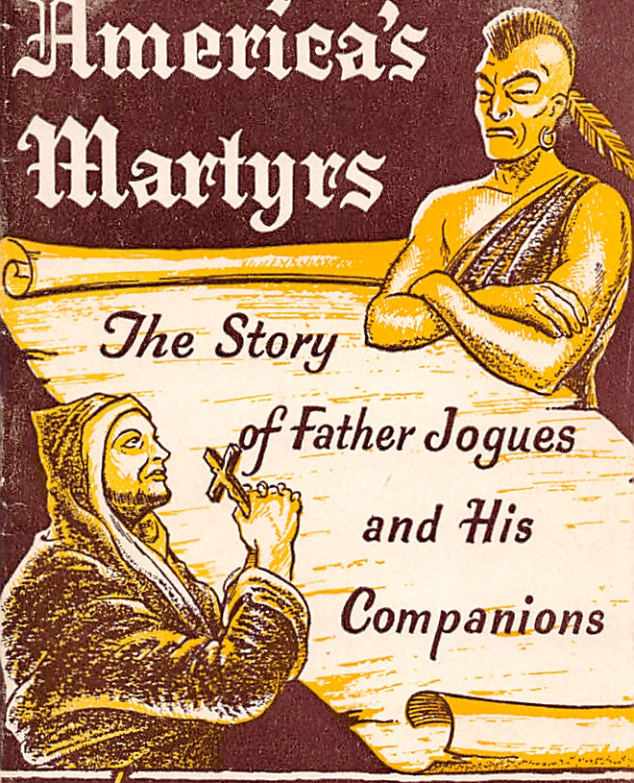
America's Martyrs



The Story of Father Jogues and His Companions

by Thomas J. Coffey, S.J.

A Queen's Work Pamphlet

AMERICA'S MARTYRS
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THE MISSION

NEW BEACHHEAD

FATHER GENERAL AQUAVIVA of the Jesuits turned to his secretary. "Write to Father Baltasar, the French Provincial," he said, "and ask him to send two Fathers to Canada. A boat leaves Dieppe next month."

The General scanned his desk. In orderly files were folders recording the see-saw progress of his task forces in China, India, Japan, Ceylon, Ethiopia, Congo, Tibet, Africa, Persia, Armenia, Abyssinia, Paraguay, Mexico, Florida, Peru. And now there was this letter from Henry IV, begging for men for Canada. Well, he would have them! They might gain a new beachhead for Christ. It was a chance to make the Church "at home" in America.

The Society of Jesus swung into action. Father Baltasar in Paris called for volunteers. The lucky ones, Father Pierre Biard and Ennemond Massé, left Dieppe for Acadia on January 26, 1610. The battle for Indian souls was on.

UPS and DOWNS

Back and forth the action swayed. It was 21 years before a lasting Mission could be planted. Brother Gilbert Du Thet and Father Quentin joined Fathers Biard and Massé, but they were no sooner settled on Mt. Desert Island, the French

outpost, than the British pirate Argall, who later abducted Pocahontas, stole up from Virginia to pounce upon them. Du Thet was killed, Massé set adrift in a boat, and Biard brought back captive to England.

Champlain made another try in 1615, with four Recollets (Franciscans), Fathers Jamay, D'Olbeau, le Caron, and Brother Du Plessis. Le Caron went to the Hurons in the wilderness west of the Ottawa; D'Olbeau to the Montagnais of the lower St. Lawrence; Jamay and Du Plessis to Quebec.

Fellow Franciscans came in 1619 to work among the French fishermen and Micmac Indians at Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Gaspe. For 10 years the grey friars grew greyer. So much to do, so few to do it!

By 1624 the manpower problem was acute. The Jesuits were again called in. Three responded this time: Father Massé, who had somehow drifted back from the ill-fated Acadian experiment; Charles Lalemant, and the giant-hearted Brebeuf. Though Jesuits and Recollets worked conjointly, there was to be no foothold this time, either. The Recollet Father Viel was drowned at Sault au Recollet. The jerry-built settlements at Port Royal and Quebec fell tamely to a few English bluejackets, and back in the brig went the thwarted religious.

Meantime England and France were reconciled. Canada became French and the Church Militant crackled again into action.

The task now went to the Jesuits alone. "Take New France for Christ," a new General, Father Mutius Vitelleschi, told a new batch of recruits. On July 5, 1632, there landed at Quebec three sea-soaked "Rangers," Fathers le Jeune, de Noue, and Brother Burel. This time they stayed.

SUCCESS at LAST

No one doubts that the Church is "at home" today in the United States and Canada. For this thank those early pioneers who fought a glorious "Forty Years War" for Christ.

