

like attributes. The insatiable and loathsome cruelty that overshadowed the land and its people was calculated to awe the stoutest heart that dared to redeem them. If now, when we stroll over the green mounds that mark their graves, or gaze with curiosity on their rude trinkets and only treasures, the wampum, arrowheads and clay pipes, the soft sadness of pity steals over us, we must not forget that their inhuman hard-heartedness was unparalleled in the history of our fallen humanity. "They are not men," moans an unfortunate woman whose child the Iroquois had torn from her breast and boiled and devoured in her presence; "they are wolves." There is a subtle connection between cruelty and lust which no metaphysical enquiry can satisfactorily explain; and hence we are not surprised to read that

THEY HAD NO CONCEPTION OF MORALITY, even in the abstract. The Jesuit Father, Le Jeune, than whom no man was better qualified to know, wrote to his Superior in France that "Morality was unknown among the tribes, and as a result they very often indulged in the license of unrestrained intercourse." Among a people who had no regard for chastity it was not to be expected that any respect would be felt for the sanctity of a woman's nature. Hence among them woman was treated with a callous disregard for the weakness of her sex, the memory of which sends a blush to the cheek of our manhood. Affrighted man recoils with horror from the perusal of woman's degradation among them, as penned by the eloquent Le Jeune. The honor and heart of man can never be impeached with meaner or fouler crimes than are there recorded. All the mental offices of the camp, the heavy burden of the chase, and the labors of the corn-field were her allotted portion. She existed to minister to the brutal desires and obey the unreasonable demands of the warrior; and her reward was very often insult, contumely and ridicule. Her infirmities excited no commiseration; and with the crippled, the maimed and the weak she was often the victim of contempt than the object of pity. Is it any wonder then that women became so utterly shameless, hardened and cruel that in vindictiveness and fierceness they surpassed, as Chaumonet tells us, the brutality of men. This INHUMAN DISREGARD OF THE WEAK AND HELPLESS

is one of the dominant characteristics of all pagan people, and forced Montesquieu to remark that "Man without Christianity is the most dangerous animal that roams the earth." The crowning infamy of all the inhuman abominations of the American Indian was his utter contempt and disregard for human life. Savage as he was by inclination, and brutal as his passions had made him, it was yet to be hoped that the instinct which moves one animal to spare another of his own species would have lingered amid the wreck and ruin of his perverted nature. Such, however, was not the case. The most trivial accident at times led to a war which often ended in the dispersion or annihilation of a tribe. Frequently, and for no other end than acquiring renown or scalps, the Indian warrior gathered his braves around him, and after haranguing them on the bloody deeds of their ancestors and their own past and prospective exploits, raised the familiar war-whoop and moved out to a mission of carnage and pillage. With the cunning of the fox and the ferocity of the tiger they fell upon their human prey in the darkness of night and

INDISCRIMINATELY SLAUGHTERED MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. "They approach like foxes," writes the Jesuit, Sagard, "attack like lions, and disappear like birds." Their prisoners were treated with unparalleled brutality. Some were reserved to be tortured with fire; and, by a refinement of cruelty surpassing belief, their agonies were prolonged from sunset to sunrise. There is a tradition among the Mohawks that the night after a great battle between the Iroquois and the Eries the forest was lighted by a thousand fires, at each of which an Erie was roasting alive. Others of their captives they cut to pieces, boiled and devoured with unspeakable relish. "In a word," says the reliable Marchmont, "they eat human flesh with as much appetite and more relish than hunters eat the meat of the deer." They seem to have set no value on that part of their nature which made them superior to the animals around them. Ferocity, strength, activity and endurance alone excited their admiration, and as a result they approached as near as it was possible for human beings to the condition of the wild beasts in which these qualities predominated. To make a hero of the American Indian, as is too often done by the writers of fiction, is to raise a monument to cruelty on a pedestal of lust. Their religious conceptions were no higher than their moral actions. They believed all things to be animated with good or bad spirits, and when entering on the war trail, they not unfrequently SACRIFICED HUMAN BEINGS

to propitiate the Okis or Manitous that influenced the future of the tribes. "On the third day after my arrival among the Iroquois," writes Father Jacques, "they sacrificed an Algonquin woman in honor of Aegskone, their war god, inviting the grim demon, as if he were present, to come and feast with them on the murdered woman's flesh." Until the coming of Catholic priests among them they had no idea of God as a Supreme Ruler, or as we understand the word. The sighing of the winds or the melancholy moan of the midnight forest, the noise of falling water, the clash of thunder or the gleam of lightning, were the voices of the shadow phantoms that dwell in the woods, in the water or in the air. In the vile abominations of their lives there were, however,

