

the marks of his tortures, plainly visible, and his wretched poverty exciting the sympathy of all. One of the colonists fell at his feet and kissed his mangled hands, exclaiming, "Martyr of Jesus Christ!" a testimony which echoed the sentiments of the whole Calvinist community.

Father Jogues had no alternative left now but to return to France; to retrace his steps to Canada through the Mohawk country meant certain death. After a month's delay in New Amsterdam the opportunity of a voyage to Europe presented itself.

**He returns to
Old France** A bark of fifty tons, weighed anchor in Manhattan harbor and sailed down the bay to the Atlantic, with the Jesuit on board. Clothes had been given to him by the Dutch to replace the rags of his captivity, but he suffered much hardship and penury during the voyage. Being without money to pay his passage or to procure the necessaries of life, Father Jogues had to depend on the charity of a Calvinist crew who were not as indulgent as their brethren in Manhattan. After seven weeks the coast of England was sighted, and on Christmas Day the bark ran into Falmouth harbor, in Cornwall. Even there ill-luck and misery pursued the poor missionary. While the sailors were ashore, robbers entered the vessel and snatched from him the coat and hat which had been given him by the Dutch to shield him from the wintry weather. A French brig brought him across the channel, and the day after Christmas he landed on the coast of Brittany in the direst distress, with hardly clothing enough to cover his weak and