Twenty six Jesuits gave their lives in one way or another for the Faith in New France. Eight died under such heroic circumstances that on June 29, 1930, they were officially declared martyrs for the Faith of Christ. These eight men, the Jesuit martyrs of North America, our first canonized saints, were, in order of their deaths, as follows:

Martyrs of Auriesville, N. Y.: René Goupil, September 29, 1642; Isaac Jogues, October 18, 1646; John Lalande, October 19, 1646.

Martyrs of Midland, Ontario: Anthony Daniel, July 4, 1648; John de Brebeuf, March 16, 1649; Gabriel Lalemant, March 17, 1649; Charles Garnier. December 7, 1649; Noel Chabanel, December 8, 1649.

THE HOME FRONT

What was happening in the Old World while this American task force was on its tour of duty?

The Thirty Years War (1618-1648) was on. The spotlight gleamed naturally, on military leaders: Tilly, Wallenstein, Turenne, and Gustavus Adolphus. But war then was not the all-out fright of modern days. There was time for the other arts.

England mothered Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Jonson, and Dryden. Cervantes wrote his *Don Quixote* in Spain; Murillo and Velasquez put brush to glorious canvas; Calderon and Lope de Vega were lights of the stage. In France, Corneille produced *Le Cid;* La Fontaine, Bossuet, Racine, and Richelieu had their heads together planning the French Academy. Moliere's plays were all-star attractions.

Modern science was budding. Toricelli's barometer, Kepler's planets, the logarithms of Napier, the Jesuit Kircher's hundred inventions all made news. Gassendi, Huyghens the astronomer, the physiologist Malpighi, Mersenne the Franciscan, were opening up new vistas of research.

Men were arguing about the mechanics of thought and morality, too. Pascal, Descartes, Grotius, Spinoza, and Locke, to whom millions still go, for better or worse, to learn how to think and what to do, were expounding their principles.

CULTURE and CHRIST

Sanctity was in flower. It was the day of Francis Regis, Vincent de Paul, Francis de Sales, John Berchmans, Peter Claver, John Eudes, Robert Cardinal Bellarmine.

The Jesuits, French and otherwise, were very much alive in this century of

scholars, scientists, and saints. Their schools, court-founded and richly endowed, attracted men later to be reckoned with. Corneille, Moliere, Descartes, Mersenne, Bossuet, Richelieu, and many a lesser light, were Jesuit alumni. The North American martyrs-to-be went to, and taught in these schools. The Jesuit drama was popular entertainment.

Religion was no wooden leg to be strapped on piously for Sunday Mass, and then discarded during the week. People fused their religion and their professions. They were *Catholic* doctors, lawyers, politicans, etc., not Catholic *and* doctors, lawyers, etc. They felt that it was by only one stream of grace that they pulled in the power to feed their Christian national, family, personal life.

It was a day of widening horizons. Francis I and Henry IV of France financed exploration parties to the New World. The interests of French explorers sometimes clashed, it is true. The court wanted land, missionaries sought souls. The Bourse wanted pelts, and many a chivalrous Frenchmen w a n t e d plain excitement. Wisely, however, the influential patrons of discovery insisted that baptisms were as important as beavers.

Richelieu took up the program of national expansion which Cartier had abandoned the century before. He had made the Cross his emblem of possession, a sign language to give new-found peoples, to whom he could not talk, the Christian message. Champlain, his successor in the 17th century, urged civilization *through* Christianization.

One *had* to be a hero to embark in the frail, Providence-tempting vessels of the day. Shipwreck was a common accident, seizure by pirates the order of the day. Nor was it, generally, the best people who made up the crews. Originating mostly at St. Malo or Dieppe, a cross-ocean trip consumed two, more often four, watery months.

It was a day of sparkling missionary zeal and adventures perilous for God. Nearly all the Orders were in the field. By the middle of the century demands for more men had so piled up that great bodies of diocesan priests, such as the Missions Etrangéres, were organized. As early as 1612, Pope Gregory XV created the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith.

The mission of New France, was, on good authority, the most difficult of all. Into the background fits the story of the Jesuit martyrs of North America.

NEW WORLD

America was first peopled, probably, shortly after the last great ice sheet had gone, by some Asiatics who glided by skin boat or walked over the ice between Siberia and Alaska. They trekked southward then, for warmth and for food, where the sloth was slow, the clumsy mammoth fair prey, the camel and bison good eating. With no human enemy in sight propagation and progress were rapid.

They followed the coast lines and melted into the inner valley lands. When the Europeans came in the 15th century, North

and South America were peopled from the Arctic to Tierra del Fuego. They had all, Eskimo to Amazon, attained a fair degree of civilization, with the family as the main recognizable social unit.