SOME REDEEMING FEATURES. They were true to each other in their friendships, were remarkably hospitable, and in times of famine divided with each other the morsel that chance or the fortunes of the hunt cast in their way. They were a courageous people, but their valor was disgraced by its brutality; and no form of vice, however loathsome, or cruelty to an enemy, however fiendish, met with condemnation, or indeed attracted attention.

Such, briefly, were the prevailing traits

in the character and life of the American savage. Day after day for many a dreary age the sun looked down upon their enormous wickedness till, wasted with desolation, they faded from off the face of the earth, supplying by their ruin additional strength to the prophecy of Isaiah, that the natives that will not serve God will perish. If the enemies of Christianity seek for evidence of the grandeur of man when emancipated from the thralldom of religion, whatever effect it will have upon their principles, it will do them no harm to read carefully the history of the American Indian, when the boundless liberty of free thought and free speech gave him the untrammelled freedom of an essentially independent man.

We have to ask ourselves what manner of men were they who conceived and, under accumulated hardships, in a measure bore into effect the magnificent resolve of CIVILIZING AND CHRISTIANISING THESE BARBAROUS HORDS. It is no compliment to the honesty and intelligence of our times that even now, with the imperishable parchment of their heroic deeds unrolled before us, there are to be found in our midst those whose partiality is so pronounced that they cannot think of a Jesuit without associating with the thought blood, poison and daggers. The repeated and time-worn calumnies, ever welcome and ever new, of secrecy, unscrupulous agents, conspiracies, and the like, make up the religious and literary shoddy that still passes for delectable reading at many a rural fireside. "The conventional Jesuit," says a writer in the Dominion Monthly, "is a familiar figure—a dark, mysterious, unreliable, intangible, terrible person, with ten tricks at hand and ten times ten in a bag. Do we not all know that grotesque figure, the orator's never-failing resource, the dreadful delight of romantic young ladies, the terror of pious old maids of both sexes." But we of their own household have known the Jesuits and their works from the day that

IGNATIUS LOYOLA in the grotto of Manreza threw himself, heart and soul, into the militia of Jesus Christ. We have studied their lives from the hour that Francis Xavier asked himself the portentous question: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?" down to the present day, and our hearts go out in love and reverence towards them. From the halls of their Institutes come men whose names are beads of gold worthy to be filed on the rosary of fame; men of a transcendent greatness that raises them head and shoulders above the level of even good men, and whose sacrifices for Christ and their fellow-man challenge the admiration of the brave and stagger faith itself. Of these were the men who, abandoning the dearest connections of friends and relatives, forsaking the teeming fields and pleasant vineyards of sunny France, faced the storms of northern climates, and literally buried themselves alive in the revolting companionship of fierce and ignorant hordes. "There is not," writes Bancroft, "a passage in the history of discovery more thrilling than the mighty journey of these noble, gifted and self-sacrificing men from the mouth of the Saguenay to Hudson Bay, from the Pacific to the Arctic ocean." "Mal-igners may taunt the Jesuits if they will," adds the industrious and learned Parkman, "with credulity, superstition and blind enthusiasm, but slander itself cannot accuse them of hypocrisy or ambition."

Among those who came to Canada in the sixteenth century were men who were influenced by motives of avarice and ambition. Among them was the high-spirited cavalier bound on romantic enterprise; the fearless sea-rover in quest of new laurels in unexplored seas; the restless adventurer wooing the charm of novelty in unexplored lands, and the disgraced courtier resolved by reckless daring to blot out the memory of his humiliation. With them sailed the dark-robed

