

## The Family Circle.

### ALWAYS SOME ONE BELOW.

On the lowest round of the ladder  
I firmly planted my feet,  
And looked up at the dim, vast distance  
That made my future so sweet.

I climbed till my feet grew weary,  
I climbed till my brain was on fire;  
I planted each footstep with wisdom—  
Yet I never seemed to get higher.

For this round was glazed with indifference,  
And that one was gilded with scorn,  
And when I grasped firmly another,  
I found, under velvet, a thorn.

Till my brain grew weary of planning,  
And my heart strength began to fail,  
And the flush of the morning's excitement  
Ere even commenced to pale.

But just as my hands were unclasping  
Their hold on the last gained round,  
When my hopes coming back from the future  
Were sinking again to the ground,

One who has climbed near the summit  
Reached backward a helping hand,  
And refreshed, encouraged, and strengthened,  
I took once again my stand.

And I wish O I wish that the climbers  
Would never forget as they go,  
That though weary may seem their climbing,  
There is always some one below.

*Ella Higginson, in Sabbath Recorder.*

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### MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

#### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

Couture, whose boldness had gained the admiration of the Indians, though he had made them so angry by killing one of their braves, was saved from further tortures by being adopted into an Iroquois family. Goupil, to whom Jogues had sacrificed his liberty, was murdered by his side, and so he also had his release; and Jogues was left alone. He was anxious to give to Goupil's remains a Christian burial, but the Iroquois hid the body from him, and he had to read the service of the dead over the spot where it had lain. When the snows were melting he found some pitiful relics of the corpse, and gave them the only interment he could, in a hollow tree.

'It seemed like a living death that poor Jogues had to endure that winter among his pitiless foes. They would not kill him outright, but made him their slave, and dragged him with them through the wintry forest on their hunting expeditions, when he almost starved because he would not touch the food they caught, devoted by them to their divinity of the chase, or, as Jogues put it, to a demon. As he had no quiet in their wigwams for meditation and prayer, he arranged an oratory for himself in a lonely spot in the forest. He cut out in the bark of a great tree a cross—the symbol of his faith and of his present martyrdom—and there, amid snowdrifts and icicles, he would kneel in his shaggy garment of furs and pray to Him who was as near to his suffering servant there as to the exiled apostle in Patmos. If He had not been, how could Jogues ever have lived through those days?

'At last, however, his masters growing tired of their patient slave, sent him back to the village, and there he remained till spring, trying to teach the savages about Him, telling them something of the glories of the sun and moon and stars, and something, too, of Him who had made them. But there they would not follow him, any more than the heathen Greeks at the opposite pole of civilization would follow St. Paul.

'At last, after more adventures than I can tell you now, he went about midsummer with a party of Iroquois to a fishing place on the Hudson, below Fort Orange; that is where Albany now stands.'

Marjorie remembered the busy city and bustling terminus she had so lately passed, and tried, with a new interest, to recall the features of the surrounding scenery.

'Fort Orange was just a little rude fort of logs and palisades, after the fashion of those times, with a few scattered homes of settlers about it, and close to it a little Dutch church. I suppose this was the first Protestant church that Jogues had ever seen. Its pastor was a certain Dominic Megapolensis, who wrote a

little history of the Mohawks. It is pleasant to know that these two good men met each other; and I am sure, after his year's exile among heathen savages, that Jogues was glad to find that the Protestants—whom he had been taught to call "heretics"—were fellow-Christians after all.

'While Jogues was near Fort Orange, he heard news that made him both desire and dread to return to the Mohawk town. He heard first, that one of the Iroquois war parties had come in from Canada with prisoners, doomed to the usual fate, and he felt that he ought to be there to baptize and absolve the sufferers. But then, too, he heard that a party which had gone to Three Rivers, carrying a letter from him to the French commandant—which was really a warning letter, though they didn't know it—had been repulsed by the French with heavy loss, and that his death was certain from the enraged Iroquois if he ventured back. Van Curler, a leading Dutch settler, who, to his honor, had already tried to ransom Jogues, now urged him to escape from this imminent peril, and offered him a passage in a little Dutch vessel about to sail for France. We can imagine how poor Jogues' heart must have throbbed at the thought of seeing his native land and his friends once more, after all his unspeakable sufferings. But he was not sure whether he ought to save his own life, or go back to try to save the souls of the unhappy captives; so to Van Curler's amazement he asked to have a night for consideration and prayer.