Before them had been the Mayas in Guatemala, in Peru the Inca culture, in Mexico the Aztecs.

BEHOLD the INDIAN!

The Indians all looked pretty much alike. They were generally Mongoloid, eastern Asiatic, with straight or slightly wavy black hair, brown eyes, dark complexions. Head form and stature differed somewhat. The eastern and Great Plains Indians were usually tall and hefty, with aquiline noses. Those in Central and South America and Mexico were shorter with noses broad and flat.

From their early custom of adorning themselves with such cosmetics as red ochre came the nickname "Redskin."

Six times as many people live today in New York City as lived in all North America when Columbus came. Most thickly populated were the southeast states, and east of the Mississippi, where the climate was mild and there was plenty to eat.

Indians of the northeast woodlands were first to be discovered. Norsemen visited here before 1029, describing the savages, most likely Algonquins, as swart, no beauties, with ugly hair, big eyes, broad cheeks. They traded furs for strips of red flannel to wear for head bands. They

gaped at the Vikings' iron tools, and the bellow of Thorfinn's bull scared the wits out of them.

Maybe the Basques, Normans, and Breton fishermen explored this region around 1450 when they were looking for fishing grounds.

THE NATIONS LINE UP

In 1497-98 John and Sebastian Cabot, who laid the English claim to North America, sighted Cape Breton, and before 1500 there was a settlement on New Foundland. In 1524 Verrazani, sent by Francis I, called the country from Carolina to Nova Scotia "New France." By this time the Spaniards had settled in Florida, and coveted the trade of the north. The Dutch came over in 1614, claiming the banks and shores of Long Island Sound as far as Cape Cod.

The pressure of English, French, and Dutch forced the contact tribes to go west. This brought on battles with those who were, in turn, being pushed around, and a general dislocation of tribal territory resulted. The Spanish were goggle-eyed from gold diggings; English, French, and Dutch were fighting over furs. The Indians had the furs. So the European rivals sided with the particular tribes who were their wholesale dealers, and, therefore, against the tribal foes of the latter.

That is why when Champlain brought French rule to the St. Lawrence country in the early 17th century, he made friends with his neighbors the Algonquins. This meant enmity with the Iroquois, traditional

opponents of the Algonquins, and explains, partially, the Iroquois hatred for the French. But he underestimated the genius of these tribes for political and military organization. He found out, to his chagrin, that they were foes to be respected. When the English later undertook to aid the Iroquois in their struggle, they rallied to the side that represented the balance of power. That is why, eventually, the French lost North America.

ENTER the JESUITS

Into this environment came the Jesuits le Jeune, De Noue, and Burel. Upon his arrival Father le Jeune wrote to the Father General from Canada: "When I came to the Gospel of the day we got here, I read these words: 'All power is given to me . . . going therefore, preach.' I took these words as a good omen. It is my thought that we come here as pioneers who go about and dig the trenches. After us will come brave soldiers, to besiege and take the place."

Brave soldiers indeed were to come after them, Daniel in 1632, Brebeuf again in 1633, Garnier and Jogues in 1636, Goupil 1640, Chabanel 1643, Lalande 1644 and Lalemant 1646.

The immediate field of battle at this time comprised Nova Scotia, where the Souriquois, Etchemins, and Micmacs lived, and to the west the territory of the Algonquins and Hurons, between Lakes Ontario and Huron, and below, the Five Nations of the Iroquois.

Quebec was headquarters for all these missions. As trails led and waters allowed it was six hundred miles into the Huron country. The Franciscan Le Caron had discovered Lake Huron in 1615.

No smooth sailing was it at Lachine Rapids, or on any of the rivers, St. Lawrence, Ottawa, Nipissing. Travellers had to leave their canoes when they ran into trouble, and carry them overhead to smoother waters. Thence they had frequently to wade through virgin forests.

The missionaries did their share of paddling and portering. It took a month to get to Huronia, with more than 60 portages. Even after the fatigue of such a journey, sleeping in the open, exposed to the winds, at the mercy of Indian treachery and lurking enemies, the welcome at the end of the trail at Georgian Bay was nothing to be particularly gleeful about.

SAVAGE SOULS

The Hurons were chosen first by the Jesuits as the most likely to be converted. There were some 25 thousand at this time, although bad living, disease, and war were to cut this number in half before long. The missionaries were no mere itinerant evangelists, but settled down to live with them.

The Iroquois, surrounded by the Algonquins, lived in palisaded villages east and south of Lake Erie, controlling the regions between the Hudson and the Ohio rivers. At the beginning of American history

they were weak, less than 10 thousand in number, on the verge of extermination. However, Dutch guns and equipment, and later English help, enabled them to hold their own. Dekanawida and Hiawatha led them to establish a confederation (Mohawks, Oneidas, Onandagas, Cayugas and Senecas) known to the English as the Five Nations, and to the French as the Long House. Later on the Tuscarooras were added to the league as a sixth nation.

