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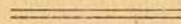
A PILGRIMAGE TO AURIESVILLE

FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY, NEW YORK, August 17, 1890

THE SODALITIES OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH

THE MARTYRS

CATHERINE TEGAKWITA



NOTRE DAME DE FOYE

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

SITES OF THE MOHAWK VILLAGES IN 1642

THE CALVARY AND STATIONS AT AURIESVILLE

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A PILGRIMAGE

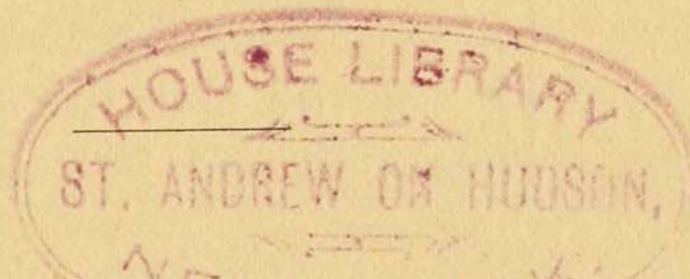
TO THE

Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs

AURIESVILLE, N. Y.

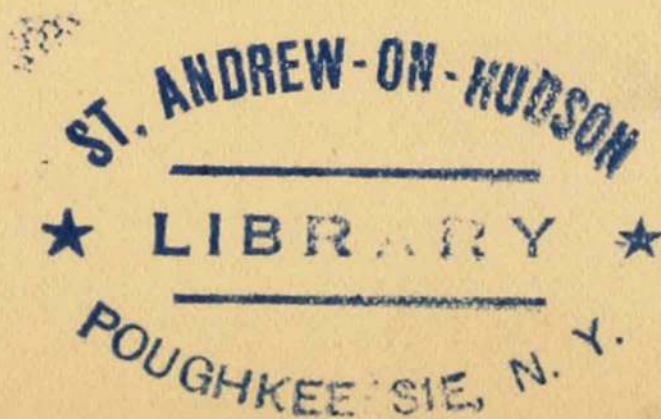
FROM ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY, N. Y.

August 17, 1890.



PRINTED FOR FREE CIRCULATION IN THE SODALITIES OF

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, TROY, N. Y.





NOTRE DAME DE FOYE.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

THE fifth Pilgrimage of the congregation of St. Joseph's Church, Troy, N. Y., to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, occurred on Sunday, August 17, 1890. In preparation for the event, a week's retreat was given by Rev. W. H. Carroll, S. J., and Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan, S. J.

Before day had well dawned, the different Sodalties were drawn up into line around the church—the Blessed Virgin's on the south side of Jackson Street, the Sacred Heart on the north side, and the Men's on Third Street. At the signal they marched in order to the foot of Jackson Street and embarked on the cars. Two special trains, of fifteen cars each, conveyed the pilgrims; one started at a few minutes before six o'clock, the other half-an-hour later. While the trains sped along over hill and dale, by meadow and farmland, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was recited and the beads told again and again.

When Auriesville was reached, the procession formed in the following order:

Cross bearer,
Clergymen,
Choir,
Banner of the Young Ladies' Sodality,
Young Ladies' Sodality,
Sacred Heart Sodality,
Banner of the Young Men's Sodality,
Young Men's Sodality,
Banner of the Married Men's Sodality,
Married Men's Sodality,
Congregation.

As the sweet strains of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin floated on the breeze, the procession moved slowly up the hill, entered the grounds and all knelt before the Shrine. Rev. Father Carroll, S. J., immediately began the first Mass. From the foot of this altar reared upon soil sanctified by martyrs' blood sounded the words of the priest: *Introibo ad altare Dei*. Humbly the hearts of the people breathed the response.

The second Mass was celebrated by Rev. John McQuaid, S. J., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Troy; the third, by Rev. Jeremiah O'Connor, S. J., pastor of St. Lawrence's Church, New York, and the fourth by Rev. J. A. Chester, S. J., of Georgetown University. Rev. F. X. Brady, S. J., of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Philadelphia, read Mass for a number of Philadelphia pilgrims, before those from Troy had arrived.

Seventeen hundred souls received Holy Communion!

The Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs is a little wooden chapel, 20 feet by 10, erected on the brow of the hill, and bearing the following inscriptions: "Notre Dame de Foye (1669); Our Lady of Martyrs (1885)."

Over the simplest of altars is the statue of the Blessed Mother, supporting the dead Christ in her arms. Compared with the magnificent temples the Old World has raised in her honor, very rude indeed is the little Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. Yet to her loving eyes it is the fairest gem, the first from a new land to grace her crown; and consecrated to her by the loyal sons of him who hung his sword upon a pillar near La Señora de Montserrat, vowing himself her knight and champion forever—St. Ignatius of Loyola.

Some distance back from the Shrine, elevated upon a mound of earth, stands a crucifix—mute emblem of love—and beside it, as ever, the Blessed Mother and St. John. In a circle around the mound are the Stations, each a white cross bearing upon it the number of the mystery.

Near the entrance to the grounds is a large cross upon which is inscribed—"To the Most Holy Trinity, June, 1646"—"St. Mary's, 1667"—"St. Peter's, 1678." The four faces of the base bear the following words:

“The Blood of the Martyrs is the Seed of the Church.”

“In memory of the native converts of the mission, Hurons, Algonquins, and Iroquois, whose virtues, like those of the primitive Christians, shone in captivity and persecution, especially of the Lily of the Mohawk, Catherine Tegakwita, the Iroquois virgin, born here in 1656, baptized in the mission church, Easter Sunday, 1676, died in Canada, 1689.”

“Near this spot René Goupil, novice, was slain for the Sign of the Cross, September 29, 1642, and before and after in different years, many other Christians, men and women, companions and disciples of the missionaries of French and Indian races, offered up their lives.”

