

Huron II And you do not know that he has given order to the young chief to kill you? Cath. Christians you are, and you know the commandment of the Lord of all goodness: "Do good to those who hate you and persecute you" -- "and forgive them as you want me to forgive you" -- And my God has much to forgive me 'poor sinner'!

Huron I Catharine, since you ~~would~~ are a child of our God... how sad!... how hard for you to stay in this pagan country!

Huron II Soon the Black-Robe shall have to go. How then could you here pray in peace and enjoy our sweet Christian devotions?

Huron I How different from here, down below Quebec!... where, coming from all over, Hurons, Iroquois, Alenaguins and many others live together with the French, all united by their holy faith and charity!

Cath. Friends, I long so much to be there also... free to pray and to give my whole self to the love and service of my God!... whose holy

men and women, by words and examples shall help me to be good and to please my Lord Jesus-Christ!

Huron III. When, come with us, Catharine - We shall take care of you till you are safe.

Huron IV. Your uncle is just now going away for a day or two to Port-Orange. Now is your chance.

Huron V. See, Catharine, how we shall escape: When all are asleep in your cabin, to-night, come out silently - We shall be there, close by, waiting for you;... and through the bush we shall hurry up away -- one of us ahead -- then you, Catharine a little behind -- and at a distance the other one of us with a gun. - Should any one be heard or seen, coming, as it were, to fetch you back... a shooting of the gun shall warn you, ... and hiding under the trees, the high grass and leaves, you shall wait till all danger is over... and we shall call you.

Cath. How good and wise you are, dear friends!

With permission of the priest of God, I will go, and follow you.

Huron II. Go - night! (They go.)

Cath. Yes, to - night! ... God of my mother! most loving and lovely God of all! my God and Father above! - Go be thine, and thine alone I was and am ready to die! I am willing to live ... to know thee better, to serve thee, to thank thee, to do penance for my sins ... Oh! teach me how to do ... how to work ... how to suffer ... like thee and for thee Jesus ... who didst live, suffer and die for me!

But is right for me to leave my uncle? Should he hear of it ... surely he would not let me go! ... What should I do? ^{For keeping a young} Is he not like a father for me?

IX Scene VII Cath - B. R.

Cath. (seeing B. R. coming) O Father, God sends you to me now?

B. R. Is there any thing I can do for you?

Cath. O tell me, father, what I should do -

Scene VII

Uncle - Huron I and Huron II

Huron I. Great Chief of the Mohawks, with your permission we have visited here our friends the Hurons that serve you so faithfully, and before returning home to Quebec, we came to thank you.

Uncle (always of bad humor.) No need of that! And indeed you do well to go! - I shall myself start this day on a trip to West-Orange, and visit there my own friends and allies at war-times. - I wish to see you here no more when I return, ... and to take away with you that Black-Robe of yours! He does no good here! (He enters cabin, takes his gun, and goes B.)

Huron II. We do better go, indeed!

Scene VIII. Hurons I and II - Catherine

(Cath. arrives L, heavily loaded - both men help her)

Hurons I and II: Poor Catherine! What a load!

Cath. O please my uncle! He has been like a father to me till this day. I do what I can for him!

and chase him away -- or even make him suffer and die in torments as mother told me they did holy Jogue and others! ... Would that I could run away -- far -- far away there to Quebec where my God is known and adored and served in peace and charity!

Uncle (enters & sees her -- in a rage :) Alive yet!

How art no more a daughter of mine, but the part of slaves! And work thou shalt work -- work so hard that thou shalt soon regret to be yet living!

Cath. Uncle, your slave or your daughter I shall serve you as well as I can!

Un. On way to work then! and bring quickly on thy back that big load of wood that is there by in the bush! (she goes L.)

That foolish girl! She does not want to get married! We shall make her change her mind. -- If she won't, she will taste a little business at the stake.

(going to go, he sees 2 Hurons coming

One of these men who just now left me is, he says, the husband of a sister of mine born in the land of the Hurons before my dear mother was taken in captivity by the Mohawk Iroquois. He, and the other, are Christians -- and they want me to run away to-night with them to Quebec.

B. R. And do you wish to follow them?

Cat. I would, father, since there, as they told me, I could freely pray and serve my God with many very good people, whose good examples would help me so much to become better.

B. R. Ehen, why should you not go?

Cat. Perhaps I am not free! Do I not belong to my uncle, who has raised me since I was 4 years old?

B. R. ^{you belong first to} Jesus, your master and His, ^{and He} said: "Whoever loves father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me!" -- So then indeed you owe immensely more than to your uncle. -- And besides, Catherine, by a pious

Christian life, as is open to you in Quebec you can obtain incomparably more good for your uncle than you could here... where probably he would in greatly in preventing you from observing the laws of the true God.

Cath. When I can go? - & how will I go?!

B.P.C. Certainly!

Cat. Oh! father! how happy I am! May the good God help us to escape!

But, you, our dear father, come also with us! Your life is in danger here, you know.

B.R. I know, Catharine! But my duty is to stay, and to die here, if needed, ... like my brothers Jogue, Ysbert, Lallemand and others... to save, at the cost of it, if it was only one soul from the flames of Hell!

But you, Catharine, go! Your duty is elsewhere.

(The kneels - he blesses her - and goes)

Cath. Go - night, where you call me, my God,

Ch. I (Suddenly enters - catches and throws away the cross from Cath's hands.)
Catharine, I have orders, ^{listen to me} My wife thou shalt be willing to be!

Cath. - I never of any man the wife shall I be.

