtown.

War with the Abenakis during the seventeenth century, and famine afterwards greatly reduced this tribe, which once ruled the country from the sources of the Penobscot to the ocean. Yet they cherished the spirit of conquerors, and preserved their own identity as a tribe, falling back across the river, making the last stand on Oldtown Island for life and liberty.

Dating from 1669 the island has been the principal settlement of the race. It then contained forty or fifty wigwams, divided, it is supposed, by the path which is the street to-day, running about fifteen feet wide across the island, east to west. Houses now supplant the wigwams of old; they are one story, and two, sometimes, in height, and in general bear witness to the thrifty character of their possessors. The island is their very own, quite apart from the rest of the state, and no white man is seen there after dark. The constable, who is the sacristan's brother, sees to that, for they have a constable and other officers up to Governor, and a grand man he is, who represents them in the State legislature at Augusta. His whisper is law to his people, and their local government is perfect. Complete autonomy is theirs under the sovereignty of the State.

Besides their native language, mostly all the inhabitants speak English and speak it well. Their mission lasted until Thursday morning, when every adult member of the tribe was present at the grand Mass sung by the missionary for the souls in purgatory, and received Holy

of Maine has kept gentle ward over these children of the forest, and provides in a substantial way also for their teaching at the hands of the Sisters of Mercy. Thus in the twofold protection of their Church and commonwealth they are manifestly the children of Our Father who is in heaven. In point of number they seem to remain always the same, neither growing more numerous, nor yet diminishing. Thoreau's visit in 1857 found them about three hundred, and such is their full count in round figures to-day.

During his short stay in these parts, Father Holland has made many friends, but he seems to have won the hearts of the good Penobscots, judging by the regretful send off they gave him at the ferry landing, and the numerous specimens of their handsome handiwork which they presented him on his departure. The gracious Governor and his lieutenant crossed over with several of the good Sisters on the last day of the mission got up a scheme to raise money among their flock to help the little edifice out of its indebtedness. A supper in the town hall was organized. Every woman and girl of the tribe brought something to lay on the trestle table, tickets were sold to members of the tribe at twenty-five and fifteen cents, and at five o'clock yesterday afternoon more than justice was done to the good things, for the organizers had not expected such a gathering. It may be that they had not reckoned with the presence of their genial curate, Father Rice, and the missionary, who were both present to encourage them in their good work, principally by their example. However, the Governor announced, after the supper was over, that another supper would be given on some other evening to use up the tickets bought, and the governor himself will be one of the guests, for he forgot himself in the excitement. During the supper an orchestra of natives played charmingly, accompanied by a young lady, also of the tribe, who played the piano beautifully. Supper over, Father Holland motioned to the platform with one of his photos at five cents a chance. Dice were procured in Oldtown, for there were none on the island, and the picture was won; another was produced and the struggle commenced again: a third was brought out, this time at ten cents for a shake of the dice, and the money made on the three pictures added seven dollars and a half to the proceeds of the supper. The whole amount realized was thirty-seven dollars and a half. This news was being announced to the crowd when the genial quiet governor called a halt and said "forty dollars." The rest came from his pocket. Three cheers were given for him, three for the dear sisters and of course three for the clergy present.

To return to the chapel. It is true, the present day chapel is perhaps only some sixty years in existence. But it had its ancestral forerunner as far back as 1723, when Colonel Westbrook, of the Massachusetts colony, destroyed it, according to the words of his own report. The Tarrentines, or Penobscots, were first brought into the fold by Abbe Thury in 1687, and the priests of the Foreign Missions, of whom he was one, continued to minister to the Indians until 1705, when the Jesuits missionaries took charge, until the death of Father Rasle in 1724. The mission had for its Father in the later fifties, good Father John Bapet, S.J., whose memory is cherished among the older Indians to-day. It was Father Bapet who built the present chapel for his flock on the island, and this home of the Blessed Lord on earth is the centre of the island, as it is of their faith and reverent life.

