

## TEONDESHORREN.

## Prelude.

In the summer of 1641, the Huron Mission of the Immaculate-conception (Ossossane), had to lament the loss of its members, (Joseph chiwantanwha), foremost amongst all for piety and devotedness. The good man ~~did~~ tragically ~~suffer~~ wounds received from Iroquois marauders in a suddenly upon him from the surrounding woods, while peacefully working in his little corn-field. Two strokes with the war-axe and wound with the spear despatched the victim into eternity...There was considerable mourning in the Christian camp over the mortal remains of this estimable Christian....

The pastor of this little flock was the first to deplore this lamentable death. He feared that the fervor of his mission might have to suffer in consequence of this sudden bereavement, a decline and a slackening in the advancement of God's work among ~~the~~ Indians. The new Christians would be deprived of a great example in piety, and the Missionary, of a good auxiliary in the laborious work for the conversion of the pagans. For these and so many other qualities which this much-lamented Christian possessed, he was on this account regarded as the pillar of the Church in this important Mission field.

But ~~habily~~ contrary to all human foresight, such was not the case. For God immediately raised a substitute right in the family of the departed one--his very brother(Theondeshorren)by name. To that effect, this latter personage had to be forcibly converted. ~~as this pagan~~ was at the same time steeping up to his neck into most advanced sorcery practice, nobody thought he could ever be <sup>possibly</sup> rescued thereof to religion. Notwithstanding the the discouraging condition pf the of the subject, the conversion took place--soon after his brother's violent death, and on a sudden--a real miracle of the of the Divine Grace which could be attributed after but to the meritorious life of his brother already in Heaven ~~already~~ and pleading for him near God.

The life story of theis remarkable Huron convert, permeated of sublime vertues and ful of very dramatic adventures contains all what can



afford a most interesting and edifying bit of reading matter, as the following narrative will prove.....

#### THE CONVERSION OF JOSEPH TEONDESHORREN.

Three days had passed since his Brother's murder, and Theondeshorren was seen walking thoughtfully along in the direction of the Missionary's cabin. It came to <sup>no</sup>one's mind why he should be visiting the Father, such a man as he was then? Was it perhaps for something referring to his brother's burial? No, it was to express his desire for baptism. He wanted by all means to become a Christian. During his brother's life, he had always refused to listen to any suggestions towards accepting Christianity. The main reason of this refusal consisted in his being deeply rooted in the diabolical practices of sorcery, in company with many others. This hellish profession was not naturally a recommendation in the opinion of the good Father, and still less a title to engage the Missionary to admit him immediately to the Sacrament; even supposing his sincerity, the ordinary procedure previous to Baptism had to be observed before his admission into the pale of the Church. He must be submitted to an examination by which to test the genuineness of his aspirations and the extent of his informations in matter of Religion .-----

To each question asked of him, right then, the answer coming precise and clear was a demonstration of his being more informed than might be expected from a man of his craft. As for his soul's dispositions, after a certain time of probation these were found up to the Father's requirements. With all these qualifications he was baptized on September, 8th, 1641, under the name of Joseph in memory of his deceased Brother also called Joseph, whom he was destined to replace as a Christian in the community.

The conversion of this new <sup>so</sup>Joseph, a while ago yet a pagan and a ~~professed~~ sorcerer, was an event which produces quite a sensation in all Indian groups. Its resounding effects bore not so much on the material sense of the observers; for being of a spiritual nature, it spoke a language better understood in the immaterial realm of souls. Hitherto, that man had been a fervent devotee



of the demon of sorcery, possessing preternatural gifts so exceptional as to be attributed even in those times, but to the most famous practitioners in sorcery. It is hard to imagine the nature of these gifts, but the facts are there which make one shudder.

There were in those remote times among the Indians professional performers of cabalistic ceremonies of an idolatrous character. Among this category of ceremonies one in particular was more devilish than all the others, ~~was~~ called by the Hurons themselves, "awetaenhrohe" (fire-dance or fire-treatment.) It consisted in disorderly dancing and wild howling and revolting movements of all kinds which increased in animation to such a degree of intensity as to produce in the dancers a state of devil-like fury accompanied with fiendish contortions culminating into a sort of impassiveness as to fire... Then started the real demonish fire dance consisting in fiery things such as red hot coals, ~~BBB~~ or stone which they (the performers) picked from the fire-piles with their very mouth, and jumping hurriedly.