SOLDIERS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, brave as the bravest among them, fearless and undaunted in the shadow of the land never pressed by the foot of civilization. Before them lay a vast continent through whose desolation of wilderness there roamed men and women, made to the image and likeness of the Living God, buried in the foulest and grossest paganism. For one hundred years the "Great Order," as Lord Macaulay named the Society of the Jesuits, had vindicated the glory of the Catholic name in Europe, India and South America. True to the imperishable principle of their Institute, "For the greater glory of God," the Jesuits had been the fearless champions of the Cross in almost every region of the earth. Towards the noon of the sixteenth century all Europe heard, and with amazement, the tale of the heroism of these mortified men who, under the shadow of Vishnu's temple, were teaching theology to the Brahmins of India, instructing the Bouzes of Japan at the base of Shacca's statue, and scattering the seed of the gospel amongst the swarthy mountaineers of Abyssinia. And now from the plains of Asia and the mountains of Africa their distinguished Superior, the illustrious

MUTIUS VITELLESCHI, called back for a time his lofty thoughts and fixed his mind on a newly-discovered land whose savage people with bloody hands welcomed his missionaries to hospitable graves.

On the morning of the Feast of the Purification, 1625, the fathers of the Order, then in France were assembled in the sacristy of St. Isidore's church in the city of Lyons. They had filed in from the sanctuary where the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated a few moments before, and were now taking their places in the order of merit when, again invoking the aid of the Holy Trinity, the prayers of the Virgin Mother, St. Ignatius, and St. Francis Xavier, the Superior rose to his feet and addressed them: "Reverend Fathers, in New France, the land discovered by Jacques Cartier, there are immortal souls who know not God. Their gods are demons; they hunt their enemies as they do the wild beasts of the forest, and eat men with the same relish as the men of France eat meat. They have lost all semblance of human-

GOD CALLS US TO SAVE THEM.

Who among you is willing for the sacrifice?" Every priest there rose to his feet and in a voice firm and resolute spoke readiness for his fate. "It is enough," replied the Superior. "I will select." The Council dissolved, and in three weeks the first detachment of the heroic band that was soon to follow sailed for the desolate shores of New France. First on the list of those saintly men is the name of John De Brebeuf, not indeed that he endured greater hardships or met his death with nobler constancy than his brother priests, but from the fact that his stalwart, manly virtues appeal to our sympathies with a fervid, masculine eloquence that touches the very heart of the manhood of our age and invites it to copy them.

At the age of 32 Brebeuf, the descendant of a noble family, bidding an eternal farewell to all that men value and hold dear on earth, sailed from Bayeux in Normandy, and on April 26th, 1625, landed at Quebec. His first act on reaching shore was to

KNEEL DOWN AND KISS THE EARTH, the scene of his future labors; then, he thanked the Holy Trinity for having chosen him for the work of the mission, saluted the guardian angels of the land, and rose to his feet prepared to spend and be spent in the service of his Master. He passed the autumn and the winter with a roving band of Montaignais Indians, endured for five months the hardships of their wandering life, and all the penalties of filth, vermin and smoke—the inevitable abominations of a savage camp. He had, during these months, acquired a fair knowledge of their language, and when spring opened it found him prepared to start on his wondrous journey of nine hundred miles to the shores of the great Lake of the Hurons. In company with a band of Indians who had come down from Thunder Bay to the French settlements, and were now returning after bartering to advantage the furs and peltries they had brought with them, Father Brebeuf, accompanied by Father Davost, bade good-bye to his friends and embarked with his swarthy companions, whose canoes were headed for the Huron hunting-grounds in Northern forests. Brebeuf was a man of broad frame and commanding mien, endowed with GIANT STRENGTH AND TIRELESS ENDURANCE.

His stay among the Montaignais taught him that physical superiority opened a way to the respect of the savage when Christian virtues often provoked his ridicule. Stroke for stroke with the strongest of the Hurons he plied the paddle from morning till night, barely allowing himself sufficient time to recite his office and make his daily meditation. Along the wooded shores of the St. Lawrence they drove their bark canoe, and entering the Ottawa they glided up its inky waters amid a wilderness of forest and a silence broken only by the splash of the paddle. When a portage was reached he too lifted his burden with the rest, and with active and springing step moved across the four or five miles of intervening wood. At length sailing up the Mattawan they struck the Nipissing, and after skirting its lonely and desolate shores, descended French River, which bore them to the waters of the Georgian Bay.