LIFE with the FATHERS

Iroquois cabins or "long houses" were made of poles bent towards the peak, with strips of bark for covering. There was a vent for smoke from the log fires one for each two families, that ranged along the center aisle. On either side were Pullman-style berths. Mattresses were bark, corn husks, or dried skins. The smoke was insufferable. To read their breviaries the Fathers had to stretch by the fire for light, their nostrils nudging the ground to prevent stifling. In peace time the long houses were raised in open spaces near the corn and tobacco fields. In war times (which for the Iroquois meant most of the time) they were built within a palisaded enclosure.

During the day the Indians stayed out in the fresh air, fiddling with baskets, bead work, moccasins, pottery, arrow heads, pipes. In the leaf-falling and winter time he loved to, and for survival had to, hunt. In season he fished.

There were a chief and captains for each tribe, a council for the common in-

terest, in which the women, through a representative, had their say.

Learning the language was no "fluency-in-a-fortnight" affair. North of Mexico at that time there were seven hundred dialects from 50 different linguistic stocks. Grammar was intricate and systematic, vocabulary sufficient for the day. This means that for long periods many people of different origins must have been left severely alone on the American continents.

There was no phonetic writing then, and the Fathers had to hand over many a handful of sugar or raisins to get the meaning of particular words from the suspicious Indians. They did master the language, however, and there are extant today their simple grammars and dictionaries.

The Jesuits built their own houses, cabins like those of the Indians, but with compartments for living room, chapel, parlor. They built forts too, like St. Mary's on the River Wye, which is being reconstructed today.

LETTERS HOME

A running commentary on their experiences with the savages may be found in the valuable *Jesuit Relations*, written oftentimes with bark for paper and the steeping of charred wood for ink, by the light of a smoke-blinding fire. These *Relations* run from 1632 to 1672. They were letters from the missionaries to their local superiors, transmitted to the Provincial at Paris, to be edited and published there. Le Jeune, who began them, conceived his

mission to be the foundation of a New France in the New World, and sent these thrilling accounts back home to rouse the mother country to zeal. This desired effect was achieved from the very start, and was kept up to the end. No mere statistics of missionary effort, they are an absorbing story of exploration, map making, natural history, botany, zoology, philology, ethnology.

SUPERMAN and the DEVIL

The Mohawks were the self-styled supermen of the Iroquois. They fought with everyone within marching distance, but mostly with the Hurons, with whom they had a cultivated grudge of long years standing.

Champlain did not help matters by siding with the Hurons. Nor did the Dutch at Albany help the cause of the Blackrobes by prejudicing the savages against the Jesuit "medicine men."

So there were daily reports from spies and scouts that the Mohawks were war-dancing again. Villages were wasted and massacres perpetrated before the missionaries' eyes. Those not killed were led away for slavery and torture in the Mohawk villages.

They knew what to expect, these missionaries, and as athletes of Christ they took such dangers in stride. To struggle with visible powers did not daunt them. But the terrifying thing was that they had to fight the devil too. In time they might wear down the last bastion of savagery

and immorality. But idolatry was another thing!

The Indians gave the Jesuits at least a respectful hearing, after their curiosity was aroused. But great care had to be exercised in receiving them (even the stable Hurons) into the fold. They were deceptive, cunning, and fickle almost by nature. They easily fell away. So, in the beginning, Baptism was conferred almost exclusively on adults and infants in danger of death. This was usually in secret because the Indians thought it a form of sorcery. In 1640 there were a thousand such Baptisms.

The Indians could not easily grasp the ideas of immortality. Their dreams and visions convinced them that they at least had souls, and some form of after-life. They were in dread of the dead, held them in great respect. Every 10 years or so, peace permitting, the skeletons of the departed were brought together into a central place and religiously interred in burial pits. In the center was placed a teeming caldron of food.

It was this instinct of reverence for the dead which gave the missionaries the chance to drive home their notions of life after death as a condition of reward or punishment.

The Indians did not have the idea of a God who is a person. Because their tribe life was so loosely knit, the analogy of a personal God, ruler over all, found them uncomprehending.

They were intensely practical in their religion. What will it do for me today, tomorrow, they asked. Will it bring me more moose? Will it keep the arrows and arquebuses and torture-fires of the enemy away?

Beneath this attitude was their guess that there was an impersonal force, above nature, yet working through material things like the sun, fire, certain animals, demons. They gave these latter, when they bothered them, a "handout" to keep them quiet.