This dance in all its infernal horror was an event of common occurrence, being resorted to as a remedy for the more serious cases of sickness. Twenty years of participation as a practical actor in this witch-craft was the record of our convert previous to his baptism. After his conversion, his communications with the invisible world still continued but they were changed absolutely as to ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> nature and purpose, for instead of communicating with the underworld... henceforth his communications were from heavenly sources.

They ~~communications~~ <sup>indeed</sup> were such as to expiate in full for those he had so long with the power<sup>s</sup> of darkness. And the gift he received from God was not of handling material fire without harm, but, by the fire of Divine Love to pass through the fire of suffering<sup>s</sup>, trials and persecutions, without affecting his courage-- his soul being rendered adamant to any effect from temporal sores.

As regards the stupendous gift of immunity in handling fire which had been his, our convert, one day, not long after his baptism, made a very interesting disclosure to Father LeMercier, the missionary who baptized him, giving an account of the origin of his gift.

redly toward the <sup>sick</sup> person for appliance...



The following is what the Father gathered from his report: AT the age of twenty, he said, he took a fancy of joining, supposedly for amusement, the professional body of practitioners in that fiendish craft;... But he soon realized his shortcomings, not having his mouth and hands fire-proof--an accomplishment possessed by the other professionals in witchcraft, so what else was he to do but be careful in avoiding all immediate contact with fire, simulating all gestures and movements of approach, but ~~avoiding~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~him~~ all immediate contact with that <sup>which</sup> was too hot or on fire.

This sham role which he fulfilled with all possible cunning lasted until the time he had a dream. One night, he said, in his sleep he had an illusion that he was actually participating in an "Awetaenhrohi" performance, and seeming endowed with the surprising faculty of handling fire like the best of his fellow-actors. Meanwhile his dream was bringing to his ears a witch song which, to his great surprise, he could repeat perfectly <sup>from memory</sup> ~~by heart~~ after his sleep was over...

In the first fire-feast to be celebrated after this singular dream, people saw him as an active, genuine performer. He started to sing the queer song heard in his dream, and lo! an animating ardour excited his spirits which increased gradually until he was overtaken by a diabolical, compelling fury; then, mechanically bending himself over the burning ashes and red-hot coals of the fire, and steeping his face right in ~~the fire~~, ~~he ate~~ ~~the~~ ~~fire-pile, and with his mouth he bit a red hot stone of a large size and hurried off, with other professed sorcerers heading, and to the sick person subjected to the fire-cure... rubbing the afflicted parts of the body previously laid bare, with these fiery objects, while holding them between their teeth... and likewise, without~~ ~~on the~~ ~~part~~ ~~of~~ the patient, <sup>without</sup> experiencing any personal sensation of the fire, as also no mark of burns being left on the body.... After a sorcery of the sort, if the wretched sick was not the worst for it, and even daed, it ~~was through~~ <sup>must have been through mere pity on the part of God</sup> ~~such~~ <sup>cover</sup> such blindness of soul.

Fire in hellish hands, if sometimes does no harm to the body, it is none the less fit to burn the souls.

~~These achieved sorcerers were as well endowed with immunity~~



After such an intimate association with the under-world of sorcery and wielding for so long an infernal power directly imparted him by the common agency of the indian idolatrous superstition the dream Teodechorren then was he not soul and body bound to the demon of his craft with the consequent fatality of finishing his days in the service of the same master.. It is a matter of course that it should have been so, and is morally certain that it would have been so had not God intervened with the mighty power of his Grace.....

It took indeed a mighty stroke such as for Paul, the Apostle, on the road to Damascus, to throw a high graduate sorcery, ... a pontiff for twenty years in black magic, a strick afidate to a demon, Yes to throw such <sup>a</sup> personage on his knees <sup>in adoration</sup> before the God of heaven, with the chains that bound him to the devil, disrupted, and in an instant have him metamorphosed into a saint and lay-Apostle. +

*Cette Conversion est un exemple frappant de triomphe*  
 and the Church. There was a deep rooted superstitious belief amongst our Indians of old purporting that Baptism was of itself a general cause of woes...mainly of sickness, bad lucks of any sort... as also lack of success in the hunt or at fishing, and even death, etc. Therefore any evils of the kind besetting the path of any new convert was construed in the wicked mouths of the heinous pagans especially the medicin-men, into as many demonstrations that the God of the Christian was no good, since He defended not his believers against the demons of paganism avenging themselves in this manner on those amongst them as have changed their allegiance... One can easily imagine which stumbling-blocks were calamities for our Christians, since the least mischance suffered by them was liable to be looked upon as a result of their new faith.