Thirty-five times in that weary journey of nine hundred miles Brebeuf and Davost bore their share of the heavy burdens across the portages. Through thickets and matted swamps they pushed their devious way. Over prostrate trunks and fallen trees, across the stony beds of shallow streams, through pestilential swamp and stagnant pool, they waded; descending, climbing, clambering over sharp rocks till their clothes hung around them in shreds, these

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS kept pace with the stubborn march of their legged and moccasined companions. At times the comparatively feeble Davost weakened under his load. His strength would fail him, and his feeble but plucky attempts to keep abreast of his red associates, whose every fibre and muscle were toughened by a lifetime of hardship, but provoked their laughter and ridicule. The heroic Brebeuf would then relieve him of his burden, and to the astonishment of the band would continue for hours bearing his double load. The Indians themselves were often spent with fatigue and marvelled at an endurance that distance could not tire nor fatigue conquer. After a trying journey of six weeks they reached the shores of the Huron settlements, where, hiding their canoes in the dark shadows of a tamarack swamp, they plunged into a forest silent as the grave, and in three hours stood in the midst of the wigwams of the village of Toancho.

Scattered along the shores of Thunder Bay were 30,000 Hurons, occupying thirty-two villages, surrounded by rude fortifications and an extensive though barbarous tillage. Thirteen years before, in 1613,

FATHER CARON, a Franciscan priest, visited these tribes. He was the first white man that ever trod the virgin soil of Ontario and looked out upon the waters of the Great Huron. On July 30th, surrounded by a gaping crowd of naked savages at the foot of a giant elm, he offered up the Sacrifice of the Mass; and in language as rude and uncouth as the warriors around him, preached for nine months the imperishable truths of his crucified Master. Another Franciscan, Father Dailbeau, left Quebec in the same year and bore the message of the gospel to the stunted and far-distant Esquimaux. Truly there were giants in those days, and the more I reflect upon it, the more I marvel at the sublime influence of the teaching of the Catholic Church on the hearts of men—an influence which then, as now, inspired her priests to turn aside from the allurements of civilized society, and, untrammelled with wives or families, devote themselves unreservedly to the elevation of the savage races that lay buried in the darkness of the valley of death. Father Caron opened a way among the Hurons for the Jesuit fathers, who were hospitably received, but treated to a fare of pounded maize and half-cooked fish, so rough and meagre, that it would appear, as Father Davost humorously remarked, they had come among the Indians while they were

observing a rigorous lent. Next morning the Holy Mass was offered up for the success of the mission, a *Te Deum* was chanted in thanksgiving to God, the two priests dedicated themselves to their great work, and the mission to the Hurons was sacredly opened. Thus

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS AGO, with solemn Mass, with holy blessing, and the *Te Deum*, the Standard of the Cross was elevated, the law of the gospel was proclaimed, and the work of Christianizing the Canadian tribes begun. Day after day, in the frosts of winter and the heat of summer, these men of God went from village to village, from hut to hut, censuring vice, correcting abuses, and patiently taming, by the influence of their teaching, the savage natures around them. At every opportunity they gathered together the children, and Father Brebeuf, clothed in surplice and baretta for greater solemnity, would in the Huron tongue chant the "Our Father," the children repeating it after him. Then he would make the sign of the Cross, and with tireless patience repeat again and again the "Hail Mary" and the "Creed." In language suited to their understanding he would instruct them in the Commandments, and with words of encouragement, accompanied with some trifling present, dismiss them for the day. Later on he might be seen encircled by a curious crowd of warriors, sagamores and squaws, explaining the mysteries of religion, describing Heaven and Hell, and picturing with all the strength of his natural eloquence the tortures of the damned, till their hardened hearts quailed in the presence of the picture of what might be their doom.

The constancy and courage of the human heart were perhaps never put to a severer test than that which they experienced when the small-pox broke out among the tribes. The filthy habits of the Indians, the offal and garbage of the camp that lay reeking around every wigwam, invited disease, and as a result their bodies offered a rich pasturage for the epidemics that periodically fed upon them. Whole villages, while the plague lasted, were more like charnel-houses than the homes of living men, and day after day for many a dreary month men, women and children,