“On this Indian village site the ‘Mission of the Martyrs’ was founded in his blood by Father Jogues, S. J., October 18, 1646. In this, the first and chief Iroquois Mission, fourteen priests suffered and toiled until its destruction in 1684.

“Erected for the 200th anniversary.”

The day is perfect and the view from the hilltop superb. At our feet, resting between fields of waving grain, lies the quiet little village of Auriesville; and from behind the bluffs to the north issues the Mohawk. Demurely it passes us by, but far to the south it suddenly whirls into a maze and confusion of exquisite curves—then stops to look back, ere it darts out of

sight. Along the east side of the river, hills heave up their crests into the billows of mist ; and over the bluest of heavens, a few fleecy clouds glide along. The hill to the west, whose velvety slope was then a rough woodland, is the spot to which Father Jogues and René Goupil retired to pray, while the tuft of trees farther on marks the ravine into which René's dead body was thrown. The road up the hill was an old Indian war-trail, and it was here that the captives ran the gauntlet of their savage foes, and which the saintly Father Jogues called "The narrow road to Paradise."

The bell rings and we draw near to hear the oration of the day by Rev. Father O'Sullivan, S. J.

"Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? As it is written: For Thy sake we are put to death all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. For I am sure that neither death nor life shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." (Romans, viii. 35-39.)

"The inspired description of St. Paul teaches us that Christian fortitude is the strength of Christian charity ; that its efficacy flows from adhering to God through Christ ; that it is mighty to love our enemies ; and it overcomes all temptations, trials, and sufferings. The world has her heroes, men who, for honor or interest, perform works which look large in her eyes, and, ignoring their moral deficiencies, she crowns them with her laurels, and erects monuments to their honor.

But the heroes and heroines of God, unseen by the world, are wonderful in His sight. Knowing their weakness, and placing their trust in God; having no motive but the honor and glory of God—for this they labor, and for this they sacrifice their lives. In the world, but not of it; unnoticed by men, yet a spectacle to God; diffident of themselves, and having confidence in God,—their first combat is with self, and that victory won, the victor is the vanquished, having no fear but the fear of God, knowing no will but the will of God. Visible success may not crown his efforts, but in that, he only resembles his Divine Master, Who, dying a felon's death on Calvary, redeemed and saved mankind. Here on the spot sacred to Catholics, and dedicated to the Queen of Martyrs, who stood beneath the Cross and with fortitude truly heroic offered her Divine Son in our behalf, and became co-Redemptrix of the world—here is the spot to dwell on Christian fortitude. Here, too, died the martyrs, Father Jogues and René Goupil, and here lived Catherine Tegakwita—and all three bright examples of this virtue. Let us, while we recall their lives, draw a lesson for ourselves, and though not called to martyrdom, live perfect Christians, bearing without murmuring the crosses of life. If there be a spark of God's love in our hearts, before we leave this holy Shrine, let us promise by the assistance of the Queen of Martyrs, to work for the glory of God, and wish only for the reward beyond. In the words of

St. Paul, 'I die daily,' let us sacrifice the flesh and the world, struggle heroically against our temptations, and meekly bow to God's will in the trials and miseries that surround us. Thus, like to Christ in His sufferings, we may reign with Him in glory."

As the last sentence died away, many a prayer ascended to God, that He would bless the young priest, who as a boy had served on the altar of St. Joseph's Church, taught in its Sunday-school, belonged to its Sodality, and whose eloquent words had sunk deep into all hearts.

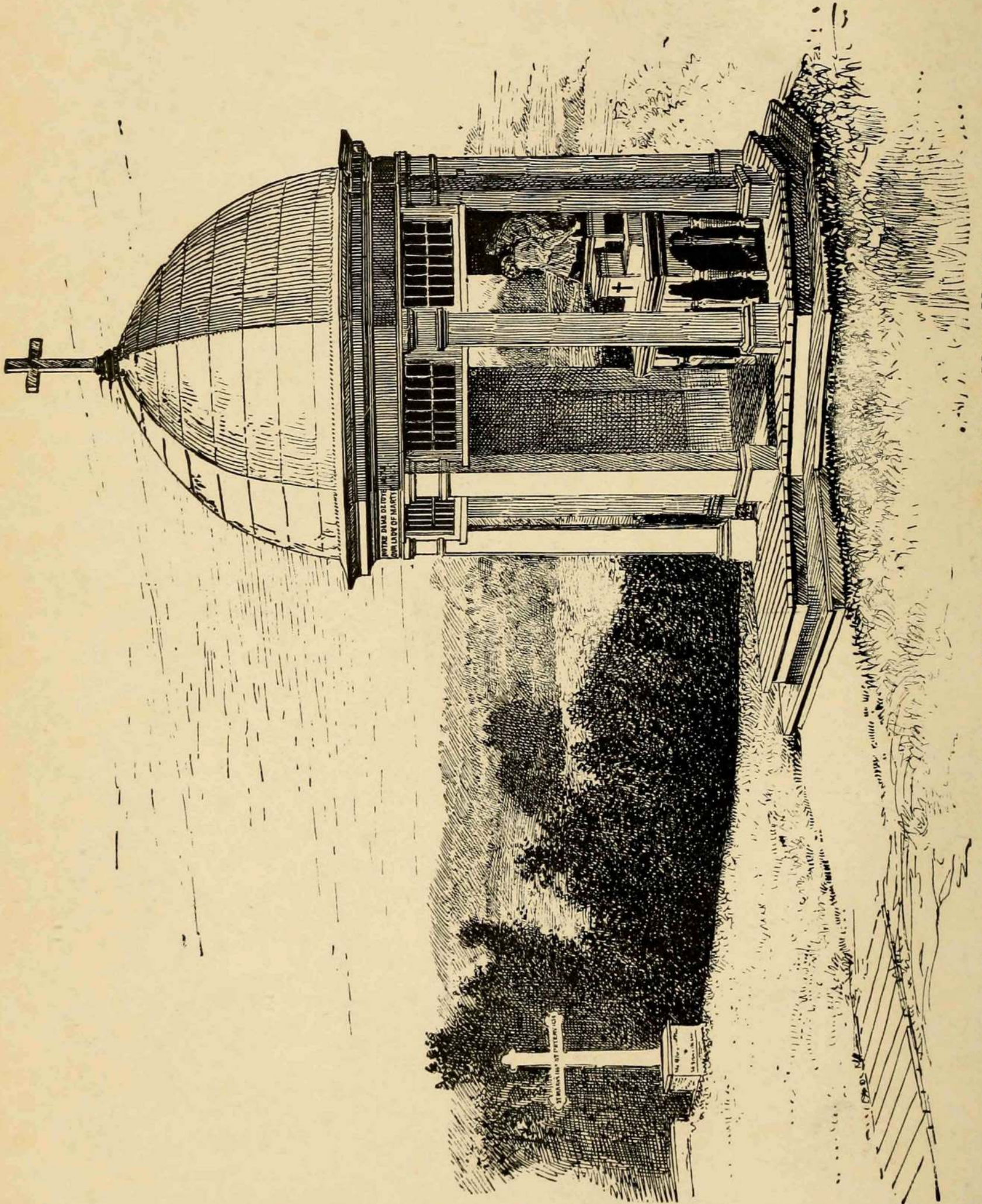
Next Father Chester, S. J., led the Way of the Cross. With the plaintive *Stabat Mater* we follow the priest from the cry of "Crucify Him!" until, kissing the wound of the sweet Sacred Heart, we turn away from the tomb. We see the falls under the Cross, meet the agonized Mother, feel the nails crush through His hands and His feet; hear the dull thud of the hammer, and the words which will ring through the ages—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Father Chester, S. J., made a few remarks, drawing the moral of the day—that those who lay down their lives for Christ's sake, imbibed their strength from the Body and Blood of Christ, and if we too wish to do the will of God, then from that Source also must we obtain strength and courage to conquer.