The Algonquins called this force "Manito," the Iroquois "Orenda." Early settlers, translating loosely, used the term "The White Spirit."

MEDICINE MEN

The traffic with demons made a profitable business for the sorcerers, important men of the tribe. These claimed to be oracles, doctors. In their bag of tricks were spells against enemies, epidemics, and harvest blight. They sensed in the Blackrobes professional rivals. To save their own faces they put on Jesuit shoulders the blame for most of the tribe's ills.

To these Iroquois the Fathers came as Frenchmen, siding with their Huron foes. Hence their implacable hatred. They would not accept the "Prayer," as the body of Catholic doctrine was called. Dutch propaganda persisted; captive Indians would often try to ingratiate themselves with their captors by defaming the missionaries.

No wonder, then, that the Jesuit became Iroquois' enemy number 1. Death lurked ominously everywhere for the Fathers. Winter journeys were hazards to life; village-wasting epidemics spared no-one; and the Indian was treacherous by habit. Once, the chief's council decreed the liquidation of the whole Blackrobe body. The communication of this decision to Quebec headquarters, signed by all the Jesuits, is a most precious human document.

THE MARTYRDOMS

It was inevitable, therefore, that one or other of the Fathers would soon taste for himself this superstitious hatred. The lot fell to Father Jogues and his volunteer assistant, the layman (afterward Jesuit) René Goupil.

For six years Jogues had been working in the Huron country. The great fortified plant at Fort St. Mary was fruit of his planning. He had lived among the Petuns in the beautiful Grey County hills. His labors had taken him as far west as Saulte Ste. Marie.

In the summer of 1642 he accompanied a party of Hurons to Quebec for supplies. Everything happened at once on the return trip! The stage was cleared for eight glorious martyrdoms. Father Jogues tells the story himself in a moving narrative.

DEVOTED DOCTOR

"René Goupil of Anjou, once a Jesuit novice at Paris, but dismissed (for deaf-

ness), journeyed, when his health improved, to New France to serve the Society of Jesus. He submitted himself totally to the Superior, who employed him for two years in the most menial tasks. He nursed the sick and wounded at the hospital with much skill, as he understood surgery well. We asked Father Vimont (Superior) to let him come with us in July 1642, as the Hurons needed a surgeon.

"We left Three Rivers (after the business at Quebec was done) on August 1. There were 40 of us, four French. On the second, the enemy in two bands met us. They had the advantage of land fighters against a promiscuous band of scattered canoes.

"Most of the Hurons fled. Eight or 10 Christians joined us. We said a brief prayer and opposed a courageous front to the enemy. We were seized, 22 in all. When Goupil was captured, he said to me: 'God's holy will be done. I love it, I desire it, I cherish it, I embrace it, with all the strength of my heart.' I heard his confession, gave him absolution while the enemy was pursuing the fugitives.

"The enemy returned, fell on us like mad dogs with sharp teeth, tearing out our nails, crushing our fingers. He endured this with courage, with presence of mind assisting me in the instruction of the non-christian Huron captives. On the road (13 days, three hundred miles) into the enemy's territory, he was always occupied with God. One day he said to me: 'Father, God has always given me a

great desire to consecrate myself to His service by the vows of religious. I wish now to take, in the best way that I can, the vows of the Society.' This being granted to him, he uttered the vows with much devotion.

"I suggested to him the idea of escaping. As for myself, the thought of flight seemed horrible. I could not leave the French and Huron captives without giving them the help which the Church of my Lord had entrusted to me. 'I will die with you,' he said. 'I will never forsake you.'

"On the lake (Champlain, eight days later) we met two hundred Iroquois. These thanked the sun for delivering us into the hands of their countrymen, set up a stage, loaded us with blows, made us experience the rage of the possessed. They made me march last."

Through the River Richelieu they entered Lake Champlain, beginning a 14 days march, three hundred miles. After the bloody encounter with the northbound warriors, they reached Point Ticonderoga. Two days later they crossed the Hudson River at its source. Thence by land they passed Saratoga Lake to the north bank of the Mohawk, opposite the first village, Ossernenon, now Auriesville. Here they crossed the river. Father Jogues continues:

HILL of TORTURE

"On approaching the first village he fell under a shower of blows from clubs and iron rods." (Remember that Jogues, too, is enduring all this). "Unable to rise

he was brought to the scaffold half dead, where we were, in the middle of the village. He was all bruised with blows and in his face one distinguished nothing but the whites of his eyes. But he was beautiful in the sight of the angels.

"They gave him three blows on his shoulders with a heavy club. As I was the most conspicuous they cut off my thumb. They turned to him and cut off his right thumb at the first joint. He continued uttering during this torment 'Jesus, Mary, Joseph'."