FROM WHOSE BONES THE FLESH HAD ROTTED, sank under the accumulation of their sufferings. The heroism of the fathers in these trying ordeals provoked the astonishment of the Hurons, whose stubborn natures yield but to miracles of self-denial and contempt of danger. As patiently as Sisters of Charity, and as kindly, they went from wigwam to wigwam, instructing some, consoling others, baptizing those who would receive the sacrament, and to all bringing consolation and relief. The sufferings they endured and the hardships they encountered may be learned from the letters filed among the records of their Order. Even the indomitable Brebeuf, whose chivalric nature rose superior to complaint, wrote to the Superior in France: "Let those who come here come well provided with patience and charity, for they will become rich in troubles; but wherever they laboring oxen grow he does not draw the plough; and if he does not draw the plough how can there be a harvest." In 1640 they had converted to the Faith some four thousand savages. In the interval Father Brebeuf had three times journeyed to Quebec and returned from each visit accompanied by ordained auxiliaries as self-sacrificing and heroic as himself. In the simple Indians many of the articles which the fathers brought with them excited feelings of wonderment and delight. There was the compass, whose needle was animated by a spirit that was never happy but when looking to the north. They addressed it in endearing terms, and puffed tobacco smoke upon it to invoke its good-will in their behalf. The mill for grinding corn they turned unceasingly, patting it the while lovingly on the sides. There was the magnifying glass that, to their astonishment, enlarged a bug till it assumed the proportions of an elephant. The multiplying lens which possessed the mysterious power of changing a single bead into a wampum belt. The magnet that, when breathing, drew to itself a neighboring needle, and the prism that refracted and deflected the light of the Sun-God. But the clock which stood on a shelf in the priest's wigwam was to them an insoluble mystery and the

GREATEST SPIRIT OF THEM ALL. In crowds they gathered around it, warriors, chiefs, squaws, children and old men. They listened to its ticking, the beating of its heart, asked what it fed on, and did it ever sleep; and when it struck, they started in terror, as if its spirit was about to stalk through their midst. The fathers finally had to establish regulations for the Indians, so dense became the crowd. At twelve they feasted their visitors on sagamite, and at four the doors of their wigwam were closed. When the "Captain," as they began to call the clock, struck twelve they thought he called upon the missionaries to bring out the sagamite, and when it struck four it told the Indians to "get up and go home"—an injunction which they rigidly obeyed. The fathers availed themselves of these curiosities to attract the Indians, and every day for months instructed the crowds that came from far and near to see these prodigious wonders. In the winter of 1640 Brebeuf visited and preached to the Neutral Nation and while among them he beheld of a calm evening and in a cloudless sky the OMINOUS VISION OF A BLOOD-RED CROSS slowly approaching from the land of the Iroquois. He spoke of the apparition to his brother priests. "Was it large?" they asked him. "Large? Yes, large enough," replied Brebeuf, "to crucify us all." I wonder if his indomitable spirit, oppressed with dark foreboding of what the future should bring forth, quailed in the presence of this portentous and prophetic sign.

In the year of 1644 flourishing missions were established and churches built in what are now the townships of Tay, Tiny, North Orillia, Medonte and Simulide. In all about ten missions were erected, each attended by two or more priests who, from time to time, joined the fathers at Ossanage, and were thence allotted their respective fields of labor. Strong as is the temptation to linger over the trials

and hardships of these great men, to introduce a picture of the burial customs of the Hurons, the ravages of the plague among them, the sacrifice of the White Dog (the mystic emblem of the nation), and the ruthless forays in quest of scalps, I am warned by the advancing hour that our admiration of the Jesuits does not embrace the heroism of their patience, and I move on to the closing scene in the life of Father Brebeuf. On the morning of the 17th of March, 1649, Father Raganeau who had charge of the mission of Ste. Marie, was

ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT,

after having offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, when a Huron runner, breathless and bleeding from a bullet-wound, entered the village and announced to the terrified people that the Iroquois had captured the fortified towns of St. Ignace and St. Louis, slaughtered the men, women and children, and might at any hour attack Ste. Marie. "Where are Fathers Lalemant and Brebeuf?" asked the priest, who, hearing the commotion left the chapel and strode into the crowd of bewildered Hurons. "They are dead," spoke back the runner. "Dead!" Father Raganeau fell back aghast with horror and returned to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. The courier was mistaken; the two priests were not dead, but their end was not far off. Twelve hundred Iroquois, chiefly Mohawks and Senecas, the war-hawks of the wilderness and the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America, had late in the autumn, taken the war path, wintered amid the forests of Nipissing and early in March attacked and captured the Huron village of St. Ignace, and tomahawked, scalped and butchered the inhabitants. Their smearing their faces with the blood of their victims to give additional horror to their savage appearance, they moved out on the run for the neighboring town of St. Louis through a forest whose silence was at intervals broken by the echoes of their pitiless war-whoops.