Joseph Teondechorren had the privilege of being abundantly supplied with occasions of having his virtue thus tested; for his whole christian life was a series of <sup>the</sup> worst misfortunes to which Heaven seemed to subject him deliberately to show to all the extent and temper of his virtue in most adverse circumstances of life.

His life-long trials after his Baptism began by a malignant sickness that preyed upon his daughter, a clever tender child of -----

*+ sur la nature rebelle de l'homme*



about ten, and carried her away in no time, almost without any warning, At once the <sup>P</sup>pagan laid the blame on him because of his conversion to the Christian Faith...recalling at the same time to his memory the death of his mother-in-law from the same cause, who had died the day after her baptism in spite of her apparent good health the day before; and thus, according to pagan reckoning all the family, for the same cause, was fatally doomed to extinction.

On hearing of the hard blow dealt to our hero by his dear daughter's demise, the Father hastened to his lodge to bring him consolation and comfort in this cruel bereavement of his. The Father found his neophyte with his breast iron-clad against all insinuations and specious arguments his former associates could fabricate in their attempt.....to corrupt his faith. But all in vain, since ~~he~~ <sup>she</sup> was finding in his Faith only the real motive of solace over the death of his daughter, whom he could already see in the full enjoyment of the Lord in Heaven; for as he said: "How could I be ~~sad~~ at her happiness?...?"

No! quite the opposite is my thought. She belonged more to God than to me, by baptism I gave her to God. He has disposed of her as of His own possession, she is all His. I have no liking for the goods of this world here below, all my delight is placed on things belonging to eternal life, my ambition is to be reckoned with the children of God."

One day, the infidels before whom he was discoursing on the mysteries of the faith, which he did with such zeal and conviction that his hearers <sup>were</sup> struck by the contrast it formed with what he was before, wondering at such a change, asked him, "What kind of sorcery has the Black-Robe practised on you?" "A Diving Sorcery," he replied, "which drew out of my soul all the wickedness that was in it. Do the same, believe me, and you shall experience it better than I can tell you."

In a spiritual conversation with the Father in which he revealed his soul, "It seems" he said, "as though we were one, God and I-- whether He follows me or not, however I found Him everywhere: it would be impossible for me to separate myself from Him. I can see



quite well that He makes me feel his presence in my heart. I am far from <sup>as</sup> being good yet. In spite of my stupidity I experience a continual change in my soul. Almost every day I become disgusted at what I was the day before, seeing myself changed for the better."

One day he was conversing with an old man who was one of the wealthiest in his tribe, and who was very attached to the service of the devil. "My dear uncle" he said to him, "You think you are very rich, you are but a beggar more miserable than I who am poor: As for me I am contented in my poverty, your mind is never at rest. Suppose people address injurious words to you or speak ill against you, that disturbs you so much that all your friends cannot bring peace to you. Not so for me, my heart is prepared for all evils which could possibly happen to me,--I would rejoice at seeing myself despised and even in this condition I would be happier than you. I think of ~~but~~ heaven alone, and what I see on earth whether good or evil, is like smoke to me which appears and vanishes away in a moment. I have not always been with such thoughts in my mind, perhaps I have been in the past more of a stranger to these thoughts than you have ever been to them. If you ever have recourse to God, He is ready to do you the same grace."

#### HIS TRIP TO QUEBEC AND HIS CAPTURE.

It entered into the design of God's Providence that such virtue <sup>supreme danger, even with</sup> were confronted sometime with ~~envisage~~ the spectre of a prospective death at the stake in the horror of a night illumined by the very fire-brands which might possibly serve for his torture,,,with these attainments <sup>S</sup> he was deemed worthy to accompany the future martyr Missionary, Father Jogues, and join in with ~~him~~ and his party for the dangerous voyage to Quebec--

....

Accordingly ~~(our)~~ Theondeshorren started with a group of christian Hurons, picked amongst the most reliable members of the Mission to escort the saintly Jesuit in a trip that proved so disastrous for all...



The little flotilla set out from fort Ste. Marie, (where now stands the Shrine dedicated to the Holy Canadian Martyrs), in June 13th, 1642. They formed a travelling party of about forty men under the leadership of the famous captain and good Christian, Eustache Ahatsistare.