This closed the exercises; the command was home-

ward, and at the foot of a Queen's Throne in Heaven, lie the garlands of a day's prayer and song.

The pastor, Rev. Father McQuaid, S. J., the director of the Pilgrimage, Rev. Father Carroll, S. J., and the courteous and efficient committee and marshals from the Men's Sodalties, are to be congratulated upon the successful undertaking.

May life's pilgrimage for us all end at the sacred feet of her whose love shines out upon the future—the beacon-light that robs it of its perils and guides us on our way!



SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS, AURIESVILLE, NEW YORK.

THE SODALITIES.

THE Sodalities which formed the principal part of the procession, and whose floating banners and badges—blue for our Lady, and red for the Sacred Heart—gave warmth and color to the scene, are the fruit of the labors of the Jesuit Fathers in St. Joseph's Church. The Sodalities are perfectly organized, each enforces a set of rules which compels its members to be monthly communicants, and to live the lives of practical Catholics.

The Young Ladies' Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, the oldest in the church, was organized in 1861. Father Loyzance, S. J., was the first Director, and Mother Leonie the first Sister in charge.

The Diploma of Affiliation was brought from Rome by Reverend Mother Agatha. The early meetings were held at the pastoral residence, then in the "Old White Convent," next in the school-room of the new convent, and at present in the pretty little chapel of St. Theodora. From a gathering of ten or twelve

pioneers, who responded to the call for organization, the Sodality has reached a membership of 300. Rev. Father Carroll, S. J., is the present Director, with Sister Aurelia Joseph in charge, and Miss Winifred L. Bradley as Prefect. So quiet has been its existence that the Sodality can chronicle no stirring events—only a succession of good works, and by these they have proved themselves true “Children of Mary.” As an aid society to the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, it has done much good among Christ’s poor, and it is also the skilful and willing hands of the Young Ladies that have been accustomed to arrange the Repositories on Holy Thursday, and decorate the altars for the principal feasts. In fraternal charity they visit sick members. The library contains the best of reading-matter and numbers 500 volumes. The choir is under the charge of Miss Mary E. Quinn as organist.

The Men’s Sodality was organized May 2, 1864, at the close of a mission, given by Fathers Damen and Smarius, S. J. In an eloquent sermon on perseverance, Father Damen called upon the men to enrol themselves under the banner of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. Two hundred responded to the call, and Rev. Father Aug. Thébaud was the first Director. The first reception occurred May 7, 1865. After a time the enthusiasm died out and many, for one reason or other,

dropped from the ranks. In the fall of 1869, Rev. Father Smarius, S. J., gave a second retreat, which rekindled their fervor, and since the Sodality has ever prospered. February 28, 1886, under the directorship of Rev. Father F. Casey, S. J., it was divided into the Married Men's Sodality and the Young Men's Sodality. However, in meetings held subsequent to the division, resolutions were passed providing that the two Sodalities should have, in common, meetings, the privileges of the library, suffrages (Mass, etc.), and the control of the funds. The present membership of the Married Men's Sodality is 400; of the Young Men's, 415. The Director is Rev. Father Carroll, S. J. The Married Men's Prefect is Michael J. Dwyer, and the Young Men's Prefect William J. Myers. The library contains 1136 volumes.

A memorable day in the history of the organization was the Feast of the Assumption, 1886. Then the second Pilgrimage to Auriesville occurred, and a reception into the Men's and Boys' Sodalities was held at the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs. Rev. Father Casey, S. J., the Director, presided, and Rev. John Scully, S. J., in an able address called on the Sodalists "to carry unsullied through life the standard of their Queen." Acceptable to Mary must have been the gift of such true hearts, the offer of stalwart manhood to battle in her honor, and the pledge to hold ever as their priceless treasure, the Faith for which, here, her martyrs bled

and died. Twenty new members were added to the Young Men's, fifty to the Married Men's, and twenty to the Boys'—St. Stanislas'. The choir of the Men's Sodality, with Thomas J. Healy as organist, is particularly fine, and the musical and dramatic talent of the Sodalists, find vent in occasional excellent entertainments, the proceeds of which are devoted to some worthy charity.