'I am sure you will be glad to hear that he decided that "mercy was better than sacrifice," even where he himself was to be the sacrifice, and that it was his duty to save his own life when so good an opportunity was providentially offered, rather than expose himself to certain tortures and death for the sake of trying to do for others what he might never be permitted to do. So he accepted Van Curler's offer with grateful thanks, and a boat was left on the shore, to enable him to reach the vessel. He had to steal away at night from the large, barn-like house in which he and his Indian companions slept, along with the settler's family. He got away at last, but not without being severely bitten in the leg by the settler's dog, and with much difficulty succeeded in pushing off the heavy boat, left high and dry by the tide, and in reaching the vessel. Even then, however, his troubles were not over. The Indians, furious at his escape, searched for him everywhere, and even came to look for him in the vessel where the sailors had hidden him as securely as they could. Fearing lest he might be found there the captain of the vessel had him taken to the fort, where he was lodged in the garret of a miserly old Dutchman, who kept goods for selling to the Indians close to Jogues' hiding-place, and separated from it by a partition so thin that they could have seen him if he had not hidden himself behind a pile of boards. He was a prisoner here for six weeks, and the old Dutchman ate most of the food that was sent him, so he was nearly starved, and his wounded leg was very painful, too. The Dutch minister visited him, and did all he could to cheer him in his solitude. They must have talked a good deal together, for the good pastor writes of him in his history, as a "very learned scholar." If you stop in Albany on your way home, and pass the Phoenix Hotel, remember that it stands on the very site of his first "Evangelical Alliance" meeting in America, between a Dutch pastor and a Jesuit missionary.

'At last the settlers, who, of course, did not want to quarrel with the Indians, succeeded in pacifying them with a large ransom for their captive; and the Director General of Manhattan—as you know New York was called then—sent for Jogues to be brought to him on a small vessel going down the Hudson. So the poor fugitive missionary sailed down that beautiful river, then in all its native wildness, and reached the straggling village, clustered round a dilapidated fort, where now stretches over so many miles, your great city of New York. Yet even then, with its four or five hundred colonists, it was almost as cosmopolitan as now; for thirteen languages were spoken there at the time of Jogues' visit.

A bloody Indian war was raging just then, and he must have felt pursued by the demon of carnage, for many of the settlers were killed during his visit. The Dutch-Director-General received him very kindly, and gave him a suit of fine cloth to replace his tattered, savage garments. They paid him the honor, too, of giving his name to Jogues Island in the harbour. Finally he was taken on board a small sailing vessel, which would at least carry him across the sea to England.

'There was but little comfort even here for the refined and cultivated French scholar. He had for a bed a coil of ropes on deck, where the waves often drenched his clothing. On his arrival in the English port, new troubles awaited him; for a gang of ruffians boarded and robbed the ship while its crew were carousing on shore; and Jogues was left coatless and hatless once more.

'At last, however, he got a passage across the Channel in a coaling vessel, and was safely landed on the coast of Brittany on Christmas Eve, in time for midnight mass. Now he was at home! He asked shelter in a humble cottage, where he was hospitably received, but where, at first, by reason of his unconventional attire, he was taken for a poor but pious Irishman. But when his hosts found out something of his history, and saw his scarred and mutilated hands, their simple hearts were overcome with love and reverence. They gave him a woollen cap, or *tuque*, for his hatless head, and the peasant's daughters presented him with their own little treasure of hoarded *sous*. And, mounted on a horse borrowed from a trader of Rennes, he made his way, on Christmas morning, to the Jesuit College of the town, which he reached just before mass. He sent word by the porter to the rector, just putting on his vestments, that a poor man just arrived from Canada was waiting to see him, and the rector, eager for news of the mission, came at once to the vestibule, where stood this poorly-dressed and weather-beaten stranger. The rector had many questions to ask, but ere long came this: "And what of Jogues? Is he dead? Have the Indians killed him?"

"He is alive and well, and I am he!" was the reply. It is easier to imagine than to describe the effect it produced. That must have been a joyful Christmas Day in the Jesuit community, and their morning mass must have been one of heartfelt gratitude and praise.

There was a little pause. Marjorie drew a long breath and exclaimed:

'Oh! I am so glad he got safely back,' and Gerald, who had also been listening with fascinated attention, muttered to Alan:—  
'Well, he was a plucky fellow!'

'Oh! but that's not the end of it,' explained Millie eagerly.