Which were the real spiritual dispositions of our good Joseph on the eve of this perilous journey, so beset with hardships and real dangers, especially on the part of the warring Iroquois always lurking in ambush along the great River for some Hurons to attack (in their <sup>while</sup> travelling up and down the same river? He was perfectly aware of the insecure condition of the route by which they were to go for the glory of God and of His religion. The harangue he delivered to his people just before leaving, reflected his apprehension, and so was like the breath of his soul entirely replete with the thought of God, like one on the threshold of eternity, with an eye cast over its infinite expanse...

Here are included some quotations of his address, that the reader may see how an Indian coming out directly from the deepest barbarism <sup>vision</sup> can tell things without aid of any book, since he had never had one in his hands, ~~but not without the aid of the Holy Ghost~~. It runs thus:

"My Brethren, know ye this: how it may very possibly happen that we shall never meet again on earth. That is why I wish to talk to you as I would if I were truly at the point of death, in the most sincere sentiments of my heart."

"In any misfortune which might happen to me, let us always remember that we are Christians, that the object of our hope is in heaven that the earth holds nothing capable to satisfy a soul entirely given to God."

Eternity shall offer us all arguments to convince us of that truth and all opportunities to enjoy it at leisure. It is enough now that our faith teaches us to believe, while even the sentiments which God



which God produces in our soul should be sufficient to establish that belief in us."

The journey <sup>down</sup> was accomplished in thirty-five days, covering a stretch close to 900 miles, they arrived safely at Quebec, without catastrophe on the way except the hardships incidental to roads and some unimportant wreckages with loss of some baggage caused by currents and jutting stones.

Forty times they had to take to land for portages, hence the fatigue of the journey.

Fifteen days had been spent at Quebec to rest their tired bodies during which the whole party gave great edification to the Quebec population, taking part there in all exercises of religion and approaching the sacraments with great devotion and fervour; ~~while~~ while everyone looked after his own particular trading, exchanging with the FRENCH his little stock of furs and skins from the wild animals which he had slain in the forests of their country.

Father Jogues discussed with the Superior of Quebec and the civil authorities, questions relating to the interest of the Huron Missions in fulfillment of the mandate received from his immediate superior at the Hurons, and for which he had been sent down to Quebec.

Fifteen days after their arrival at Quebec they were already on their way back and were found at Three Rivers on July 31st. 90 miles above Quebec. On the following day, the first of August, they resumed their way. They paddled cheerfully all day long, but on the following day was that of their unfortunate encounter.

On the shore along which the little caravan was canoeing quietly,

<sup>man</sup> human footprints <sup>15</sup> were freshly printed on the sand <sup>16</sup>awaken their attention.

The observation was not such as apt to quiet the travelers' spirits already <sup>none too secure</sup> in a state of a certain insecurity... stopping and examining more closely the marks, was what these Hurons did in the present juncture; but although perplex and suspicious as they were still ~~then~~, they decided upon continuing their way--taking for granted that they were tracks of Algonquins." In any case, if it happened to be the enemy," said Ahatsistari, "we will fight them.



There is no appearance of their being more numerous than we are, Let us go." They had not been going for half an hour when the enemy emerging precipitately from their hiding place, discharged a shower of gunshots upon our Hurons. Astounded by the suddenness of the onslaught- they were put beside themselves... A good half of the party took to flight, the others, being too weak to sustain the shock successfully, were conquered and made war prisoners to the number of twenty, including our hero Joseph Teondeshorren, and the chief, Ahatsistari.

But the most conspicuous among this group of captives, was of course the saintly Father Jogues... He was the first to be seized, as he was also the most prized victim in the sight of the assailants. God willed him among those most unfortunate companions of his, to be on to them an angel of consolation and of fortitude in their gloomy fate. Charity pressed him to neglect all available chances to escape, purposely to follow, as Pastor, his beloved sheep; and still more, a <sup>truly</sup> captive among captives, <sup>and so</sup> <sup>made</sup> by being partaker of the same fate, <sup>that</sup> he might better help them all in the Lord, up to the end of their earthly trials and sufferings.

Thus into the hands of their so ~~much~~ dreaded enemies did these victims of a most despairing destiny begin their martyr-like journey to the Iroquois country, where a dire captivity was awaiting them, and presumably a death by being roasted at the stake.