The tribesmen at the other Mohawk villages, Andagaron, six miles west, and Tionnontoguen (Sprakers) eight miles further west, insisted on a second and third performance of this cruel torture. The captives were distributed among these three villages. Father Jogues and René Goupil returned to Auriesville their bodies gangrened and almost naked. The story is continued by Father Jogues:

"During six days we were exposed to all who wished to do us harm. He had his whole breast burned with coals and hot cinders which the young threw upon our bodies at night when we were bound flat to the earth.

"After they had given him life, he felt sick, suffering from inconveniences. I could not relieve him, for I also was very sick and had none of my fingers sound or entire.

PROTOMARTYR

"This urges me to come to his death, at which nothing was wanting to make him a martyr. We had been there six

weeks. Confusion arose in the Iroquois council. Some were willing that we should be taken back. But we lost the hope of returning to Three Rivers that year.

"I saw, better than he, the danger that we were in. One day when we had left the village to pray, two young men came after us to tell us to return home. We had offered ourselves to God shortly before. So we return to the village reciting the Rosary. We had said four decades. One of these two Iroquois draws a hatchet which he had concealed under his blanket and deals a blow with it on the head of René. He falls motionless, prouncing the holy Name of Jesus.

"I kneel down to receive the blow which was to unite me with my dear companion. As they hesitate, I rise again and run to the dying man. They dealt him two other blows with the hatchet. It was the twenty-ninth of September, Feast of St. Michael, when this angel, this martyr, gave his life for Him Who had given him His.

"I awaited that day and the next the same treatment. Next morning I went out to ask where they had thrown the blessed body. I wished to bury it at any cost. Certain Iroquois said to me: 'You have no sense. They seek you everywhere, and you still go out. You seek a body already half-destroyed, which they have dragged far from here. That did not stop me. I find him with the aid of an Algonquin. The children had stripped him and dragged him with a rope about his neck into a torrent which passes at the foot of their village. The dogs had

already eaten a part of him. I could not keep back my tears at the sight. I took the body, put it beneath the water, weighted with large stones. I intended to come the next day with a mattock in order to make a grave. I thought the body was well concealed, but perhaps some who saw him, especially the youths, withdrew it.

"The next day my aunt (mother of his Indian guard) sent me to her field. This caused me to delay until the morrow, a day on which it rained so that the torrent swelled uncommonly. I borrowed a mattock. But when I drew near the place, I no longer find that blessed deposit. I go into the water, go and come. I sound with my feet. I find nothing. How many tears I shed. After all, I find nothing.

"A woman told me they had dragged him to the river (the Schoharie) which was a quarter of a league from there and which I was not acquainted with. That was false. The young men had taken the body and dragged it into a little wood nearby. During the winter the dogs, ravens and foxes fed on it. In the spring, when they told me that it was there, I went thither several times without finding anything. The fourth time I find the head and some half-gnawed bones, which I buried, with the design of carrying them away if I should be taken back to Three Rivers.

SIGN of the CROSS

"He (Goupil) was in a cabin where he always said his prayers. This little pleased

a superstitious old man. Seeing a child, 3 or 4 years old, in the cabin, with an excess of devotion and love, he took off his cap, put it on this child's head, and made a great sign of the Cross on its body. The old man saw this. He commanded a young warrior to kill him. Which order he executed, as we have said. Even the child's mother, on a journey, told me that it was because of this sign that he had been killed. One day when they called me to the same old man's cabin to eat, I blessed myself. He said to me: 'That is what we hate. That is why they have killed thy companion, and why they will kill thee'."

CAPTIVITY

Captives who were not killed were given into custody of one of the village families to be their menial slaves. For 13 months Father Jogues was such a slave. The good natured Dutch colonists at New Amsterdam (Manhattan) and Fort Orange (Albany) led by Van Corlear, came out to the Indians to obtain his release. They bargained, raised the enticing ransom to two hundred dollars. But they were finally put off by excuses and promises.

Left alone after the death of his dear companion, Father Jogues had this only consolation, that once in a while he could meet a Christian captive, or baptize some one in danger of death. This he was able to do 72 times during his bondage. Once he rushed into flames to pour the waters of salvation on a woman who was being killed. Prayer was his

life. He would carve the name of Jesus on a tree in the forest, and pray there as in a chapel. He had dreams and heavenly visions. One of these dreams has been partially fulfilled, if not in the majestic splendor of a glorious temple, at least in the modest church to which pilgrim throngs come ever year at Auriesville to bless the name of the Lord and to beg His graces.