Ch. I. She cursed manito of the Christians shall not save thee! "Away with him!" "Now with ^{me} thou shalt stay! ... If not - see my tomahawk! - One stroke of it... and dead thou shalt be!

Cath. Go Shree, God of my mother, to Shree alone in life or in death ^{my heart for ever!} ~~to be~~ ^{she has taken} ^{again the cross}

Ch. I. Die then! (moves tomahawk - a times tries to strike - but on high his arms becomes stiff) (engaged he throws it away) I cannot do it (throws away B.)

Cath. (stands) My God! Shree has saved me! For Shree alone I shall live (hides the cross). What shall I do? - Wait here for uncle? - Perhaps, of his own hand he may kill me! ... Would I go to the little church, where our Father says, in their anger against me, the chiefs may blame him

to be yours! ... If she refuses, I, her
uncle and first chief here I tell you:
Kill her! - you understand?

Ch. I I understand! And by Noine - ego I
swear it. Noine she shall be... or she
wife die!

(Aunt - Ch. II ^{Reent} - Ch. I looks for a hiding
corners - Aunt gathers up things and puts
them in cabin - saying:

Aunt: I knew she would never do it...
they will kill her! ... Too bad! ... She
worked like two or three of us - we
will miss her. (Exit ^L R.)

Cath Scene VI Ch. I

(She comes R. slowly in.)

Save me, O Jesus! you my God! unique
Beloved of my heart! ... Oh mine, and Oh mine
alone I shall be for ever - cost what may!

(She takes the cross from where she had put it)
and kneels) Christ Jesus, for me Oh how I
pleased to die on the cross: for thee I am
willing to suffer and die

I shall go! - But have pity on my poor pagan
brothers - so that knowing thee and loving
thee, they may be happy with thee in
thy Kingdom above!

Curtain

Act IV

Scene I B.P.R. - Othello

B.P.R. (calls at R. tent.) Blessed be God, my dear
Othello!

Ch. - Forever and ever, ^{good} dear father

B.P.R. I have not seen you yet, since you all
came back from the Winter-Camps.

Ch. Oh! father! you saw me at Holy Moor!
Did you not?

B.P.R. Indeed I did! But I mean: I did not
yet go around visiting you and the other
good sheep of my flock. How are you now?

Ch. All very well! father. And the men have
been very lucky hunting.

B.P.R. So you had plenty to eat: I see that you

look well and strong. But you, women,
how did you occupy your days?

Ch. We were not lazy, father; plenty of
work we had!

B. R. Perhaps more of the tongue than
^{otherwise}
of the arms!

Ch. Both, father, both!

B. R. And what about your prayers and
devotions?

Ch. For that, father, we did not do too bad
either. You know, the Saint was
with us!

B. R. The saint! whom do you mean?

Ch. Catherine, for sure! Who else could it be?!

B. R. You, perhaps!

Ch. Father you are laughing! But, dear
Catherine, with her sweet manners, ...
though she had some trouble about it first,
she soon got every one of us, men, women
boys and girls down on our knees, every
day, and more than once each day.

B. R. Well done, Catherine!

She takes a morsel.) As a good girl, take
this nice piece of good meat. (Cath. takes
it.) ... and now, present it to him here

(showing Ch. I) showing so that you are
++ pleased to become his faithful wife.

Cath. (has taken the piece.) Never! (throwing it
away and goes saying) to God alone my bread
for ever! (Exit.)

(All stand! wonder! anger.)

Uncle: I'll hate pay for that! I will make
her work like a slave!

Ch. I. But I tell you: that is the work of the
Christian Black-Robe. I hate him! Away
with him!

Uncle. I understand you. I'll hate never see
him again! - But you, young man,
you shall have your revenge!

Mind what we shall do! All we shall
do, now ... but you, stay! hide somewhere
around, take your tomahawk ... Sooner or
later, she will come back ... ^{then come out} Make her
curse the Christian manito and content

Of a man worthy of you
A warrior chosen for you,
Warrior chosen for you.

Be glad, be glad, my Catherine,
Be glad, dear friend of mine,
I seem to hear your dear voice say:

"This is the ^{man} day uncle has chosen for me."

Be glad, be glad, my dear Catherine
And hear the tender plea:

We waited, oh! so long for thee.
Waited so long, so long waited for thee!

(she bends to Cath. and retires L -

Uncle (shouting) Oh! Oh! well done!

Uncle. yes! well done! - you heard the song?!

Another drink then!?

And you first Catherine!

Cath. I, first? why? But no, uncle! neither
first nor last! Please?

Uncle. Little fool! (He drinks - and passes
the bottle)

Aunt (then comes, takes Cath. by her hand)
+ Come ² stand ¹ up Catherine. (out of a dish

Sh. And by him she made one of us to say the
beeds. - You see, father, there is about
her something... something... I do not know
what, - but when she speaks of God, of the
Blessed Virgin also - One should be a real
devil, who would not listen to her!

B. R. The Holy Ghost dwells in pure souls, there,
- and what about Sundays there in the
wilderness? - It is there God's day as well as
here, you know.

Sh. She would not let us forget it

B. R. And what about the children?

Sh. She did not neglect them either for me.
Every day they were around her. They
are so fond of her! - And she preached to
them - as well as - a bishop!

(Sound of bell.)

B. R. Very well, Chinese. What will you do for work.
Wait about here. (This bell calls me. I will
come back soon (Exit B.)

Sh. (to herself) Our father does not seem to know
the wicked story - the odious calumny! When

He comes back.