DESPITE THE DESPERATE VALOR OF THE HURONS,

who fought like demons, the Iroquois carried the fort, set fire to the town, and flung in among the burning cabins the women and children, whose shrieks of agony rose above the whoops and yells of their conquering foe. The Iroquois retraced their path to St. Ignace, dragging with them a number of prisoners, and among them the lion-hearted Brebeuf and his delicate and saintly companion, Lalemant. Three times while the enemy was storming St. Louis the Huron warriors urged the priests to fly, as the road was still open to Ste. Marie. "We cannot," answered the stalwart Brebeuf. "Where else should the priest be found but with his people?" Amid the pelting rain of bullets and arrows, they were there giving absolution and baptism to souls that were fast leaving bodies mutilated and torn by the deadly missiles of the Senecas. When the Iroquois entered the town Brebeuf rose from the bedside of a wounded brave and confronted them with a face whose calmness was in strange contrast to his stormy surroundings. Lalemant, frail of constitution and delicate from childhood, was unequal to a similar display of fortitude. His slender body trembled in the presence of the tomahawk that was raised to brain him; then, summoning his faith to his assistance, he looked his enemy in the face and invited him to strike. He was reserved for a more cruel and horrible fate. Four hours after the capture of St. Louis, while the ashes of its ruins were still floating over the virgin forests, John De Brebeuf was stripped of his clothes, led to a stake, to which he was bound, and his torture began. The courage of Brebeuf was of that indomitable character that rises superior to fear. He foresaw

THE APPALLING SUFFERING

that awaited him but as his tortures closed in on him, they looked in vain for any sign of cowardice or symptom of weakness. They tore the flesh in strips from his body and devoured it in his presence, plucked off his finger-nails and scorched him with burning brands. "You do not scream," they said to him. "Why do you not moan? We will make you." And, heating red hot a collar of hatchets, they flung it over his head till the flesh on his broad shoulders shriveled up to the consistency of burned leather. The odor of burning flesh made them demons. They glared upon him like tigers, and when the unconquerable priest raised his voice in prayer they tore away his lips and thrust a red hot iron down his throat. Still they wrung from him no cry of pain. With torn lips and burned tongue he endeavored to warn them of God's awful punishments. They replied with shouts of derision, obscenity and filthy songs, cut off his fingers, joint after joint, and scorched him from head to foot; but the iron frame and unconquerably resolute nature of the indomitable priest did not quail; and even they, stolid and brutal as they were, marveled at a courage that gave no sign of weakness. They poured boiling water upon his head, and in mockery of the sacrament of Baptism cried out: "We baptize you that you may be happy in heaven, for you black-gowns tell us that no one can be saved without baptism." Despairing of overcoming his wondrous fortitude, they tore the scalp from his yet living head, laid open his side, and scooping up his blood in their hands, drank it with the hope that they partook of some portion of his marvelous courage. A chief then advanced and, burying his hunting-knife in the priest's breast,

TORE OUT THE PALPITATING HEART, and, holding it aloft that all might see it, began to devour it with unspeakable relish? The lustre of the eye is dimmed, the power of utterance is gone forever, his countenance is marred and pitiable to look upon, and, like his Divine Master when the horrors of His crucifixion swept over Him, "there is no beauty in his face nor comeliness." Thus died John De Brebeuf, priest of the Jesuit Order, and one of the grandest men that ever trod the American continent. From that memorable day when, kneeling on the rock at Stadacona, he dedicated his life to the conversion of the tribes, he never wavered in his high resolve. For twenty-four years of laborious and unceasing sacrifice amid perils as fearful as ever tried the heart of man, he walked the furrow to the martyr's stake, nor cast one halting look behind. His zeal, his courage, his fidelity to duty in the presence of the greatest dangers, his fortitude under hunger, wear-

ness and excessive fatigue, his angelic piety and his prodigious heroism under the excruciating ordeal of Indian torture, preach an eloquent sermon, and its burden is: "All ye that seek the kingdom of God, behold the paths that lead ye to it."

