TWO CENTURIES AGO.

The Jesuit Among the Hurons.

The Sacred Heart Review, in its "Catholic Missions" columns, reproduces the following interesting and graphic account:—

In the summer of 1634 might have been seen a fleet of canoes ascending the Ottawa. Side by side with the braves, battling against the current, were Fathers Breboeuf, Daniel, and Davost on their way to establish the Jesuit Huron Mission.

After the restoration of the colony of Quebec to France in 1632, the order of St. Ignatius accepted the difficult and dangerous task of converting the aborigines.

The Hurons, numbering between twenty and thirty thousand souls, were a fierce, cruel race. They dwelt in villages composed of wigwams, some of which were of immense size, sheltering as many as twenty families at one time. A journey beset with hardships and privations at length brought the missionaries to the scene of their future labors. A house was built by the natives and the little mission sprang into existence.

BEGINNINGS OF THE MISSION.

Almost daily the children were gathered together and taught a few simple prayers, translated into their own language. They were taught to make the sign of the cross and to recite the Apostles' Creed. After a few simple instructions and a distribution of small presents to insure their return they were dismissed.

The adults occasionally listened to instructions, and in answer to the teachings always declared their approval, but they were backward in embracing the faith.

They were not so slow, however, to partake of the hospitality of the good Fathers, or to gather in great numbers to witness the marvels of their ingenuity and skill, the fame of which was spread throughout the land.

In the course of a few years several additional priests had joined the original three. The number of whites had been constantly increased by the arrival of a great many Frenchmen who devoted themselves to the mission, receiving in return merely what was necessary for subsistence. The buildings also were made better fitted for accommodating the numbers that often sought shelter there. Agriculture was carried on to a remarkable extent in the little colony. The corn alone gathered in one year was sufficient to winter at least four thousand Hurons beside the whites.

SICKNESS AND FAMINE.

During the summer months when the warriors were out hunting or on scalping expeditions, the Fathers made the religious exercises of St. Ignatius, and prepared themselves for new trials.

With winter came their time of greatest hardships and sufferings. By day they plodded from village to village, attending the sick, baptizing the dying and striving to instil into all the sentiments of religion. Their nights were made hideous by the vile practices, horrible orgies and superstitious rites practiced during this season by the Hurons.

A plague swept their country in 1636. The Indians withered away like leaves beneath a heavy frost. Then were exhibited the endurance and self-sacrificing spirit of the Fathers, as they made their weary way through the snow and mud, and even spent whole nights in the depths of the forest, that they might tend the sick and bring them the few comforts at their command.

PROSPERITY.

By the year 1647 the Christians in many of the villages outnumbered the pagans. Sundays and holy days were given up to religous exercises. The ferocity of even those who refused to become Christians was lessened. There were high hopes that a bright day was dawning on the New World.

The mission had assumed quite respectable proportions, with its church, buildings for the priests and the accommodations of hundreds of Indians who made it their habitation, and the large stores of corn that seemed to defy a famine.

SAVAGE FOES.

But the Hurons were a doomed race. The hatchet of the Iroquois was to be at once their ruin and the overthrow of all the projects of the Jesuits.

It was at St. Joseph's mission. Father Daniel had just finished Mass, and the people were yet in the church when the war cry of the Iroquois was heard as they advanced to attack the village. A few words of encouragement to the warriors to defend their homes, and the good father was hurrying among the wigwams urging unbelievers to repent. The bewildered people fell on their knees and he baptized them by sprinkling water with a wet handkerchief. When the enemy had gained entrance, the priest showed his flock a means of escape through the opposite side of the village, and promising to meet them in heaven, dismissed them, himself refusing to leave as long as there was a chance to bless one soul with the regenerating waters of baptism. At the first onset he fell uttering the name of Jesus. Bathing their faces in his blood to make them brave, the enemy gave the town to the flames.

DESTRUCTION OF THE MISSION.

But this was the death blow of the Hurons. Without union and paralyzed with fright they submitted to their fate. Part of them joined neighboring tribes, but the greater number removed to the Isle of St. Joseph, accompanied by the remaining Jesuits, who with bitter tears turned from the scenes made dear by sufferings.

Their new home on the island was agreeable while their stores lasted, but winter brought famine and the pursuing Iroquois. The Hurons died by scores daily, and their carcases were dug up and devoured by those remaining. Then followed a pestilence. The priests labored late and early to administer to the wants of the dying. Their dress was of skins, their food principally a few acorns.