Scene II. Chere. Hinnu I

H. I (arriving) People told me that Sathes was
around here visiting.

B. Yes! he was! he just was called away. But
soon he will come back.

H. I I wanted to see him. - But you, Chere,
all alone! Where is my sister in law, your
inseparable friend, Catherine?

B. I know how dearly you love her, and you
dwell. A great sorrow has come upon her.
In our Chapel I left her. So Jesus, in His
tabernacle she has gone for consolation.

And there she prays for those who, with no
reason at all, speak evil of her.

H. ^{calls} I is a holy girl! and those only can find
fault with her, who do not care to imitate
her virtues. Who dares to speak bad of her?

B. I want to know.

We shall defend and protect her. - But, as she
does. - Let us excuse and forgive.

H. I But what do they say about her? - As for me

In my Dreams I heard you say:

"Come Back! Be returning
For your love that once was mine
Love so dear to your Catherine
For ever she will yearn.

Come back, come back, dear friend of mine,
Come back, come back to me!"

I seemed to hear your dear voice say:
Let us find the road that leads back to yesterday
"Come back, come back, friend of mine!"

I heard thy tender plea
And I came back, come back to thee!

II

On this great and happy day
For our chiefs, also for all,

My dear Catherine,
No more away should we roam,
No more away from our home
My dear Catherine,

Our chiefs have shown us the way:
With them all to you I say:
Love to you is coming

Cath. Uncle, you know, I always wish to please you, but, do not ask me to take of that fire-water.

Uncle: Oh no, this young man here shall drink it for you: pass it to him.

Cath. No, uncle; give it to him yourself
Uncle (showing anger, does it - just then assure Genevieve and Aunt.)

Scene V

Gen - You called me, great chief of the Mohawks?

Uncle. This is a happy day for Catherine and all of us. A song of yours will cheer us up.

Gen. - So please you,
Once in childhood's happy days
You and I together played
My dear Catherine,
The old forest we'd roam
And through friendship's lane go home
My dear Catherine,
Since I wandered far away

her holy ways dazzle me: but I cannot doubt of her most pious sanctity. And you, who for more than a year hardly ever left her alone, you know for sure of her more than any one else.

Ed. And this is why I judge her above any manner of suspicion.

Yes! day and night we live together, praying and working: and before God I can say: Always her conversation is pious and charitable. No ever would she find fault with any one. For so it is. If she observes the best Christians of the mission, it is only to admire their virtues and to imitate them.

H.I Since we arrived here from the land of the Mohawks I always deemed herself unworthy to live in this holy place. And never could I find in her anything that is not most

Ed. But I could never

H.I The good old Anastasie, who, before you, was her most intimate friend, does not think any less of her. Through her I learned that for fear of some vanity she did away

with all these little tinkets that you women use to put on your hair.

But, tell me, Oherese, what kind of story did any one build up about her that caused any suspicion.

(Bl. R. unnoticed arrives and listens)

Ch. - Since she is so dear to you, I may tell you.

Every body knows here that Catherine always used here to go alone in the near

by Little Bush.

H. ¹/₂ Yes! Father explained to me that it is to pray, away from all cause of distraction, and some time for an hour or more.

Ch. At the Winter-camp she did the same, and also at night, after we all together had made our evening devotions and got ready to sleep.

One day, late, a woman that lived with us in the same tent, remarked that her husband had not returned from hunting with the other men. He and his family were to return here the next morning.

warriors can now rest since the use of war has been buried. - Winea-Bojo, our good manito shall give us plenty to eat and grow fat and strong: so says the medicine-man.

Ch. I. Even let us sit

Auntie - now, women, bring the food and drink (while they go - Auntie places the men, leaving one place between himself and Ch. I.)

Now, Catherine, you shall come and sit here by me (she seems to hesitate.) Am I not like a father to you?

Cath. Indeed, more; and so did I try to be a good daughter to you (she sits there)

Auntie (to aunt) Now? first of all, the bottle! (having received it) Now, my girl, while your auntie shall call that friend of yours that sings so well, let us all have a drink of that fine fire-water that the English chief, our friend has given us.

(she drinks and passes the bottle to Catherine) a drink, Catherine, on this suspicious day!

Cath. Did they send you to warn me?

C. Yes I yes... and to try to persuade you to be good and wise (Exit L)

Cath. Yes! my God shall make me wise... good... and strong also!

Scene III Cath - Aunt

Aunt. Catherine. All is ready I suppose? sagamite, the meat, the fire-water of our good friends of Orange?

Cath. Yes, aunt. I did as well as I could... though the fire-water I did not touch, neither would I give any to our guests for fear of disorder.

Aunt. Do not mind disorder! They like that drink. Uncle wants it. They shall have it! And Catherine, to-day at least, you won't not refuse them to take some, you see?

Cath. Not even to please them all shall I take any.

Aunt. There!... they come

Scene IV

She same - and Uncle. Ch. I. Ch. II all in jolliment

Uncle: Well, Catherine! We are to-day all happy!

Hunting has been good, - We are all well, ... On

H. N. ^{I suppose} ~~Of course~~ he had to get ready before going to sleep.

B. R. Early, the next morning ^{who had been sleeping near the door and} this man went to the river to look after his canoe... and then - King, ^{very naturally} ~~I suppose~~ that his wife had enough to do gathering up and packing their blankets, Kettle and the rest... he was heard calling on Catherine to help him to drag the canoe ^{to} ~~in~~ the water.

H. N. And it is on that, this woman has built a ^{into a vain imagination} wicked story? ^{she is} ~~she is~~ ^{obtaining indeed} Where indeed cannot go the

H. I. This is jealousy of a bad female! - Well, Cath. is like a sister to me: I will see that she has her revenge!

B. R. Not so, man! Christian now you are! The only revenge to us allowed and demanded is to pray for those who do us harm. Catherine does not want any other.