ESCAPE

Jogues had to go with the Indians on their hunting and fishing trips doing the hardest work On the last day of August, 1643, he was enroute to one of the fisheries below Albany, near Athens. He returned to the Dutch fort before the others, and the good Dutch urged him to escape. They hid him from the Indians. But he allowed this only after much weighing of the reasons.

The Indians threatened to burn down the village in reprisal. The Dutch placated them with a bribe, and then sent him down to Fort Amsterdam. Manhattan was then a little fort with 60 soldiers, a church, governor's house, warehouses, four to five thousand colonists in stone houses cemented with oystershell lime. Father was accompanied by the Dutch Reformed Minister at the fort, Megapolensis, who was ever gracious to his guest, naming an island (Esopus) midway down the Hudson, in his honor.

Governor Keift of new Netherlands entertained Jogues until he could obtain passage on a vessel for England. In New York he exercised what ministry he could,

finding there men and women of 18 nationalities, among them an Irishman who came all the way up from Virginia to go to confession.

After a stormy voyage and a capture by pirates he reached Falmouth late in December. Through the kindness of a French merchant he got to France Christmas morning in time for Mass in a Breton church. He travelled four days on horseback to the Jesuit College at Rennes. There was rejoicing there, as he had been reported dead. The Queen, Anne of Austria, received him, remarking that here was *living* romance. Pope Urban readily granted him the privilege of saying Mass though his fingers were mutilated, saying that it would be wrong indeed to prevent one who had shed his blood for Christ, from drinking the blood of Christ.

RETURN

Jogues wanted to go back to his Indians. In a few months he was on his way. In May 1646, he went again to the Mohawk territory, this time as ambassador of peace. He stayed at Ossernenon (Auriesville). On the Feast of Corpus Christi he discovered Lake George, which he called the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. His peace negotiations were successful, so he returned to Canada, leaving his vestments, supplies, etc., since he expected to return shortly for priestly work. This he did in October 1646, in the company of John Lalande, a donné. He styled his new field of work, sprung from Goupil's fresh blood, "Mission of the Martyrs."

Meantime the Indians had blamed the mysterious box for the caterpillar blight which that year spoiled their crops. On the 18th of October, while the chiefs were in council as to his fate, some of the braves of the Bear clan invited Father Jogues to a cabin for a meal. It would be considered very impolite to refuse such an invitation. At the entrance to their cabin the blow came. He was tomahawked, and his head was cut off and spiked on the palisade facing the Huron country as a warning to all from that direction to stay away thereafter.

The next day they put to death his devoted companion John Lalande, and a Huron guide who had remained faithful. So died the apostle of the Mohawks.

HURON HOLOCAUST

Those three brave deaths at Auriesville were fire across New France. It burned as the brightness of new zeal in the missionaries' hearts. It fanned into fervor the resolutions of the Huron converts. But it was fuel to the smoldering fury of the unsated, restless Iroquois. It blazed beyond control. Nothing less than the complete liquidation of their racial foes and the "meddling" Blackrobes would satisfy them. They painted for the fray.

DEATH of DANIEL

Father Daniel, brilliant student of Clermont and Eu in France, had just finished Mass, and was making his thanksgiving together with his flock, when they came.

It was July 4, 1648. The Iroquois slithered into the village. "And for all Thy great graces we thank Thee" chanted the Catholic Hurons. The painted tribesmen whooped forward. Daniel might have escaped. He would rather be with his flock! He went from cabin to cabin, rallying them as best he could, and finally gathered all who were left in the chapel. He was pierced with a bullet, and died pronouncing the holy Name of Jesus.

BREBEUF and LALEMANT

The pastor, in 1649, of the Mission St. Ignatius II, was the great Brebeuf, "Ajax of the Missions." He was 55 now, and was a veteran of 25 years of hard mission service. It was the same Brebeuf who had to have his priesthood studies reduced to six years because he was tubercular. Lalemant, in his third year as a missionary, not yet 40, was with him.

The Indians crashed in on March 16. Not for the squeamish is the story of the brutal massacre which followed. As the Hurons scattered, the missioners might have fled, but they stood their ground. Brebeuf's hands were cut off; Lalemant's flesh quivered with the awls and pointed irons thrust into every part of him. When the two spoke of God, their mouths were crushed with a stone. The savages cut off Brebeuf's nose and lips, thrust a brand into his mouth, tore off his scalp, thrice poured scalding water over his head in mimicry of Baptism. They hacked off his feet, clove open his chest, tore out his heart and ate it.

Brebeuf bore this for half a day. Lalemant, meantime, was wrapped into a piece of bark. He was set afire. His flesh was devoured before his own very eyes, every inch of his body charred and burnt, his eyes put out by hot coals. Thus died the Apostle of the Hurons and his gallant companion. Lalemant, though weaker, endured his tortures all through the night, and died in the early dawn of St. Patrick's Day.