Nor did the pursuit of the Iroquois cease until the Hurons were established at a place called Indian Lorette, where, mingling with the French, the last traces of their once mighty nation are fast fading away.—*Dial.*

HISTORY OF A RELIC.

HOW MARIE ANTOINETTE'S HANDKERCHIEF CAME TO A SILESIAN CHURCH.

Within sight of the famous fortress of Galatz is the humble spire of the village church of Meundorf, marking the spot where one of the most precious relics of Queen Marie Antoinette has f r more than half a century lain concealed. In the sacristy is preserved with pious care the 'kerchief, trimmed with Brussels lace, which that unhappy sovereign wore on the day of her execution. The way in which this relic, which still bears the traces of the Queen's tears, found its way into the church of a poor Silesian village is quite a romance.

The Queen bequeathed the 'kerchief to her confessor, the Abbe del'Orme, an Augustinian Father, who emigrated to England soon after her tragic death. On his decease, in 1805, he left this cherished memento by will to Father John Strobach, another member of his order, who lived at Breslau. Father Strobach dying five years later, just as the property of the convent was being secularized, the Queen's 'kerchief was put up to auction with other goods and chattels, and was knocked down for thirty-seven thalers to a certain Canon Leydel. The purchaser offered to give it to the imperial family of Austria if the emperor would consent to intercede on behalf of the convent with the Prussian Government.

The Emperor refused his good services, so Leydel kept the 'kerchief, which passed after his death to Father Kablert at Klein Kreidel, near Leubus, in Silesia. He, too, departed this life in 1825, and left the relic to Father Jaschke, vicar of Klein Kreidel, whose sister lived at Neundorf. When visiting her, Jaschke promised to bequeath the treasure to the priest of that village; but, as he died intestate, it was again put up to auction, this time fetching only four thalers. The expectant legate, however, traced the 'kerchief to one Wenzel Holzel, and was fortunate enough to buy it from him. It was then consigned to the modest treasury of the village church, where it has ever since been carefully guarded.—*Catholic News.*

SKIN DISEASES are more or less directly occasioned by bad blood. B. B. B. cures the following Skin Diseases: Shingles, Erysipelas, Itching Rashes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, by removing all impurities from the blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore. ...

SMILES.

"All a woman asks is to be loved," says a gushing poet. "Then all this stuff about her wanting new bonnets and jewellery must be a vile slander."

Dear Friends—"Do you think, dear, with my cold, it would make my head bad if I were to sing?" "No, dearest; but it might make somebody else's head bad."

It is so hot that I think I must call on Miss Millions." "What has Miss Millions to do with the weather?" "She always gives me such a cool reception, don't you know."

"Brilliant and impulsive people," declares a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes, or, if they don't have them, they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive."

The Only Way.—Suitor, toying with his sweetheart's hand: I hope this little hand is not counterfeit? Miss Crushing Quickly: The best way to find out is to ring it.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallacher, "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away angry.

"Captain, will you kindly tell me what time it is?" asked Jonesby, from the cabin of his yacht. "Six bells, sir," returned the captain. "Oh, hang bells," said Jonesby, "What time is it on shore?"

"Kind words never die." How bitterly does a man realize that truth when he sees all the kindest words that he ever used in his life glaring at him from his published letters in a breach of promise suit.

At the Tobacconist's.—Customer: Cigar-smoking is said to have a deleterious effect on the memory; are you aware of that? Tobacconist: I can quite believe it; for instance, you have not yet paid for those boxes of cigars you had last Christmas.

Poet: And what did the professor say to my tragedy? Professor's Wife, somewhat embarrassed: Oh, well—he was, in short, speechless. Poet: Speechless? What does that mean? Professor's Wife: Sir, it means a good deal for a man who can speak seven languages.

Out of Harm's Reach.—Gendarme, to person swimming in the river: Halloa, there. Do you want to be taken up? Don't you know that it is forbidden to bathe at this spot? Bather: I don't care; my clothes are on the other side.

A Man of Some Standing.—Howley: By the way, Mrs. Ricketts, your husband is a man of considerable standing in the neighborhood, is he not? Mrs. Ricketts: You may well say that, sir. He stands glasses round to all the roughs in every public house he goes into.—*Fun.*

In Peril.—Careless Cockney Sportsman: It must be confoundedly unpleasant to be in action and to know that as likely as not you will be shot. How do you feel under the circumstances, Captain Biggleswade? Captain Biggleswade pointedly: Just like I do at the present moment.

A Medical Retort.—Swell of the period: O doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still, I must confess I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science. Doctor: Oh, that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same.

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