(She priest ^{has} entered unnoticed and heard the story)

Scene III. She same - B. R.

B. R. I heard you both, and to both of you

I declare: I have not the least doubt that Catherine is perfectly innocent. Do I not know that for mere imperfections she weeps and punishes herself with severe penances?

Eh. yes! Her poor shoulders are soon for it all bleeding!

H. N. And there, in the land of the Mohawks did she not prefer death to the loss of her virginity?

Eh. Father, to support more yet your conviction... shall I tell you?.. yes! I think I must -- the cruel torments she inflicts on herself for the love of our Lord crucified, in reparation of the sins of others?

B. R. I know them, I believe. Catherine hides nothing to the knowledge of her spiritual father

Eh. Perhaps... believing it better... and through humility... she may not have said all?

B. R. Perhaps indeed.

H. N. I suppose, these things are better kept

I know him. I always try to give him no cause to get angry

Gist I. You know what he wants of you?

Cath. Yes! I know, and feel sorry for it

Gist I. Is not his desire very reasonable?

Cath. And however I cannot do what he demands of me.

Gist I. More than one would be pleased to accept the man he has chosen for you.

Cath. I know him... and all good there is in him. He deserves much better than a poor girl like me.

Gist I. Then, be glad, since he is pleased to be the choice of your uncle.

With your uncle and your aunt and the other chief, soon he shall be here to take food at your hand

Cath. Great Father above... helps me! - All is ready in the cabin. - helps me to cover these blocks (they put them in half a circle and cover them with furs)

Gist I. I must go now. They soon shall be here

to be happy with you for ever!... You
became man to get to me!... You live &
you worked... you suffered and you died
for me and for all poor sinners... and
you gave me your mother, Mary!...
O Jesus! O Mary! I am... I shall be yours...
yours only... forever!... cost what may!

But now... to work! Soon uncle
and aunt, and two others, she said, shall
be here to take food together. (she goes
in cabin and out) All is ready in there,
but the seats here (she puts blocks and
covers them with furs)

Scene II Cath - Girl I

Girl I Is all ready, Catherine. Your aunt told
me to come and help you

Cath. All ready!

Girl I Catherine dear, a friend of yours I am,
and wish you to warn you. Your uncle
is terrible in his anger: be careful... do
not try to resist him.

Cath: Why do you ^{say that} warn me? Poor uncle,

secret between both of you. I do better go
Bl. P. Yes, good friend. Pray with us, and in a
spirit of peace and true charity, defend, protect
our dear Catherine; like her be mild and
patient.

H. II If I can, father. (Exit)

Scene IV Obasac - Bl. P.

Ob. Did you remark that since a few days
Catherine seems to be very weak and walks
with great difficulty?

Bl. P. Yes! what can be the cause of it?

Ob. Often since a while, in her bedding she
imagined to put many sharp thorns that keep
her awake and cover all her poor body with
bleeding wounds. And do you know why?

Bl. P. No! what is her intention?

Ob. Confidentially she told me that merely by
offering herself as a victim to the justice of
God, she could help a little for the conversion
of her pagan brothers

Bl. P. The spirit of God revealed it to her, Obasac!
Many other saints have known it and did it

Bl. With the same intention she has done more yet.

Bl. R. Dear holy Soul!

Bl. Hearing people say that fire causes the most acute pains, with red coals she has so burned herself in many parts that she could hardly move and walks only now as you have seen her.

Bl. R. Grand holy girl! - What is too much indeed! Even it would be sinful, had she known it. But God allowed it.

Go to the Chapel, there; and tell Catherine that wait for her around here. (Exit Bl. R.)

Before she comes - one more visit

Scene V Bl. R. - Mary^{te}

Bl. R. (calling at small cabin) Mary^{te}!

M. (coming out) I am glad to see you, father.

Bl. R. Thank you, Mary^{te}. You are well. I hope. And I suppose that these 3 last months you did not forget your prayers

M. Oh no, father: we all prayed together.

know?

Cath. (she takes the cross) Father! my trust is in the great Spirit that Christians adore. His love shall take care of mine.

But, in His name, you His priest, while I kneel to this Cross, bless and strengthen me! (The priest blesses, she stands:) His and His only I am for ever!

Act III

Scene I Catherine

(She is sitting at the opening of the cabin, working at wampum)

Cath. Two weeks already I have gone and heard the holy priest of God. He has made me a Christian! a child of the Great Spirit above. - My God! - my heart is all afire! How could I not love you - more than any thing, - more than my life - since I know now your infinite beauty and goodness, - when I know your love for me, poor little thing? - You want me

-- I leave you... but before long the young man of our choice shall be here... he shall be made to sit close by you... and you shall stand to take and offer him a nice piece of food as a sign of your consent to be his wife. Such is among us the way to conclude the marriage - Remember it well!

Cath. Aunt, I cannot, I will never do it!

Aunt. Then fear the wrath of your uncle!
(Exit)

Scene VI Cath - B.P.R.

B.P.R. (coming out of tent) I heard it all, Cathⁿ! Glory be to God!... But say: did you well consider the possible and probable consequences of your determination?... Your pagan uncle's anger and ill-treatment?... Shall he not even cruelly beat and kill you?... If not - your expulsion from his cabin, and then... alone... how could you live?... and the criticism and moqueries of all in this place, where the like has never been

B.P.R. I hear that our good Catherine did marvels up there

M. Yes! Ohis Catherine Eckaknitha! People think very much of her!

B.P.R. - What do you mean? Does she not deserve it?