'No,' said Professor Duncan; 'I sometimes wish it were! It would be pleasant to leave him to rest and meditate in the quiet cloister for the remainder of his life, fettered and lionized as he could have been, had he chosen, and telling wonderful stories of his adventures to admiring votaries. The French Queen sent for him, and she and her ladies felt it an honor to kneel and kiss the hands so mutilated by the Indians. The Pope sent him a special dispensation to enable him to say mass, which you know a priest who is maimed in any way is debarred from doing. If any man might have been justified for preferring to remain at home in safety, and not again risking exposure to those savage tormentors, Jogues was that man. But when the spirit of self-sacrificing love has once taken possession of a heart it must go on in its divine mission. Jogues was a young man yet, and his indomitable spirit had not been vanquished by suffering. He shrank from lionizing homage, and cared only to follow his Master. So in the following spring he returned to the Canadian mission, and surely it was the nobler course.

'For the next two years he lived here in Montreal, where he found plenty of work to do, and dangers enough, too. At the end of that time a wonderful event happened. His old enemies, the Mohawks, sent a deputation to make a treaty of peace with the French, and with them came the long lost Couture, the young Frenchman whose life had been

saved by being adopted by the Indians, and who now looked like an Indian himself. This embassy of peace was partly owing to his influence, and partly to the humanity which had been shown by the French to two Iroquois prisoners, brought to them by their Huron friends.

'The French were anxious to make this treaty more secure, and also to establish among the Iroquois a new mission, to be called The Mission of the Martyrs. Father Jogues was asked to be the leader of the French Embassy. Just at first he shrank from returning to those scenes of suffering, and the dangers he knew so well. But if the "flesh was weak," the spirit was willing, and the hesitation was but momentary. But he felt a strong presentiment of ill. He wrote to a friend in Latin: "*Ibo et non redibo*," "I shall go and shall not return."

'But he took the precaution of following the advice of an Algonquin convert, and wore a layman's doublet and hose, instead of the long black cassock, a silent preacher of a faith which, to the Indians, seemed, at first, to destroy all that they cared for in life.

'Jogues had for his companions a French engineer, two Algonquins, carrying gifts, and four Mohawk guides. The little party followed the route that Jogues had such reason to remember, and in re-crossing Lake George he gave it its first name of Lac St. Sacrament. On his way he visited Fort George, and met again the Dutch friends who had so kindly befriended him. Then he went on to the Mohawk town, which had been the scene of his torture and servitude, and appeared before his former persecutors in his new character, as the plenipotentiary of the great French power they were seeking to propitiate.

'The meeting passed off most harmoniously, though it was clear that the Mohawks still hated the Algonquins; but Jogues and his companions were advised to hasten home lest they should meet any of the four still hostile "nations" of the Iroquois. Jogues, true to his unselfish and devoted spirit, would not depart until he had visited all the Indian homes, confessed and instructed the still surviving Christian prisoners, and baptized dying Mohawks. Then they crossed the country to Lake George, where they made bark canoes and descended the Richelieu in safety.

'One more journey lay before brave Father Jogues, and then he was to enter into his rest. The Mission of the Martyrs was still to be established; and though it was at first decided that Jogues should remain all winter in Montreal, he was finally sent back to the Mohawks, with a young French lay brother and some Hurons. On the way they met some Indians, who gave them information of a growing hostility among the Mohawks, which frightened their Mohawks into going back, but Jogues and his young brother pushed on in faith and hope, on their labor of love.

'But alas! what seemingly slight and trivial things often seem to be the means of thwarting our noblest designs. A harmless little bag which poor Jogues had left in the care of the Mohawks till his return, and which contained, as he took care to show them, only a few personal necessities, excited the suspicions of sorcery, never far from their superstitious minds. These suspicions were basely fostered for selfish ends by the cowardly Huron prisoners, and the prevalence of sickness and of caterpillars increased their superstitious dread. The Bear clan, one of the great Mohawk clans, broke out violently against the French, and took the war path in defiance of the treaty, to which the clans of the Wolf and Tortoise still adhered.

'Unhappily, as we say, Jogues and his companions fell in with one of their warrior-bands, and were seized and carried off in triumph to the town of the savages, where the old indignities and tortures began again. And notwithstanding all the protests of the Indians of the other clans, the death of the missionaries was loudly demanded.

(To be continued.)

Make no man your idol; for the best man must have faults, and his faults will usually become yours in addition to your own. This is as true in art as in morals.—  
*Washington Allston.*