In about mid-June 1643, one year after the capture of Jogues and one half of his party, two Hurons made their appearance in Three Rivers at night fall. One of them was our Joseph escaping from an Iroquois war-party whom he had been made to accompany, now entrenched in a fort built four years ago, twelve miles above Three Rivers.

Father Jean de Bréboeuf, (now a Saint) who happened to be at Three Rivers at the time, was the first to meet the two fugitives, No news so far had reached New France from the ill-fated Father Jogues and of his worthy companions in the Iroquois country.

What Joseph narrated to Father de Bréboeuf of the sufferings of Jogues' in his captivity has no place in this narration. The whole story of his sufferings can be read in the Martyr's own life-story. We are concerned here in part with what our hero told of himself.



"I prayed almost continually with Father Jogues. My fingers were serving me as ~~prayer~~-beads in saying the Rosary-- I made my examination of conscience every day. I confessed to Father Jogues as we do to priests among Christians.

I was entertaining myself with God continually. I talked to God in my heart as if He had been present to my eyes. I know well that God saved my life, for I was given first to a certain family who had nothing to give in payment for my redemption.... Happily I was given to some other people who had the means and the inclination to give what was necessary for my ransom, otherwise I would have been put to death at the stake!.

-- A second dramatic escape of our Hero--

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Early in August in 1643 a poor Huron Indian was brought by some travellers arriving from Quebec. THEY had to take him carefully in their arms from their canoe to some near cabin, probably the Missionary's.

He had bled to exhaustion with a wound the result of a gunshot tearing its way right through his shoulder.

This tells the second escape of our hero Joseph from a second attack by the Iroquois. He was on his way back to his own country after leaving Three Rivers where he <sup>had</sup> found refuge after his first escape from the ~~same enemy~~ <sup>Iroquois</sup>.... He had joined a party of Huron travellers on ~~from their way back to their country from Quebec..~~ <sup>their</sup> Here follows an account of the ill-fate which fortune in its severity had in store for him and for those of same party during this journey. There were about one hundred in all. They had travelled three hundred miles already, a distance, which, according to their own calculation, should have brought them far enough from the danger-zone to be in security against all surprise from the enemy. In this supposed safety they arrived at a falls described by them



+ as that afterward became known as Niagara Falls.

In face of that unusually high and heavy curtain of water, the caravan had to take to land. The obligatory portage being organized, every one with a load, according to capacity of each, started in procession, with breaks in its continuity more or less considerable. The roadway was next to impracticable. There were embarrassments at every step. They were going by a narrow trail which led through an intact forest which beside its giant trees was feeding a whole growth of young bushes that offered all chances for concealment... So they could not see the enemy lurking <sup>a little way aside or</sup> from behind, they were not under any suspicion either. Thus, the eruption of the enemy came upon them suddenly like a volcano, and it was all the more disastrous for being less suspected. Many were struck dead among the head section of the march. Fear overtook those following, who took to flight, abandoning every parcel of their loads for safety's sake. The others were taken prisoners. It is in this terrible and disastrous encounter that our hero Joseph received the wound that reduced him in the pitiful and helpless condition as described above.

The effect of the bullet ploughing through his shoulder had been aggravated by the fact that after being wounded he ~~was~~ <sup>had been</sup> left without assistance, abandoned by all other members of the party whom fright had scattered through the bush like wild flock at the sudden appearance of the hunter.

For three days the wounded man was left along in his helpless condition.....Then one could see him stretched on the stony ground with a wound giving free passage to the blood which was slowly draining life out of his body--a sinister warning that the death-bird was soon to pounce upon him with its ravenous claws.

A truly virtuous soul shows its grandeur under the stroke of adversity... So with our Hero... By the strength of his soul, Joseph Theondeshoren, the former sorcerer, from his blood-drenched couch, raising his thought up to the heavenly regions, he broke forth into a genuine expression of his spiritual sentiments-----



O God, I continue to experience that thou art everywhere on earth. Here on these very rocks whereon I actually lie, abandoned of all, I feel and experience that thou art my God--since my heart is consoled by the thought that thou art in all places a witness of my sufferings... I ran away from the hands of my enemies that I might have the consolation to die near the Black-Robe who has regenerated me in the Lord and in the ~~very~~ very place of my baptism... but, O my God, if thou reservest me that pleasure to be enjoyed in Heaven only, be Thou blessed forever....