M. We all know that you think so, father?

B.P.R. Do you not admire her extraordinary devotion, her zeal, her charity, her modesty so perfect... and I may say her humility and obedience?... There are sure signs of no common virtues.

M. Yes! when they are sincere!

B.P.R. What! Catherine, you think, would not be sincere! - She, who since she came among us two years ago has not ceased to be the edification of the whole mission?!

M. I regret to say it: but I have some reason to think as I do; .. and I wanted to tell you why

B.P.R. Perhaps you do not know that many real Saints, and our Saviour himself, have been objects of bad suspicions on the part of the wicked - or also on the part of others who could not ^{like you} understand them, judged

and condemned them unjustly.

Mo. Father, though I am not good myself, I regret to say that I could not trust her any more!

Bl. R. Beware, Marguerite! Jealousy is a very dangerous thing!

Mo. I am not jealous, father. Here is the fact: First of all, were you told that often these at our Winter Camp, this young woman would quit us and alone went away in the bush?

Bl. R. Is it not what these also, all alone or with her great friend (Berese) she uses to do... and what for? ... that these she might pray better, away from what could distract her in her pious meditations.

Mo. It could be for some other reasons.

Bl. R. God hears you. ^{Moarg^{te}}; do not make out of your imagination, a bad story for which there is not the least foundation!

Mo. God hears me, I know; but hear me: ^{Sister's}
One night my husband..

for you since your parents died many years ago... seeing that you are now a big strong woman... wants you to marry some good man... and soon the one of his choice shall be presented to you.

Cath. Aunt, it cannot be, though I would like so much to please my uncle.

Aunt. It cannot be?! And why not?!

Cath. A few years ago, aunt, when already, though I was only a young girl, you spoke to me of this, I told you, and I repeat it now, that I would not and could not marry any man.

Aunt. And why not, foolish girl?! How can you dream of what has never happen among us?... what?... a girl to remain all her life single?... Who has ever thought of such a thing?! What a shame!... And how do you dare to oppose the will of your chief and uncle?!

Cath. So the Great Spirit whom Christians adore my heart belongs, and to Him alone my love and my trust.

Aunt. Insanity! You shall ^{have} to change your mind!

worker... She is clever, and knows, better than any one here... how to make in shells and pearls, wampums, belts, bracelets and all kinds of things that your men and women like...! It should not be very difficult to find a willing boy for her!

Aunt Yes! she is well known to be kind and lovely to all, ... and always ready to help whomsoever needs it!

White - Eben... mind it, woman! ... and let us having it done right away! ... Here she comes ... I leave you with her. (Exit)

Scene V Aunt - Cath.

Cath. (enters B.) You see, Auntie dear, I come from the river with fresh water for the Black Butz.

Aunt. That is well. Put it in the cabine... and come here again. O good piece of news I have for thee.

(White Cath. enters) I do not know how she will take it! (Cath. comes.)

Cath. And what is the news, dear Auntie?

Aunt: My dear Catherine, your uncle, who cares

B. P. Enough! Noarg^{te}. I know the whole story... though I did not know you to be the maker of it.

Why did your man come late that night? Because he had to get ready so that next morning he could leave early to come back here.

Why was he lying asleep at the other end of the cabine? Because, coming late in the dark he thought himself on the first place vacant, not minding those who were the nearest.

But you will ask probably: Why, early in the morning, when he woke up, ... why did he call on Catherine to help him? Because he thought that you were busy enough packing your things; and he knew well that Catherine was always willing to help any-body.

No - It may be so! It may be not!

B. P. Oh! Noarg^{te}, donot listen to the bad spirit always anxious to hurt the true children of God!

Mo. Others have observed all that: I do not know what they think of it
 (she sees Cath.) But here she comes. I do not want to meet her

B.P.R. Go! and may the Lord open your eyes!
 Scene VI B.P.R. - Cath.

Cath (walks with evident pain) Glory to God, father
 B.P.R. Now and for ever! Dear Catherine. You walk with difficulty - you are not well?

Cath. Oh! father: it is nothing!
 B.P.R. But I see well that you suffer.

Cath. Suffering is not an evil? Is it?
 B.P.R. No! you are right, ... when God sends it.

Cath. And especially when one needs to be forgiven so many faults at His service!

B.P.R. Come, Catherine. But for you, my big child, do not be anxious about it. ... Long ago the Lord has forgiven you: believe me. Offer pains, humiliations, sorrows for the conversion of our poor pagan people

Cath. Sorrows also?

B.P.R. Yes! sorrows are pain of the heart, and

B.P.R. Thanks to thee, my God! A thousand times blessed be thy Holy Name! ... What this child, among wild pagans, should aspire to the lovely Embrace of thy Holy Law and find it through thy grace almighty ... is not that a sign of thy protection ... a presage of success for my work in this place? ... to save these souls ... at the cost, if need be ... of my life! (Enters cabin)

Scene IV Uncle - Aunt.

Un - Woman! mind well what I shall say. ... Catherine has grown now to be a big girl: It is time that she gets married. What say you to it?

Aunt. It is time indeed for her ... and we also shall soon need the help of the man: the wife marry. But, she has strange ideas about it. She may not want it?!

Un. But I ... want it! That is enough! And she shall have to do it!

Catherine is not a beauty: that I make nose has disfigured her quite a bit ... and her eyes are bad; ... but all the same ... she is a good

gratitude, who has directed me to this! -
 The greater joy for me, this side of heaven,
 know to open to a good soul, or thine seems
 to be, the treasure of Him who reigns over
 us all! ... For no other purpose have my
 brothers Logne, Diebenf, Lottemant, suffered
 and died! Thanks then be to God and to
 His Divine Son, Jesus Christ!