The Sacred Heart Sodality is the local name for the Archconfraternity of the Sacred Heart. Many years ago, at the close of a mission in St. Joseph's Church, one of the Fathers explained the efficacy and beauty of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and asked the people to say every morning, in honor of the Sacred Heart and for the intentions of the Church, the conversion of sinners, pagans, heretics, heathens and infidels, an *Our Father*, a *Hail Mary*, the *Creed*, and "O Sweetest Heart of Jesus, I implore, that I may ever love Thee more and more." A few years later, a Sacred Heart Society was formed, which held a meeting on the first Friday evening, and received Holy Communion on the first Friday or the first Sunday, though not in a body. Rev. M. Nash, S. J., was the Director. Later it resolved itself into a Sodality, having a meeting every Friday evening, receiving Holy Communion in a body, and adopting as a badge a red ribbon and a medal of the Sacred Heart. About two years ago, a diploma of affiliation to the Roman Archconfraternity was

obtained through the *Messenger* Office, and the Sodality became the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. At the same time the League of the Sacred Heart was established. The League has grown until at present 5000 Associates are enrolled; and within the past few months the Promoters have more than doubled in number, many of the new Promoters being men. There are at present 163 women Promoters, and 40 men Promoters. The membership of the Confraternity is 1277; Rev. Henry Kavanagh, S. J., is the Director, and Mr. John Davern President. The Sacred Heart Sodality circulates the Mount Carmel Scapular, literature that promotes devotion to the Sacred Heart, especially the official organ of the League, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and decorates the altars during June, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, and for its receptions. The choir is under the direction of Miss Mary A. Higgins as organist.

The Directors of the Married Men's and the Young Men's Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary :

Rev. Augustus Thébaud, S. J.	Rev. Francis Casey, S. J.
Rev. Francis Michel, S. J.	Rev. Frank Barnum, S. J.
Rev. Father Regnier, S. J.	Rev. John B. Nagle, S. J.
Rev. Michael Nash, S. J.	Rev. William H. Carroll, S. J.

The Prefects of the Men's Sodality :

Jeremiah O'Sullivan,	David Bastable,
Michael Russell,	Patrick Hamilton,
Thomas Coughlin,	Lawrence Gallagher,
Hugh Ryan,	Thomas Delaney,

Patrick Lynch,
John Vaughn,
Edward Lyons,
John Gallagher,
Jeremiah O'Sullivan,
John Silk,
John Gallagher,
John Silk,
Michael P. Flaherty,
William Monahan,
William R. Sweeney,
Stephen Madden,

Michael Ryan,
David F. Cloughessy,
Thomas F. Healey,
Thomas O'Brien,
Richard P. Grace,
Thomas Brennan,
Thomas F. Murnane,
John Flanigan,
Lawrence Kenney,
Edward Murray,
William Rodgers,
William Myers.

The Prefects of the Married Men's Sodality :

Thomas F. Murnane,
William Flanigan,
Richard Murray,

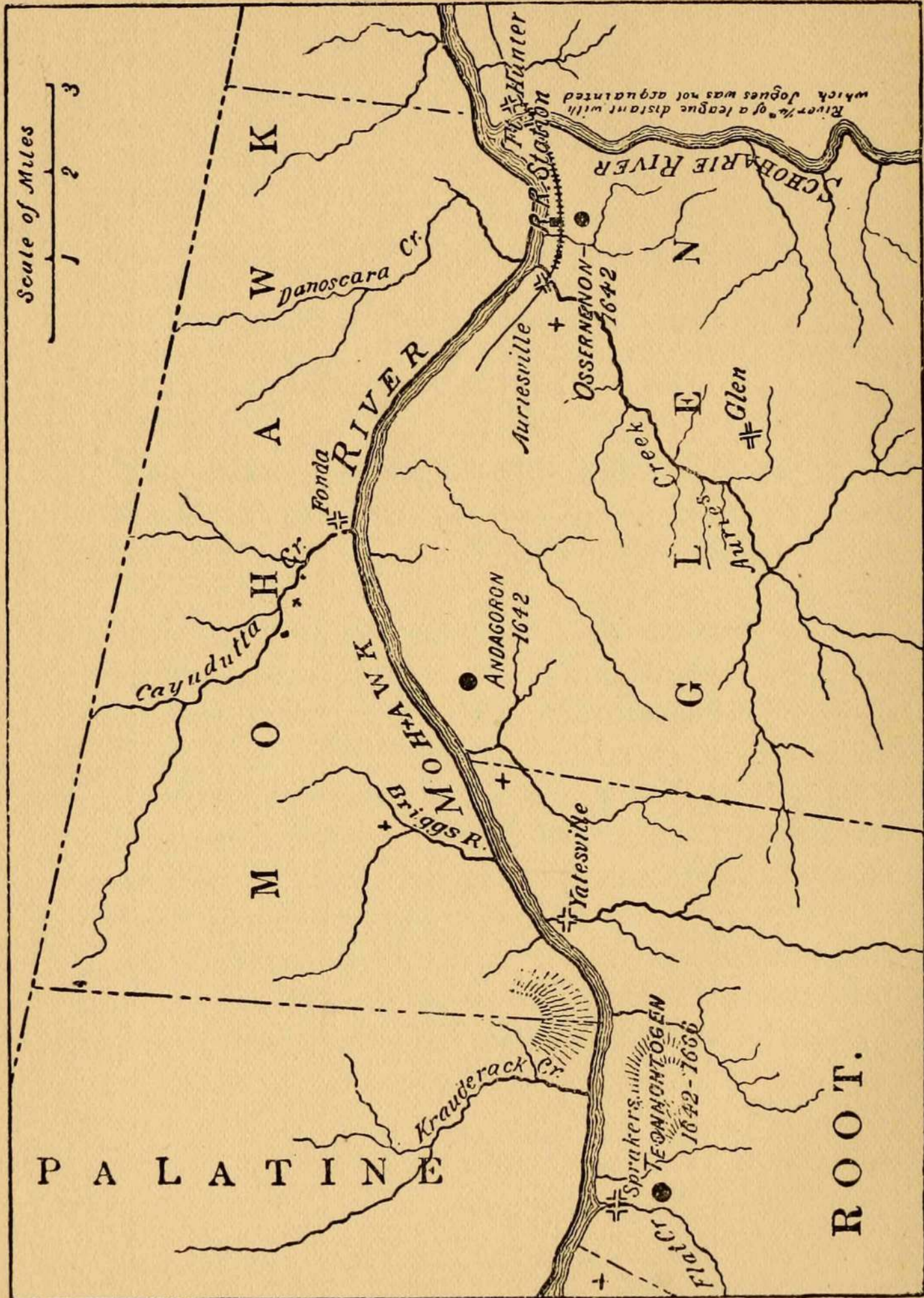
Owen Herson,
Michael Dwyer.