"I would die as willingly on this trail as would do in my own country, since in any place I might die, it is Thou alone who disposeth of my life!"—These words uttered in such misery stirred up sympathy in the hearts of his companions, who, although pagan, came to him,

after recovering from their sudden fit of terror, took care of of him, placed him in their canoe, and succeeded in having the

wounded man reach, after infinite fatigues, the blessed shore from where he had pulled off the year before. What a comfort it was for him to fall after such time of dire experience into secourable hands...

He felt like one reaching the port after being rescued from shipwreck as by miracle. He was exultant at the joy of being restored to his native land, amid his own people, and in the vicinity of the church of his baptism... The joy Theondoshorren experienced in his heart then was even reflected on his countenance... Acknowledging the hand of God in all those favours that he had received in the midst of his adversities, his soul <sup>again</sup> burst forth into a strain of lyrical expressions of gratitude..

"Truly," he exclaimed, before the Missionary, "The God whom you preach... is alone the Omnipotent, the only One ~~the~~ infinitely good, He led me and protected me through infinite perils in life... If it were his good pleasure that my poor body should suffer so much, it was to make me know and experience at the same time that there is a real pleasure to be found in worst adversities on earth... .



and nothing is painful to him who believes and hopes in God." These remarkable utterances express the very substance of the doctrine of the Church on sufferance. The Holy Ghost impressed that Doctrine so forcibly in his soul--no doubt strongly taught him by his saintly Pastor, Father Jogues while in captivity with him amongst the Iroquois, that, in worst trials, acts of perfect resignation and submission to the will of God proceeded from his soul spontaneous as if sprung from a natural principle of action...

What he said to the pagan Hurons who recoiled from becoming Christians for fear of ill-luck <sup>or</sup> ~~or~~ for distrust of God's providing care of us, is indicative of the active presence of the spirit of God in him as found in real saints. "My Brothers", he said, "with an inspired accent, "You rejoice at seeing me, your fellow countrymen, delivered from the worst of captivities... and myself, I do not esteem that I am entirely free as long as I am in this world where sin can make me more captive still than I was among the Iroquois!"

"But I apprehend that many of you laugh at me and make fun of me in your minds, taken for granted, that I am a fool to fear a thing which I have never seen, as the fire of Hell, more than the flames and all the torments I have endured while among the Iroquois."

"I even heard that many received the news of my captivity with satisfaction, throwing the blame on God, Whom I adore, holding Him as lacking in power to save and protect those who believed in him, and therefore I was not to be pitied in the misfortune which befell me, since my misery would serve to restrain others from following my example and from becoming Christians to serve a Master Who, in all likelihood, would have not the power nor the will to render them forever happy, since He does not begin now on earth to make us experience the effect of His loving protection."

"My dear Friends" he continued, "I do not know the design of God in my regard, while in the worst of my miseries, I was hesitant about what I should ask of God---whether life or death, thinking myself a child knowing not my own good, confident that He would not be wanting of love for me, so long as I will not be wanting of confidence in Him.



"Dear Friends, here I am among you after God had released me contrary to all foresight. I do not know yet, whether it is or not because of you--as it may easily be, that He saved me--i.e., on account of your blasphemies which He has so much in horror. I am inclined to think God wanted to confound ~~you~~

your evil thoughts against me and so He wanted to justify Himself in my person that it might be manifest to you that He is by no means a Father who abandons his children nor shall He be ever lacking of power and love in behalf of those who belong to Him. Those here, who were congratulating themselves over my captivity must now feel discomfited in their hearts and confusion must redden their faces. Let them condemn their own wisdom and judgement, seeing that God has drawn His own justification and glory from my woes of which you have taken advantage to blame Him. I do not really know to what manner of death He has destined me, but at any rate, whatsoever be the misfortune that might befall me, stop making God responsible for it; it is enough that He confounded you once and for all during your life. Your impiety is not a reason why He should keep working miracles all the time.

"If you do not want to recognize His power and goodness, it will be on the day of judgement that he will justify Himself against you forever. Then, those who shall have blasphemed most against Him over evils which befall the just on earth, and would not take the Faith for fear that it might be a cause of evil for them, or because of its inability to deliver them in time of calamity, these shall be confounded when they will see the eternal reward He was preparing for us at the very time He appeared to abandon us".