Cath. Would that very soon I also could be made
 a Christian!

B. C. Yes, soon! but before that, you need to be
 instructed, that you may know the great
 and so wonderful ^{admirable} mysteries of our Religion!
 While I visit the poor Christian Hurons ...
 come with them in their chapel to learn
 and pray with them.

Cat. Black-Robe, priest of the true Great Spirit,
 through my uncle, the pagan chief, never
 let me go with these Christians. I will
 eagerly strive to never miss.

But, please, enter now and rest, while
 I go and fetch fresh water from the river below.
 (Exit)

sometimes more difficult to receive with due
 resignation than pains of the body.

Cath. I know it, father? Help me to accept as I
 should the one that is on me.

B. R. Yes! explain then to me what is the cause
 of it.

Cath. Father, a few days before we all come back
 from the Winter-Camp, one of the families
 that lived in the same tent, with Eberese
 and me, intending to leave early the next
 morning, the man came back only late in
 the night. Our sleeping place was near to
 the opening of the tent, and his at the other
 end. Probably because it was dark, that
 he might not awake those who were sleeping,
 he stretched himself at a little distance only
 from where Eberese and I were lying.

B. B. That is what I understood from what I
 heard. But the same evening you ^{had gone} went
 out also?

Cat. It was a beautiful evening: the sky was
 shining with many stars: then, to pray

better than in the tent where always there
was noise, I had left after our common
night devotions, ..and alone with God..
Time passes away so fast! When it was very
late when I returned.

B.P.R. Happy are those who can so converse with
their heavenly Father! - But, in the morning,
this man called you to help him?

Cath. Yes, father! How could I refuse him, knowing
how his wife must be busy packing all their
things?

B.P.R. No, Catherine! there is no fault in you!
Have pity on those who may blame you for
no reason at all. - Offer to God the sorrow that
they cause you, ..that He may forgive them!

Cath. Yes, father! My Savior was judged and con-
demned unjustly, He will help me to bear, as
He did, this trial, with patience and resignation.

B.P.R. Your friend and father in God shall pray
for you.

But now, Catherine, in a serious matter I
have to blame you

my Black-Robe, we leave you now. In this tent
you are welcome. My niece, a clever girl,
shall attend to your needs.

Catherine, come out here!

Cat. Always ready to please you, uncle.

Uncle: Here is the Black-Robe. Give him some
food and fresh water, and let him rest
as he likes. (3 Chiefs go.)

Scene III. Robe toire - Cath.

Cath. May the Great Spirit be blessed! He has
heard the applications of this poor Indian
child! ... Black-Robe of the French, since my
Christian mother died long ago... I was only
4 years old. I have hoped in vain that you
would come and teach me .. that I may
know better, and love, and serve Him
whom my dear mother told me ^{to be} the
creator of all that is good and beautiful ..
all mighty .. all so lovely .. and wants us
to be happy with Him forever, above these
behind the clouds!

B.P.R. Continue indeed, my daughter, praise and

Scene II same ones - Black Robe

Ch. II and Bl. R. come in. M. and Ch. sitting
Bl. R. Friends and brothers, Chiefs of the
Mohawks, the great man, head chief of
the French has sent me to visit and
present you this beautiful collar of
precious pearls as a token of his good
will to you. He desires me to stay with
you some time and to do you and
your Hinson-people all charitable
services as shall be in my power.

Can I rely on your friendly dispositions?
An. - Oh your words are good! Stay with us in
peace. - See as much as you please
our Hinson slaves. As for our own people
we do not want them to get away from us
and to become Christians: mind it well!

Now, as a warranty of mutual good will,
sit down with us and let us smoke the
Calumet of friendship.
(Calumet passes solemnly from one to
the other. - then all stand)

Cat. What is it, father? your unworthy child is
ready to hear it.

Bl. R. you have done such acts of mortification as
pass all measures... and you said nothing of it
to your spiritual father.

Cat. Was it a sin?

Bl. R. Yes, it would have been sinful... if you had
been better instructed... but it is my fault!...
How could I ever dream that you would go to
such excesses in that matter, as told me
confidentially... forgive her... she is your so
faithful and true friend?

Cat. Father, not to excuse myself... but however,
allow me a question. Whatever I may cause
myself to suffer, ... can it be bad for me, a
poor sinner, ... to imitate... and yet possibly indeed
the awful torments of our divine Model dying
on the Cross - most innocent Victim of our sins?!

Bl. R. He is God, Catherine... and you are only a poor
woman!... He was quite master of this human
life... but you are not of yours! you have no
right to shorten or ^{to} kill it, as you may wish!

Cath. O never, father, you are right! I had not understood it.

B.P.R. Then, Catherine, no more any fire to burn your poor body, ... no more thorns in your bedding, ... nothing that has not been allowed you before!

Cath. Forgive me, father (she kneels) and bless your poor child

B.P.R. (he blesses her.) Go in peace, Catherine! In the holy tabernacle is He, who shall always be your strength and your consolation.
(she stands, bends to the priest and goes)

Scene VII B.P.R. - Marg^{te}

B.P. Oho! Catherine did not sin! She, whose only offences, for which she never ceases to weep, are that she did not resist, even unto death, these pagans who forced her to work on Sundays ... she who ^{was with} ^{rather} preferred to die than to lose ^{in marriage} the virginial innocence of her heart!

Catherine, whom no one ever heard say a word that was not pure, holy and charitable!

Un. (to Ch II) Show you, go and fetch the Black-Robe ... he is waiting not far from here
(Ch II goes)

Ch. I. Don't take him better ... let him stay in your own cabin.