The Directors of the Sacred Heart Sodality :

Rev. Francis Casey, S. J. Rev. William H. Carroll, S. J.
Rev. Patrick Gleason, S. J. Rev. Henry Kavanagh, S. J.
Rev. Daniel McElhinney, S. J.

Patrick Summers was the first President, and Mrs. P. P. Connolly the first Vice-President. Mr. Summers was succeeded by Mr. John Davern, and Mrs. Connolly by Miss Mary A. Barrett.

Justifiable, indeed, is the pride of St. Joseph's Parish in her Sodalities, and with God's grace may their watchword ever be—Onward, Upward !



SITES OF THE MOHAWK VILLAGES IN 1642.

Scale of Miles
1 2 3

River 1/2 of a league distant with which Jogues was not acquainted

PALATINE

ROOT.

THE MARTYRS.

WHEN four centuries ago, Europe was ringing with the story that a fair young land had been discovered beyond the western seas, three enthusiasts hastened to its shores—the soldier, the adventurer and the missionary. The soldier sought the conquest of domain; in imagination he trod where human foot had never stepped before, and, planting there the standard of his sovereign, earned a knighthood. The adventurer beheld in the realms so distant the wealth of precious gems and metals, and the fame he might make his own. The missionary, kneeling at the feet of his Crucified Christ, saw a new world to be brought under the shadow of the Cross, countless souls to be saved; and—O joy ecstatic! through the dim hazy clouds of the future, gleams a martyr's crown.

Muse of History, turn o'er your pages ruthlessly for passages more eloquent than those which recount the lives and deaths of these apostolic men. Show an epic grander than the simple bundle of letters to the Superior in the far-off motherland.

In a rude wigwam, by the fireside, sits an historian. He writes of his explorations, his teaching, his study of complex dialects ; and of his oftentimes fruitless efforts for his children of the forest. Sometimes in his own blood, with maimed, mutilated fingers, he describes his own and his fellow-creatures' torture, by these human fiends. And though in the presence of this humble black-robed figure with the missionary's crucifix over his heart, man will ever bare his brow, the priest gives not one sigh for earth's plaudits, his work and his sufferings are only "all for the greater glory of God."

On the rocks of Quebec rose a few wooden dwellings, the residence of the Jesuit Fathers and seat of the Mission of New France. From here the missionaries traveled to the wandering tribes in the forest around them, but to spread the Faith the inhabitants of the stationary villages must be reached, and missions started among them.

On the northern shores of the lake which still bears their name, dwelt the Hurons, and here was the favored spot for a mission. From this as a centre, the missionaries could reach the Eries on the south side of Lake Erie, the Neutral Nation around Niagara, and in time the great "Long House" which lay along the chain of lakes in central New York and eastward to the Mohawk. Feared indeed were the Iroquois or Five Nations, dwellers in the Long House. Farther advanced in the methods of warfare than the tribes

about him, and skilful in building fortifications, in possession of fire-arms obtained from the Dutch at Fort Orange, and proud of his undisputed sway and his long list of victories, a formidable foe was the Iroquois.

Wilderness, famine, distance, were only obstacles to these men, who were striving to Christianize a continent, and soon the Huron Mission was a reality. Against superstition, cruel craft and cunning, and the dissolute habits of the savage, the missionaries toiled, never losing an opportunity of baptizing a dying infant, converting a condemned captive or instilling into the minds of the Indian children a love for God and virtue. At times in danger of their lives, yet the Fathers never wavered, until at length the worst seemed over, and the light of Faith began to glimmer faintly, but it was light at least.

Supplies were needed for the mission, some one must go to Quebec, and the choice of the Superior was Father Isaac Jogues.

It was a perilous journey of 900 miles, but Father Jogues accomplished it, secured the necessary materials, and was now on his way back to the country of the Hurons. With him was René Goupil, the Jesuit *Donné* whose virtues Father Jogues' pen has immortalized (Parkman says Father Jogues *might have earned fame in the field of Literature*, but we Catholics understand why a saint shunned the world's laurels to earn the