GARNIER and CHABANEL

The Indians were not yet sated. On December 7 of that same year they surprised the westernmost Huron village, Etharita. There, like Daniel and the other two Fathers, Garnier stood by his flock. Wounded by three Iroquois musket balls, while he was trying to hear the confession of a nearby Indian, he was struck down by a tomahawk.

His companion on this Mission, Noel Chabanel, youngest of all the martyred priests, was rushing to join his companion when he was tomahawked by an apostate Huron and thrown into the river. This last of the martyrs of Canada might truly be called the most heroic. He found it hardest of all to remain among the Indians. Though he sweated over his Indian grammar he could make nothing of it. Everything about the Indians he found distasteful. Added to this were temptation to throw it all up and go back to his scholars in comfortable France, and the very abandonment, as it seemed, of God Himself. He chained himself, however, to the mission by vow.

MEMORIES

FRUITFUL YEARS

Thus closed the crimson record of the first half of the 17th cenutry. Huronia was, to all practical purposes, extinct. Failure was written large on the page of Jesuit mission enterprise in New France. Failure, that is, within the horizon of human vision. But they were, indeed, 40 fruitful years. Le Jeune's "brave soldiers" had really besieged and "taken" the place.

Dyed in red the Blackrobe became an honored uniform. The blood of martyrs became again the seed of Christians. Its fruit in zeal were the myriad brave hearts who left court and camp to share the toil and merit of the missionaries who had not died. The number of donnés like Goupil and Lalande rose shortly from 2 to 22. A young surgeon of France sped overseas to take the place of St. René.

Fruit of their labors were the 18 thousand Christian Indians Brebeuf could count at his death, and the hope expressed by Father Vimont that the whole nation might come over in a body. A few months after Daniel's death over 13 hundred Indians were baptized. Fourteen hundred more received the Faith within 5 years of the martyrdom of Brebeuf.

Fruit of their labors in sanctity were the exemplary lives of such extraordinary souls as Stephen Totiri, Teresa Oiouhaton, Theondechoren, Ahasistari, and the flowering of the Lily of the Mohawks, Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha, an Iroquois maiden,

born 10 years after Jogues died, in Auriesville, and in January 1943 declared Venerable by Pope Pius XII because of the proved heroism of her virtues.

THE CROWN

Missionaries multiplied. Their works increased, and they penetrated into the heart of the Iroquois land. Le Moyne, Mercier, Dablon, Lamberville, cultivated that field. Marquette discovered the Mississippi, opened up the Middle West. Within a hundred years Jesuits and other missionaries were visiting every tribe from Newfoundland to the Mississippi and from Hudson Bay to New Orleans. They found salt in New York, oil in Pennsylvania, cotton in the Mississippi valley, sugar cane in New Orleans. They brought wheat to the prairies, peaches to Illinois, made wine from native grapes, wax from laurel, incense from the gum tree, worked the copper mines of Lake Superior.

Most of all they discovered the hidden goodness in Indian souls, brought them Christ. They found Christ themselves, too, on His Cross. They made the Church, His mystical Body, "at home" in America.

The eight men who have been the principal heroes of this narrative were canonized martyr-saints by Pope Pius XI on June 29, 1930.

TWO SHRINES

The place where the terrible but glorious martyrdoms of Jogues, Goupil and Le Lande occurred is now the Pilgrim Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N. Y.,

midway between Amsterdam and Fonda, on the south bank of the Mohawk River. Since 1884 when a Mission Cross and a simple kiosk were erected to mark the blessed spot, thousands of pilgrims come each year, by train or auto or on foot, to pray. They say the Rosary while mounting the Hill of Torture, reddened by martyr's blood on that terrible Feast of the Assumption in 1642. They participate in Holy Mass, confess and receive Communion in the vast Coliseum, "Temple of the Seventy-two Doors." They follow the Way of the Cross to the Calvary atop the Hill of Prayer where Jogues and Goupil went to pray on the ill-fated September 29, when Goupil was hacked to death somewhere between what are now the fourth and sixth Stations. They pray in the old village of Ossernenon, now a hallowed park. They walk in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the ravine where Goupil was somewhere buried by the loving hands of Jogues. They hear his story there, and kiss what relics have been preserved of the martyrs. And they go home strengthened a bit for the task of their own little martyrdoms. People have come to call this Shrine of the Martyrs, "The Place of Answered Prayer."

And the spot of the Huron holocaust is now the Martyrs Shrine of Midland Ontario. It is the same story there.

It is the same story everywhere, behind every Cross there is a Crown!

THE QUEEN'S WORK
3115 South Grand Boulevard
St. Louis 18, Missouri