Un. you are right! - But now, let us get ready the Cabinet of peace.

(calling) Catherine, come out here!

Cath. Here I am, uncle, ready to serve you.

Un. Fetch us the best Cabinet and some good strong tobacco.

Cath. (she enters)

Un. - Catherine is a good, clever girl now! Ch I indeed she is, and quite strong though she does not look it

Cath. (coming out) Here, uncle, Cabinet and tobacco.

Un. Catherine, a French man, a Black Robe is coming to stay a while. You shall take him in one cabin and serve him. Get things ready! Go! (she gets in.)

of them were by us buried alive at
the stake! — I say again, that our
friend, the white chief of Orange who
provides us with guns and powder and
fire-water... told us to keep away from
these French Black-Robes. — Then I
say: Keep them away! We do not want them
(he sits down)

uncle (stands then slowly) I have heard you...
Then I say: We shall not allow our people
to take up the religion of these Black-Robes...
We shall not turn away the warritos
of our ancestors! — But to please the great
Chief of the French... we should let this
man stay... and do what he likes with
our Indian slaves! — But should he
cause us some trouble or harm... our
fire-post is always here ready... and
he knows what happened to Brebeuf
and Jogue, not so long ago! — I have
spoken. What say you?
Ch. I and II. Let it be so!

No! Catherine did not in! She is one of the
most admirable daughters of our God! In her
the Divine Spirit found a soul all open to
His sublime inspirations.

In a field, full of thorns and bad weeds, she
grew, like a pure Lily of wonderful beauty
And even those who, for a time, were deceived
By vain imaginations — — —

No. (She has come unnoticed, sad and slow step, hearing
the priest. Suddenly she comes forward, falls on
her knees, saying:)

Say no more, father! I am the only guilty
one! I know it now! ^{dynuntoseyou} greatly I have sinned
against God... and against her, whom in His
goodness He gave to our imitation and to
our love!

M. R. Thanks to the Lord, who has made you
understand it!

No. Yes, father. And long years of penance shall
not be enough for me who dared to think
evil of the pure Lily of the Mohawks!

M. R. God will forgive you, my daughter, as

as Catherine already did. For you now
she prays in the chapel

Stand up, and in no more -
(She stands, retires towards the back of the
stage, listening to the priest.)

How admirable is God in His Saints!
Divine Spirit! God of love and truth!
Light of pure souls! Strength of martyrs
and repenting sinners! ... Who could
ever have thought it possible -- to find
among the most wild people -- in the
darkness of the worst paganism, -- with
only the poor human helps of a good
slave-mother -- and only till she was yet
a very small child, ... such a prodigy of
purity, of innocence, of divine love!!

So you, O God, glory for ever!
(Now, as seeing a wonderful vision.)

But, is it not a prophetic vision
that grants to me the Lord?! I see the
Most-High, attesting by hundreds of
miracles ... that Catherine Ekekwitsha

Act II. - Scene I

General Ch. I. Ch. II. - Cath.

Uncle. Brothers, and chiefs with me of the
Nobowki, we now meet in council to
decide whether or not we should receive
a Black Robe that has now arrived. He comes
to see our Huron slaves.

Let each one of us say what he thinks
best. (He sits down.)

Ch. II (after a short time he stands -- and
speaks very slowly.) My opinion is ...
that ... since the one of you has been
buried -- and presents exchanged with
the great Chief of Quebec -- and because
he declared that we should treat his
Black-Robe as we would himself -- I
say: Let the Christian man of prayer
stay with us a while. (he sits down)

Ch. I (stands) - We must not forget that
these Black-Robe have been accused some
years ago ... of bringing famine, pestilence
and death among us ... for which some

has been recently killed by these
enemies of our race. It shall be
our revenge.

Ch. I By fire... at the stake! ... but slowly
by burning nicely... feet... arms... legs...
front... back...! all over! ... we know
how to do that!

Ch II A little game... full of fun! to
amuse our women and children!

Oh - Make him loose... and hold him
were... and dancing let us go!
(Dancing and shouting they go $\frac{1}{2}$)

Scene VIII

Cath. (Slowly comes out) Hossoo! - Great Spirit!
Have pity on this poor man - He knows
Thee - He is a Christian! Soon receive
him up there in heaven, where mother
said that he shall be happy for
ever!

But! to see that awful thing... is it
for that... that the girls came to
fetch me?"

Curtain

was here on earth, and is now, in company
of the Saints in Heaven, ... a Virgin of
unspotted purity... I see French and Indian
men and women, for many years after
she died, ... cured suddenly of all kinds of
sickness through her intercession!

(more naturally now)

And with all my heart I pray that
very soon, Holy Church, of her infallible
voice, may proclaim to the whole world
the heroic holiness of this worthy daughter
of our Canadian Martyrs, Catherine
Ekatwitsa, the Lily of the Mohawks.

L. J. C.

The following may be read to the audience before the IV Act.

Catherine was 22 years when she safely arrived to the Catholic settlement near Quebec.

The 3 Part years of her life, passed in this very devoted mission, can hardly be represented on the stage.

It is a life of unspotted purity, of intimate union of heart and mind with God, ... of unheard of mortification ... of continuous levelness and charity.

"The mission, close to Quebec was made up of different groups of Catholic converts Iroquois, Hurons, Algonquins, Ottawas Pries and Wendats, all united most perfectly in the bonds of a living faith and charity.