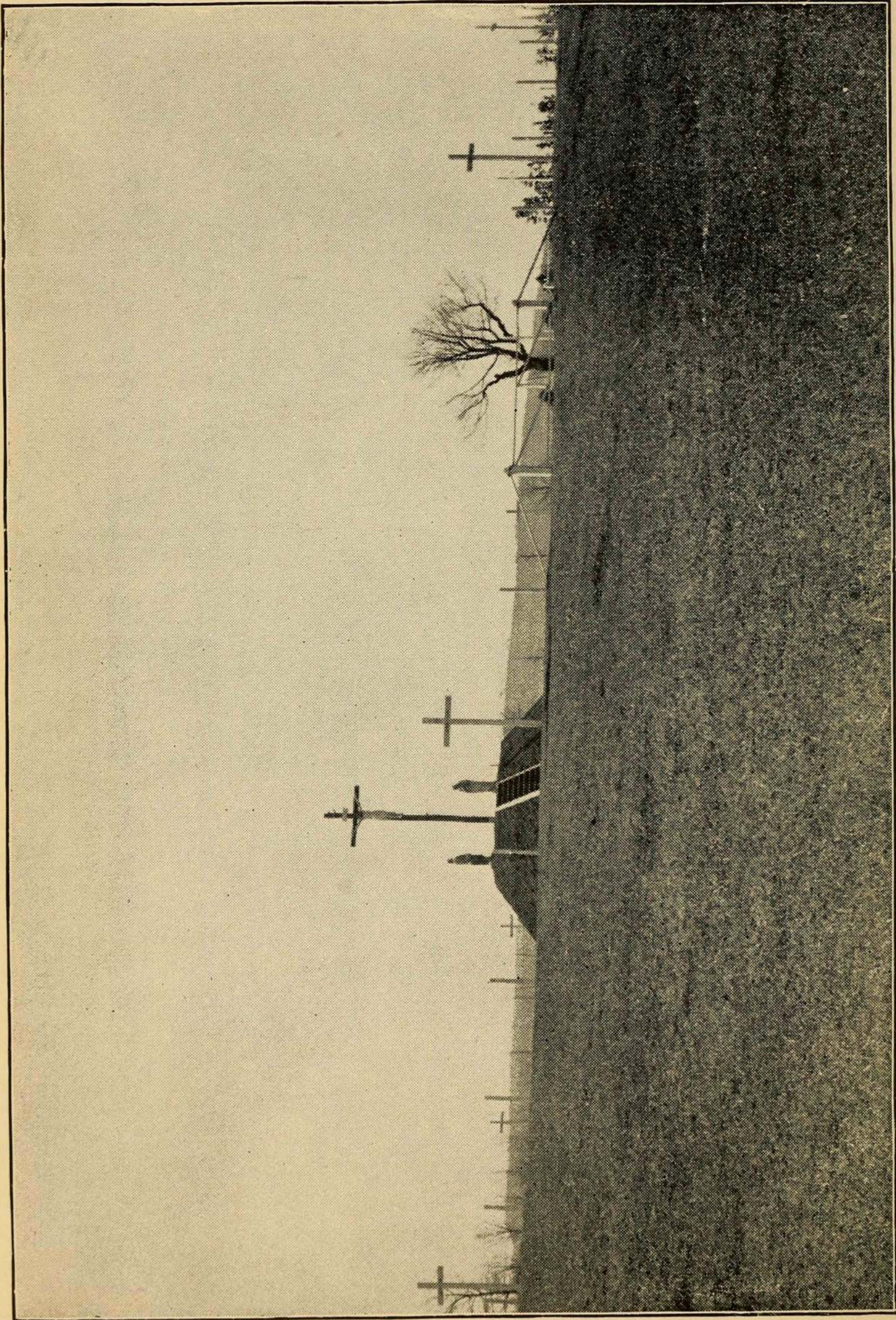
martyr's crown), William Couture, and the party of Huron traders.

The twelve canoes were gliding gently along the part of the St. Lawrence River known as Lake St. Peter, when suddenly the terrible Iroquois war-whoop broke upon the silence, and a band of the fierce Mohawks rushed out of hiding. A few Hurons stood their ground, but panic-stricken the rest rushed for the woods. Father Jogues could have escaped, but thinking of the souls of the poor Huron captives, and of his friends René Goupil and Couture, he returned and gave himself up to the victors.

The Mohawks fell upon the Frenchmen, tore off their nails, gnawed the flesh from their fingers, and beat them with war-clubs.

They then turned with their prey to the nearest Mohawk town. Their course lay southward up the River Richelieu, then by way of Lake Champlain to the banks of the Mohawk. It was on this journey that Father Jogues and his fellow-Frenchmen beheld Lake George, the first of white men to gaze upon its tranquil beauty.

After thirteen days of hardship, they at length reached the banks of the Mohawk, near the village of Ossernenon, the present site of Auriesville. At a signal from the victors, the savages rushed from their huts, and armed with clubs and iron rods, lined the two sides of the road ascending the hill, and awaited the captives.



THE CALVARY AND STATIONS AT AURIESVILLE.

As they passed along, a shower of blows descended upon the victims, and Father Jogues, the last in the line, fell prostrate.

When they reached the first town, they were placed upon a platform and the most cruel tortures begun. A Christian Algonquin woman was forced to cut off Father Jogues' left thumb and, to make the pain greater, a clam-shell was used as the instrument. Fire was applied to the tenderest parts of the body. René Goupil was treated in the same manner, and William Couture even more cruelly. At night, tied hand and foot, and lying on the ground, the Indian children were allowed to practise on them the arts of cruelty. They placed hot cinders upon their wounds, lacerated them anew, and plucked out their hair and beards.

Proud of their victory, the savages exhibited their trophies in the other Mohawk towns. They first carried the captives to the second village, called Andagaron, five or six miles off.

It was not customary to make captives run the gauntlet more than twice, but this time they made an exception. The treatment was even worse than before, as the crowd was smaller. They struck particularly at the shin-bone, causing acute pain. The prisoners remained two days and nights in this village; by day on the scaffold, and at night in the cabin, at the mercy of the children.

The captives were next led to Tionnontogen, the

third Indian town, about sixteen miles from Ossernenon. They were "welcomed" here, but with less cruelty. On ascending the platform, Father Jogues found four Huron prisoners prepared for execution. He approached, and finding them well-disposed gave a few preliminary words of instruction, and baptized them with a few raindrops which were clinging to an ear of corn thrown to him for food.