Brebeuf's companion, Father Lalemant, was tortured with atrocious cruelty. His body was swathed in birch bark smeared with pitch. In this state he was led out while they were rending the body of Brebeuf; and when he beheld the unutterable condition of the heroic priest, whom he had learned to love with the love of a brother, his agitation overcame him, and

THROWING HIMSELF AT THE FEET OF THE DYING MARTYR,

he exclaimed: "We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men." Then he was dragged away, and for seventeen hours, from sunset to sunrise, he was tortured with a refinement of cruelty that fills us with affright and bewilderment. By a slow process he was literally roasted alive; from head to foot there was no part of his body that was not burned, even to his eyes, in the sockets of which were placed live coals. When his mutilated body was afterwards found these coals were taken from the cavities into which they had burned a resting place.

The Tobacco Nation shared the fate of the Hurons. With them perished Father Garnier. He was shot down in the act of giving absolution to a dying Indian, and while still breathing, his head was laid open with a hatchet. Father Chabanel, his companion, was murdered on his way to the mission of St. Joseph. The charred remains of the martyred priests were gathered together and interred at Ste. Marie, a Huron village about three miles to the south of what is now the town of Penetanguishene. No monument of granite or marble is there to challenge the attention of passing man and tell him that here lies the ashes of heroes and of saints. Around them rise in stately grandeur the swaying pines, whose youth the martyrs saw; the waters of the broad Huron still leave the fertile shores, the scene of their mighty deeds; and the same sun that three hundred years ago shone upon their heroism to-day warms the green turf that shrouds their sanctified remains. They and their tawny converts are gone forever, but on the altar of a neighboring church a countryman of the great Brebeuf to-day offer up the same unchangeable Sacrifice that the martyred priests offered to the Adorable God centuries ago. A broad shouldered, fair complexioned people listen to the same immortal truths that Brebeuf preached to the dark haired Hurons in the forests of Ikonotiria; and while these unalterable truths are wedded to the soul of man, the memory of the dead priests will live in the hearts of the brave and the true.

#### DEATH OF MRS. WALTER B. DUFFY.

It is with feelings of deep regret we chronicle the demise of this estimable lady, wife of Walter B. Duffy, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., which occurred quite suddenly in that city on the morning of the 24th of April. To all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance the deceased lady was highly esteemed for her many noble qualities. A fond mother, a faithful wife, a most exemplary Catholic, has gone to her eternal home. The Rochester correspondent of the Buffalo Union and Times refers as follows to the sad event:

"A universal feeling of sympathy has been aroused by the irreparable loss sustained by Mr. Walter B. Duffy through the sudden death of his wife. The deceased lady had endeared herself to the hearts of all who knew her and had ever been foremost in works of gentle charity to the suffering poor. A loving wife and affectionate mother, her loss is immeasurably sad to her husband and children, who are naturally prostrated by the suddenness of the blow. Half an hour before her death Mr. Duffy had left her in her usual health to take a drive down to the Lake and the lady was quietly pursuing her ordinary avocations when she suddenly fainted and before assistance could be obtained breathed her last. The funeral took place Saturday and solemn requiem mass was said at the Cathedral. A large congregation testified by their presence their deep feelings of respect for the dead and condolence with her family. The Bishop, assisted by Fathers O'Hare, Lawrenzis and MacDonald officiated at the funeral ceremonies and Messrs. William Purcell, William C. Barry, William Moran, Joseph T. Cunningham, John C. O'Brien, and Patrick Cox were bearers."

#### PERSONAL.

Mr. John F. Mahon, lately of this city, has removed to Mobile, Alabama. Mr. Mahon is a practical business man, and this fact, added to his extensive knowledge of industrial, mechanical and financial operations, as well as his energy and activity will, we feel confident, be the means of ensuring abundant prosperity in his new home. While we in Canada can boast of numbering among our citizens many Americans of stirring worth, the stars and stripes have succeeded in many cases, as in the present, in drawing within its folds some of Canada's best citizens. We sincerely wish our esteemed friend a successful career, and congratulate Mobile on the possession of a gentleman who will prove such a worthy citizen.

#### A CATHOLIC MARRIAGE.

On April 23d, Mr. Louis W. Reilly and Miss Rose Mapes, of Washington, D. C., were married. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated at St. Peter's Church, Capitol Hill. The reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. C. A. Mapes. Mr. Reilly was formerly editor of the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, which, under his direction, assumed an important position among the Catholic journals of the United States. We congratulate Mr. Reilly, and wish him all happiness.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal. We heartily join in our contemporary's good wishes.