It was this zealous missionary who was taken from the cellar of his own home on a dark night and brought to the woods, where he was bound to a tree, farrago and feathered, and left to die in the cold, until providentially rescued by a passer-by. He said Mass next morning, however, with the tar still sticking to his poor body. He died recently in an insane asylum, with the hallucination haunting him that miscreants were looking for him to torture him anew. This was not done by Indians, but by people who looked upon themselves as fully civilized.

Notwithstanding the weakness of the Indians—and they are candid in acknowledging their faults—their Catholic faith and its profession are the bold and marked features of their life. To the priest they are all gentleness and submission, and to the Sisters who teach them as well as their children, they are confiding to a degree. Each must be consulted in regard to every venture, and no word is of light importance that falls from the lips of either. Their chapel is their pride, and the real home of their hearts and is kept neat and scrupulously clean, as becomes the tabernacle or tent of the Lord.

It would be interesting to cite some other proofs of the attachment of the Oldtown Indian for his faith. His loyal spirit is thoroughly appreciated by his spiritual parents, both Mr. Trudel and Father Rice, and by the Sister Superior of the mission, whom he reveres as a mother indeed. The Right Rev. Louis Walsh, Bishop of the Portland Diocese, has taken a keen and paternal interest in their welfare, visiting and encouraging from time to time. The State

Archbishop O'Connell and Mayor Hibbard, who sat on the reviewing stand. Mr. Fitzgerald was loudly cheered and applauded as he passed through the great crowds, but he took no notice of the cheers. Sunday he was a soldier and kept his eyes front.

"As one band turned into Commonwealth avenue playing "Maryland," closely followed by another playing "Dixie," a gray-haired old man with a G. A. R. button on his coat said to a spectator, "What would happen if such an army of field? It is a wonderful object lesson to Americans as to the possibility of mobilizing a monster army and drilling them in a short time."

This sentiment was echoed several times along the route.

An interesting feature was the presence close to the head of the line of the Night Workers' Holy Name Society, headed by the Rev. P. J. Lyons. This is composed of men who work all night in the newspaper offices, postoffice and other places. They presented a very natty marching order.

CARDINAL GIBBONS PLEASED.

During the hour that the Cardinal occupied a seat on the reviewing stand so great was his delight that he stood most of the time and frequently waved his hand to the passing columns, and when the companies of cadets came along his countenance was wreathed in smiles.

COLORED CATHOLICS IN LINE.

One of the features of the parade was the appearance of a company of colored Catholics who marched with exceptional precision and who were also given an encouraging recognition by the on-lookers.

Many of the banners were marvelous of workmanship and skill, and not a few of them were evidently displayed in public for the first time.

CLOSING SERVICE AT THE CATHEDRAL.

While thousands knelt with bowed heads in the great cathedral filling every pew, the aisles and reaching every corner of the vast interior, the Deum was chanted on Sunday night as the closing service of the centenary of the Catholic diocese of Boston.

Cardinal Gibbons, in the robes of his high office, was present. Archbishop O'Connell presided at the altar with visiting dignitaries as his assistants in the chanting of the Te Deum.

Long after the flickering candles of the altar had been extinguished, the great congregation was still moving out, and the crowd was easily as great as that which attended the pontifical Mass in the morning.

The service opened shortly after 8 o'clock. The cathedral was well filled long before that hour, and hundreds who came were unable to gain in the closing worship of the Catholic week in Boston.

Concluding Ceremony of Boston Centenary.

A mighty host of over 42,000 members of the Holy Name Society marched along three miles of streets crowded to the utmost with admiring throngs, and passed in review before the highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America, in the concluding celebration of the diocesan centenary on Sunday afternoon.

From noon until sundown, these able-bodied men paraded in this monumental demonstration.

All the afternoon the streets of Boston resounded to the sounds of music, and echoed with the tramp of men.

From the start of the procession to the end, every sidewalk was crowded with the members of the families and other friends of the men in the line.