At night Father Jogues was suspended by bark ropes from two posts driven in the centre of a cabin. The weight of his body drew the bonds tighter, and as he was on the point of swooning, an Indian, in an impulse of pity, cut the bonds and liberated him.

Two days were spent at this village, and then the captives were brought back to Andagaron, where sentence was to be pronounced upon them. It was now seven days since they entered Ossernenon, and at last the hour had arrived when they were to die by slow fire, the captives supposed. But during the time of anguish, Heaven was never forgotten and in the midst of the fearful tortures, Father Jogues frequently administered absolution to the others, and all constantly lifted their hearts to God.

The older braves were in favor of sparing the lives of the prisoners, hoping that this course would make the soldiers of the Canadian colony less eager in pursuing the Iroquois warriors. The sentence was at last announced, the three Hurons were to be burnt at

Andagaron, William Couture was to remain a slave at Tionnontogen, and Father Jogues and René Goupil were doomed also to slavery, in Ossernenon.

After the long fasts, the nights of pain and sleeplessness, the loss of blood from the wounds, the poor prisoners were completely prostrated. The savages noticing this, gave them more substantial food and some of the women bandaged their wounds. They gradually recovered strength, and entered upon the routine of a captive's existence.

Not knowing the language of the Mohawks, Father Jogues could not converse with them about the Faith, so he contented himself with teaching the children the Sign of the Cross. An old man detected René Goupil making it upon the forehead of his grandchild, and as the Dutch had told the Indians that it was an evil charm, the act maddened the savage. He asked a young brave to kill the Frenchman.

One evening shortly after this, Father Jogues and René Goupil had retired to a woods near by to pray, when they saw two young braves approaching them. The Indians ordered them to return to the village, which they hastened to do, reciting the Rosary as they went. They had finished the fourth decade, and were nearing the gate, when one of the braves suddenly raised a tomahawk, and buried it in René's brain. He fell uttering the name of Jesus.

Father Jogues knelt at the side of his friend, pro-

nounced the last absolution, and then at the command of his captors, went to the wigwam of the family with which he lived. The dead body was thrown into the stream, which ran at the foot of the village.

A few days afterward, Father Jogues found the corpse, and concealed it under stones in a deep part of the current until he could bury it. Some of the Indians had seen Father Jogues hide the body, and they carried it away to a neighboring wood. Father Jogues returned next day to bury it, and found it stolen. In the spring he found the skeleton, and covered it with earth, hoping some time to remove it to a Christian burial-ground.

Father Jogues bore his cross bravely, living the life of a slave and humbly performing the duties assigned him by his master. Many times the savage arm was raised to fell him, but a stronger Hand warded off the blow. Father Jogues had yet noble work to do.

He gradually learned the language, and began to talk to the savages about the Faith. He told them of the history of creation, of the fall of Adam, of Heaven, and of Hell. They listened, and said it was fortunate that they had not put him, who knew so much, to death.

Time passed, and Father Jogues was ordered to accompany his "aunt" on a fishing excursion to a point on the Hudson about twenty miles from Albany, or then Fort Orange. At Fort Orange, Father Jogues was informed that the Mohawks had discovered that he had written to the French post, giving information of

the designs of the Iroquois warriors, and that he was to be put to death immediately on his return.

The Dutch prevailed upon Father Jogues to escape, to which he consented simply because he thought that, with his knowledge of the Mohawk language, he could at some future day and in happier times return to the savages and establish a mission among them.

Aided by the Dutch, Father Jogues made his escape, and proceeded to New Amsterdam. Here he spent a weary vigil, awaiting an opportunity to embark for France.

In November, the Governor of New Amsterdam offered Father Jogues a passage on a vessel dispatched upon affairs of state to the Dutch Government. After a rough voyage and many other misfortunes, Father Jogues at length gained the shore of France, and stood once more upon Catholic soil. It was Christmas Eve, and the next morning in the nearest church, the exile approached the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

At the end of five days more, Father Jogues knocked at the door of the college at Rennes and asked for the Father Rector, who, when he heard it was a messenger from Canada, hastened to meet him. The whole community rejoiced at the return of the missionary, for they had heard of his capture and believed him dead.

Everywhere Father Jogues received the same welcome, and a petition was forwarded to Rome, to obtain

from the Sovereign Pontiff, Urban VIII., permission for him to celebrate Mass with his mutilated hands. The answer was : "It would be unjust that a martyr for Christ should not drink the Blood of Christ."

Father Jogues' heart was in the Indian Missions, and with the permission of his Superior, he once more embarked and a second time landed on the shores of New France. He was at once sent to Montreal by Father Vimont, Superior of the Mission, and began his work among the various tribes that frequented the place.

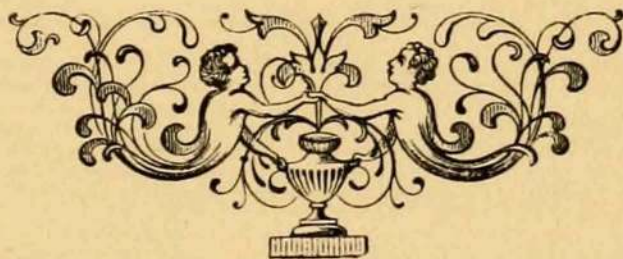
The Governor wanted an ambassador to go to the Iroquois country, and conclude a treaty of peace with the savages. Father Jogues consented to go.

With four Mohawk deputies, he started and once again gazed upon the beautiful surface of Lake George. It was Corpus Christi, and in honor of the feast he called it *Lac du Saint-Sacrement*.

The ambassador was successful, the treaty concluded, and Father Jogues returned to Quebec. Unfortunately he left behind him a box containing a few religious articles and some wearing apparel.