"Here, Catherine could breathe at last freely, wrote the priest, who knew her best, she felt like a bird escaped from the snare

Cath. They were here only a very short while, and I was kept away from them: I did not see them

H. II But, our brothers, the Hurons Captives, whom we came to see, could they not teach you?

Cath. As much as I can, I try to meet them. But my uncle forbids me -- and his anger is terrible!

(Savage shoutings are heard from outside)
 Quiet see what can that be!!

H. I. ^{Alas!} Horror! it is one of these poor Hurons whom they are going to burn alive!
 Quickly Petrus go!

Cath. - This way! (showing L) Is that the great feast for which the girls came to take me! (She hides in the tent)

Scene VII

Uncle - Ch I - Ch II (They come, talking solemnly round the Huron)

Uncle: Yes! we have to decide! How shalt thou die, thou friend of the French and Christians. One of our brave warriors

(They go, shouting wildly:)

Burn, burn, burn, he shall burn!

Honour to thee, our War-manito!

p. 15 and 16

Act I. Scene 7.

Unce - Ch. I - Ch. II

Un. Now is the day of our revenge! Now
the day to place our great manito of war!

On that one cursed thron, friend of the
French and Christians, must fall in blows and
torment all our well deserved hatred!!

Where is he now? Where did you put him?

Ch. I There, on the pile solidly tied up at the
fire-post-

Ch. II The fires are ready, ^{hot} red-irons, torches and
boiling water

Ch. I And all our people are assembled to enjoy
the fine spectacle: men, women, girls
and boys!

Un. - But mind! we must not kill him, but
very slowly.

Ch. II Enst us for that, great chief! We know
how to do that kind of things! Unless
he is like that French priest ^{BieBent} who never
said any-thing but his prayers, he shall
be heard shouting in pain till dark
to-night!

Un. That is well! Let us go to the feast!

by some Ignorance. When she was only a
 little girl ^{mother told me that at the point of her}
 Cath. She is my sister, perhaps? Is she a ^{was not taken with}
 Christian? and you also?

H. I. We are Christians, and she also! We
 know the true God, we love Him also! your
 mother spoke of Him to you?

Cath. I was very young yet, when all my
 parents died. But never shall I forget what
 secretly my mother told me of Him. In
 her arms she used to take me and make me
 pronounce His sweet name of Jesus - She
 called Him "our Father" - She said that He is
 the Maker of all things... that He is every-
 where... that He knows all things... but
 also that He is very very good! - And I,
 though so little I was, I promised that I
 would love Him always.

H. I. When, you are a Christian?!

Cath. I wish - I was! but my father first,
 and my uncle after, did not let me!

H. I. You did not see any Black Robe around here,

of the Fowler.

She had a great and noble heart, a quick
 intelligence, and her own special quality
 was an insatiable desire to know the good
 and with an equal ardor to put it into practice.
 So, this soul took fire immediately, and
 in less than a few weeks she had surpassed
 all the girls and women in the mission,
 and very soon had gained the esteem and
 admiration of all. - Through pure of
 Christian love for all members of that
 mission, she carefully made choice of the
 best, who, by their worthy lives, could help
 her to progress in virtue, such as a certain
 Anastorie and a Thezire who became, one
 after the other, her favorite companions.

She so attained her object, that, whether
 in her cabin, at Church or in the fields, she
 saw God and conversed intimately with Him.
 ...and for her greater help, she secured the
 assistance of the Virgin Mary by having
 her Rosary in hand or pendant at her neck.

Useful informations

- 1) The "wampum" was a string of feathers beautifully decorated in bright colors, 3 feet long about by 8 or 10 inches wide. Indians used them as gifts from tribe to tribe as a pledge of renewed friendship.
- 2) The "calumet" was a long pipe that was passed from one to another to consolidate good feelings between people.
- 3) Men, nearly naked in the summer, covered themselves in winter with a kind of blouse made of soft tanned leather of a yellow color, falling to the knees with a belt around the waist. The legs were protected by yellow skin bandages decorated with pearls and porcupine quills - and so also their shoes or moccasins were ornamented. They kept long hairs and on their heads a band with high feathers. Women used a kind of long petticoat with sleeves of various colors, covered to the knees with yellow skin. Legs and feet

2
the Roman Congregation that presently
gathers up documents necessary for the
beatification.

Imagination to please readers or spectators
had no share whatever in the composition
of this little drama. In the life of the
Venerable Catherine, he has selected in her
what can give a better idea of the wondrous
action of the Holy Ghost in a soul admirably
pure and generous -- though living among
rude and cruel savages.

The 2 first Acts represent the young
girl in the land all pagan of wild Sagouois.
In the 4th Act, she lives near Quebec
where many Indians, then fervent Christians
of various tribes, enjoy in peace the protec-
-tion of the French. -- This last Act reveals,
perhaps more perfectly yet than the
others the sublime holiness of Catherine.

+
A. No D. G. - P. G. A. Astes,
sq.

The Lily of the Mohawks
Catherine Bekawitha

RR: PP: JESUITES
SIE-CATHERINE de Laprairie

This little Drama was written by a
missionary among the Indians of Canada,
in gratitude for a miraculous cure
obtained by the intercession of the
Iroquois Virgin, Catherine Bekawitha
called, with good reason: The Lily of
the Mohawks.

Through it, he desires to make known
and to glorify his benefactors. He hopes
also that actors and spectators of this
Drama, in France as in Canada, shall
find in it with noble examples to imitate,
an inspiration to call on Catherine in
their needs of soul or body.

Persons who may, through her intercession,
be miraculously cured, are asked
to send the authenticated relation of
it to Bro. G. A. Astes S. J. W. K. W. M. K. O. N. G.
P. O. Ont. Canada. He shall then notify of it