The parade, estimated as the largest ever held in Boston, was remarkable in many ways.

Fully 600,000 people saw the demonstration, thousands coming to the city by special trains and on electric cars. In the streets through which the parade passed people were jammed in an almost impenetrable mass, the mounted police at some points making light impression on them in an effort to clear the way for the marchers.

To all available window sills climbed youngsters, and to the roofs climbed hundreds who, despite the cold wind, derived genuine pleasure watching the parade, even until after the close of day.

The subway and railroad terminal stations have been crowded before, but it is doubtful if their enormous capacity was ever put to a greater test. The special trains that brought visitors from all parts of the State took them home at the close of the observance.

While it was originally intended that all men should march without canes or small flags, it was decided later to change this order, and the numerous features of the different societies broke the monotony of 42,000 paraders.

Every society in the parade tried to outshine all the others in point of efficiency in marching.

Seldom has there been witnessed a more brilliant spectacle on Commonwealth avenue than was seen at sundown as the last divisions of the parade were marching on their way to the finish.

As far as the eye could reach there were crowds, crowds everywhere.

Stretched out from staffs were Stars and Stripes carried by every company, together with their own banners, the red and gold of which illuminated the scene with a blaze of splendor. As the sun sank behind the buildings and the lights were seen in the houses on Boston's wealthiest thoroughfares, the paraders marched on and the bands poured out their martial airs.

The last divisions of the parade were untried. Their appearance was equal to those in the front of the line.

The priests at the head of each society were cheered and applauded by the immense crowds along the route. It was the efforts of these clergymen that made such a large outpouring of men a possibility. Their appeals for full ranks were answered.

Another feature which appealed to the crowds and was also remarked by Archbishop O'Connell, Mayor Hibbard and others, was the presence of so many boys in line. In the ranks of several societies were companies of small boys who paraded with the military precision of their fathers. Many of the boy companies wore military uniforms and carried guns.

In the line which stretched for several miles there was presented a representative body of men. From every city and parish in the diocese came men prominent in business, professional and political circles.

Many noted men of Boston were marching with their respective parades. Ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald paraded with St. Mark's Church of Dorchester and saluted in true military fashion as he passed

Miss Jackman Now Aged 100 Baptized by Bishop Cheverus

Or the second floor of an apartment house at 57 Delle av., Roxbury, almost within a stone's throw of the Mission church, there lives, quite like a recluse, an aged lady who was baptized and confirmed by Bishop Cheverus. She is Miss Mary Martin, the only living link between the Boston archdiocese of to-day and the diocese of the saintly first bishop. And she enjoyed the personal friendship not only of Bishop Cheverus, but also of Bishops Fenwick, Fitzpatrick and Williams.

This extraordinary little woman, who was born in Newburyport, will be 100 years old on November 9. She came to Boston with her parents in 1817, when she was 9 years old. Her parents were Presbyterians, and the child had never seen and scarcely ever heard of the Catholic Church before coming to Boston. The funeral of Fr. Matignon in 1818 is the earliest of Miss Jackman's recollections of the Catholic Church in Boston.

"Everybody was talking about the funeral," she said to a reporter. "There were great crowds in the streets, for every one loved Father Matignon. My sister and I wanted to follow the funeral procession, but my mother insisted on our going to school. Finally, however, we went to the service in the little church on Franklin street, which was crowded. I shall never forget my first visit to a Catholic church. Everything was so strange, the lights, the pictures, and the chanting of the priests. Bishop Cheverus preached. The funeral procession marched through the principal streets and everywhere the greatest reverence was shown. Those in the procession who belonged to the confraternity of the Holy Cross, dressed in black with white crosses. We went to the cemetery and stayed until the body of the priest was lowered into the grave.

"I remember well when I got home I fixed up my little room with candles and pictures and tried to make my little brother sing as the priest had sung, while I knelt and folded my hands. My father came into the room and scolded us, but the scene of the day had made a deep impression on my mind.