After remaining some time in Montreal, Father Jogues again turned his steps toward the Mohawk villages. A feeling of distrust had sprung up against him ; the Indians accused him of leaving in the box some charm that worked evil against them, and they determined to kill him. He was invited to partake of

a feast at a certain cabin and as he entered the door a blow from a tomahawk laid him dead. His head was cut from his body, and placed upon one of the palisades of the village. At last the crown was won !



CATHERINE TEGAKWITA.

A LEGEND runs—that a bed of moss lay on the edge of a dense woods, and just beyond in the light and sunshine grew beautiful flowers, rich in color and heavy with fragrance. The moss sighed at its humble lot, and wished for the perfume and beauty of the flowers. One evening, a pale and weary man came slowly through the forest—it was Jesus, returning from His forty days' fast in the wilderness. His feet were blistered from the hot sands, and torn with the rocks by the wayside. As He stepped upon the bed of moss, and its cool softness soothed His poor bruised feet, the Man of Nazareth blessed the humble moss, and said: "Fret not! you have done good to Me, and the Father will reward you." From the bosom of the earth sprang a rose, its beauty veiled by a soft covering from its bed. "Moss Rose," said the Saviour, "go forth unto all lands and climes, the sweetest emblem of humility."

Thus from the rude wigwam of the fierce Iroquois

to the plaintive prayers of the missionary, sprang the Lily of the Mohawk. As the veil of moss, half-concealing and half-revealing the bud within, enhances a thousand times its beauty, so the Indian race and customs of the maiden add resplendent lustre to her purity and virtue.

Catherine Tegakwita was born in 1656, at the village of Gandahouhague, in the canton of Agnier. Her mother was an Algonquin Christian, and her father a pagan Iroquois.

When but four years of age, Catherine's mother died, and a few years later her father. She was then taken in charge by her uncle, a prominent Mohawk chief. In her infancy she was a victim of the small-pox, from which resulted a weakness of the eyesight, that compelled her to remain in a dark corner of the cabin. In this seclusion she was safe from the temptations which assailed the Indian youth, and acquired a modesty of demeanor which distinguished her from the rough young squaws about her.

As she grew older and her eyesight improved, she was loth to give up her habits of solitude, and continued, from choice, what had been established by necessity. She undertook the entire charge of her uncle's household, and applied herself with such diligence, that she became an expert at the embroidery-work so prized among the Indians. She shunned the loud and showy costumes adopted by the other young

girls, and decked herself out gaily only to fulfil the wishes of her relatives.

The first knowledge she obtained of Christianity was from the Jesuit missionaries, who were sent to the Iroquois nation by M. de Tracy. They lodged at her wigwam, and as she watched their fervor at devotions, she was inspired to pray also. She expressed this desire to the priests, and they instructed her in the great truths of Christianity.

Some time after their departure, an effort was made to establish her in marriage, and she brought upon herself much censure by refusing all overtures.

Father James de Lamberville now arrived at Gandahouhague, and established a mission there. Catherine felt all her old desires reawakened, but it was some time before she expressed them. A wound in her foot prevented her accompanying the other women to the harvest fields, and Father de Lamberville, in visiting the cabins, entered the one inhabited by Catherine. She opened her heart to him, and he began instructions for her baptism.

During the winter, the Father watched her closely, and questioned the other savages about her conduct and manners. He heard nothing but praise; and edified by the zeal with which she prepared, he baptised her on Easter Sunday, 1676.

After her baptism, she spent all her spare time in prayer, and although she performed more than her

share of the labor at other times, on Sundays and feast-days she refused to work. This angered her relatives, and they treated her with the greatest harshness. Slander, too, attacked her fair name, so she resolved to seek an asylum in the Prairie of La Madeleine.

Many obstacles obstructed her path, but finally she reached her destination, October, 1677. She lived with a pious woman named Anastasia, who spent her time in preparing members of her own sex for baptism. Soon after her arrival, Catherine's director allowed her to make her First Communion, and with the frequent reception of the Eucharist she advanced rapidly in perfection. Not only in the sanctuary of her own heart did she ever adore God, but she tried to make others think of Him, too.

The Iroquois, alarmed at the decreasing population of the cantons, vowed enmity to the Christians of the Prairie, and threatened them with death by torture, should they ever fall into their hands.

The poor Christians placed themselves under the protection of God, fasted and prayed, and Catherine made a vow of chastity. She was happy only at the foot of the altar and performing penances, but was ever a model of patience and sweetness.

She was attacked by a fatal disease and, through weeks of pain, lay alone in her cabin, bearing it for the sake of Him Who suffered so much for her. On

Wednesday of Holy Week, 1678, she died, retaining her reason to the last and murmuring the name of Jesus. Her face, disfigured by her illness, became brilliant and her features beautified. Her body was placed in a coffin, as a mark of distinction, and her tomb became a famous place of pilgrimage.

Every year, on the anniversary of Catherine Tegakwita's death, her memory is honored throughout Canada, and a Mass of the Holy Trinity is sung in the church at Sault St. Louis.

With a sketch two hundred years old, let us close the tale of the Mission and the Martyrs. In Catholic Quebec, softly the Angelus bell rings out its sweet notes of praise, and every knee is bent in honor of Mary. The huge trees of centuries, which shadow the silvery course of the Mohawk, bear on their shaggy bark the name of Jesus carved by the maimed hands of a slave-priest; and from the soil of his serfdom springs a Lily, to point out by its dazzling whiteness the grave of a martyr.

It is but five years since the PILGRIM started on its journey to tell the story of the martyrs, and announce that on the spot sanctified by their death, Catholics would build a shrine dedicated to the Queen of Martyrs. Well done, little PILGRIM! but rest not yet. Push on through the busy cities, the quiet towns, the peaceful country-side—into every household, bear the message

that "the dream is not fulfilled," the "temple" has not been erected, and the gem for the Queen needs the setting. Then, when your pilgrimage is over, the first gift placed on the altar will be THE PILGRIM—bound.





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