#### JOSEPH TEONDESHERREN'S DEATH.

Ten years after his conversion the good Joseph was found on the "Isle of Orleans" with a group of Huron refugees who had escaped from the general massacre of their nation. During those years he had sustained many a hard blow from an adverse fortune. It seemed as if an evil destiny had set itself on his heels, and if his doom had been that he should finish his life by a fatality--this, doubtless, ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup>



to happen when in the reckoning of God, our hero's accomplishments in Christian virtue<sup>s</sup> and heavenly <sup>acquirements</sup> ~~merits~~ would be such as to make him a ripe fruit to be picked for Heaven.

So it was, that on June the 20th, 1661, a boat left the shore of the Isle of Orleans on a trip to Tadoussac; It was occupied by six men and three children of the Huron Mission, carrying a small cargo of corn-flour.

Their purpose was to meet at Tadoussac the Algonquins who journeyed thither by the Saguenay River, in a great number, every summer, with canoe-loads of fur and skins for trading purposes with the French. Our Hurons wanted also to trade their flour with the Algonquins for its value in skins, a supply of which they wanted to bring home for domestic and personal use.

Our travelers were already in sight of Tadoussac when a formidable <sup>small</sup> storm overtook them while still far from shore: their power of resistance was unequal to the violence of the raging wind, and the waves tossed them with such fury that they were thrown out of their craft <sup>which capsized and were</sup> and precipitated into the abyss beneath wherein they remained buried for ever. Joseph was one of the occupants, and one of the three children was a son of his: both father and son involved in the same tragedy went together to Heaven from their watery grave... ..

It was a great loss for the Huron Mission, and a great mourning was heard throughout the whole island; for the lost ones were all of the best christians in the community. But in heaven there was rather rejoicing at seeing these good Hurons bearing scars hardly cicatrised from persecuting wars which had berieved them of their beloved country only three years back... Our good Joseph was not the least among the saints of this group. He must have found a place near Father Jogues (Now a Saint) as a worthy companion of his dire captivity, with whom he suffered <sup>(etc)</sup> beatings, cuts and burns, and with whom he prayed so much, and from whom he received consolation and support, and with the help of whom he was by <sup>on</sup> ~~sacramental~~ <sup>absolution keeping</sup> his conscience in perfect state of grace. Joseph Teondeshorren, because of his so eminent virtues in life, deserves, in our estimation, a place, if not among <sup>the canonised</sup> saints, at least <sup>one</sup> next to them in Heaven.



It remains now to give some testimony of his achievements in virtue from his spiritual director himself, Father Chaumonot, who was the great apostle of the Hurons <sup>in the Ile D'Orlean,</sup> at the time of his death, and, as he wrote, had the consolation to converse with him until the moment he set out for the ill-fated trip.

The following are few quotations from a letter he wrote to Father Jerome Lalement, once a missionary among the Hurons and who had known him there, but at the time was in France.

"First of all" wrote Father Chaumonot, "I shall say that he (Joseph, our Hero) had never fallen inot notable fault since his Baptism. It is so much more remarkable that he was strongly inclined to lust, to gambling and to superstition before his baptism. Since he became a Christian he never in the least degree, reverted to these three vices, in spite of all attempts made my the pagans to deter him from his good resolutions. While he was a widower the devil under a female form undertook to vanquish him on the battle-field of the flesh against chastity, by pursuing him with her importunities and boldness, but the more astutely that satanic creature plotted to entrap him the more carefully he managed to avoid her. His love of prayer explains his frequent and protracted orrgons and visits to the church; his devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary was most genuine in its character. He used often to say: "Oh! how much I love the Prayer-Beads! I never get tired of reciting the Rosary. She granted me everything I asked by this Prayer.

"It is the good Father Jogues," he said "who inspired me with that devotion at the time we were both captives of the Iroquois. Often we recited our beads strolling stealthily through the village, between the cabins without attracting the attention of the Indians."

"He attributed his deliverance from the Iroquois and the heavenly benedictions upon his family, to that devotion.--When working in the fields, if he happened to release himself from his work, it was to turn to prayer. He had the laudable practice of reciting some decades of beads on the way to his field and <sup>on coming</sup> back to his house."--

"Many other things as matters of edification could be quoted from the same letter as to the merit of this good and holy Huron, but I



think that enough has been said to excite in us an admiration adequate to his merit, and stir up our will unto his imitation."

The end *Adhemar Chapdelaine*  
SJ