"Some time after this the first four Ursuline nuns came to Boston

and made their home in a little house adjoining the cathedral. They taught music, languages and fancy work. I well remember my first visit to them and how frightened I was while awaiting the mother superior. But she came and spoke so kindly that I forgot my fears. When she pulled my hair playfully and asked me if I wanted to become a Catholic right there and then I hesitated and said I thought I would better wait a while. She replied that my answer was the right one and that it pleased her very much.

"After that I often visited the nuns and was taught the catechism. One Good Friday night my mother went with me to church. There was a great crowd and she got into one pew and I into another. Father Taylor preached a beautiful sermon, and when we were going out my mother said to me that she would never again object to my attending the Catholic church.

"On the afternoon of July 31, 1822, when I was 14, I was baptized privately by Bishop Cheverus. Of my relatives only my sister was present in the church, but the nuns whom I knew were looking on from their balcony, which had a lattice front. The bishop, noticing them, suggested moving the baptismal font across the church, where they could see better, but my sister said they could see well enough. After the baptism the bishop said to me, 'I shall always be a father to you,' and I have always regarded him as my godfather. A year after that my mother was received into the church and was baptized by Father Taylor.

"Bishop Cheverus left Boston not long after, and his departure was mourned by Catholics and Protestants alike. He has always seemed to me the most angelic man I ever knew. I remember seeing him with his knee buckles and silver buckles, when I first came to Boston. He would stop and speak to children on the street, and at first I would always run away at his approach, but later I got to know and love him. He often told me stories of his experience with the Indians in Maine. Bishop Fenwick, his successor, used to call me 'yard-and-a-half' because I was just that tall."

Despite her advanced years and her bodily infirmities, Miss Jackman still retains to an unusual degree her mental powers, and her active interest in current events, both religious and secular. Her strength, however, does not permit her to attend church. But she can still read her prayer book, and also the copy of Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," which Bishop Cheverus presented to her when he left Boston. Her only living relatives are grandchildren of her brother, who live in Salem—Boston Sunday Globe.

Nervous Prostration.

Of nervous prostration we hear much nowadays, and it is comforting to know that there are places specially equipped and located for combating this phase of modern life. On the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, at St. Catharines, Ontario, are located the curative Saline Springs known as the "St. Catharines Well." Connected with the Springs is "The Welland," where treatments for nervous prostration, rheumatism, etc., are given by skill-

Note and Comment

The poor Montreal Anglicans are in a stew over the election of a new bishop, and the best way of getting out of it would be to open the gate and come into the true fold, where the pastors are ordained and consecrated. Why do these poor people keep on postponing?

The Hill of Tara is to be excavated and thoroughly explored under the direction of a joint committee of the Society of Antiquaries, the Irish Academy, the archaeological societies of Louth, Kildare, Cork and Waterford, and the literary societies of Dublin and London.

Catholic priests of the archdiocese of Boston have organized a choir of fifty priests, all trained vocalists, who will hereafter sing the Gregorian Mass at the funeral services of priests. The formation of this choir is the outcome of a suggestion made by Archbishop O'Connell.

At the University of California the Archbishop of San Francisco has installed the "Newman Club" made up of the Catholic students attending that institution in a fine \$415,000 house, with two Paulist Fathers, themselves university trained men, in charge, and through this club house and a beautiful chapel they are exercising a potent influence for good.

Berlin University is the most numerously attended seat of learning in the world. It contains 7774 matriculated and 1390 non-matriculated students. All the cities of Germany and every country in Europe, from Norway to Sicily, from Ireland to Russia, are represented in its classrooms.

The projectors of the big Missionary Congress to be held in Chicago next month have sent out special invitations to all the Catholic editors of the country to be present. They will receive tickets to all functions and will be accorded special courtesies. This is in just recognition of the aid which the Catholic papers of the country have rendered in helping on the project of the Congress.

ed attendants in charge of a resident physician.

St. Catharines is the mildest point in Canada during the winter months. For further information and all particulars apply to J. Quinlan, D. P., Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

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