

THE DISCOVERER OF LAKE GEORGE

this last act of the tragedy, the sympathetic figure of the kind old squaw, Father Jogues' "Aunt," going around overwhelmed with grief, and begging piteously with tears in her eyes for her "nephew's" life. "Kill me if you kill him," she repeatedly said to his murderers. May we not hope that the faithful old "aunt" is now with her "nephew" in heaven? But she and the others failed. The Bears were bent on vengeance, and on the 18th of October they invited Jogues to a feast. What was to be done? To refuse was to be killed immediately as outraging hospitality. The messengers found him, crouching in a cabin nursing his bleeding wounds. He rose up and followed them. Those were his last steps on earth. They approached the wigwam, but behind the door stood an Indian with a tomahawk in his hand, and as Jogues stooped down to enter, the axe descended with a crash into his skull. His long and bloody battle had ended. They hacked off his head and fixed it on a stake of the palisade, and then flung the mangled body into the Mohawk, whose stream it sanctified.

"So died," says Ingram Kip, the Protestant bishop of California, "one of that glorious band that had shown greater devotion in the cause of Christianity than has ever been seen since the time of the Apostles; men whose lives and sufferings reveal a story more touching and pathetic than anything in the records of our country, and whose names should ever be kept in grateful remembrance; stern, high-wrought men who might have stood high in court or camp, and who could contrast their desolate state in the lowly wigwam with the refinement and affluence that waited on them in their earlier years, but who had given up home and love of kindred and the golden ties of relationship for God and man. *Ibo sed non redibo* said Isaac Jogues as he went for the last time into the valley of the Mohawk. He fell beneath the blow of the infuriated savage and his body was thrown to feed the vultures, whose shrieks as they flapped their wings above him was his only requiem."

His companion was killed on the following morning. Rumors of the tragedy gradually reached Quebec, but all