

## FATHER ISAAC JOGUES.

A Movement for His Beatification in Contemplation.

Boston Republic.

The movement that has been inaugurated with the view of promoting the beatification of Father Jogue, S. J., who suffered so severely from the hands of the Iroquois, has directed attention anew to the story of that heroic missionary, and hence the following recital of the main facts of his life may not be found lacking in interest at the present time.

Isaac Jogue, whose beatification is now proposed, was born at Orleans, France, in 1607, his parents being pious Catholics of that city. He was sent while quite young to a Jesuit college for his early education, and it was there, by listening to the stories of the zeal shown by Jesuit missionaries in distant lands, that he imbibed a desire to imitate those devoted and heroic souls. During his college days those famous Huron missionaries, Fathers Masse, Brebeuf and Lallemant, who had been obliged to interrupt for a while their labors in the new world, visited the institution, and by listening to the tales they had to tell his desire to become an Indian missionary himself increased. This desire grew upon him so strongly that in 1636 he crossed the ocean and joined the Jesuits in Canada, his first labors being on the Huron missions. He had previously joined the Jesuits and been ordained to the priesthood. For six years he followed the life of a Huron missionary, laboring with apostolic zeal among those aborigines, making long and arduous journeys and suffering all sorts of privations. In 1642 he was sent by his superior, Father Lallemant, to Quebec, for the purpose of procuring supplies that were needed for the more remote missions. Such a journey in those days was not only tedious; it was fraught also with all sorts of peril and danger. The Hurons and Iroquois were at war, and the whole way was beset with lurking

HANDS OF IROQUOIS

ready to prey upon all passers who might fall into their hands. Notwithstanding all the risks they had to run, though, Father Jogue and his few companions managed to reach Quebec safely; but they did not fare so fortunately on the return trip.

At a point on the backward voyage to the Huron missions the voyagers, who numbered some forty souls, were attacked by the Iroquois, overpowered, plundered and held as captives, as a matter of course. They were, moreover, subjected to the direst tortures, during which the brave priest encouraged and consoled his companions while suffering sorely from his own injuries. In 1643 Father Jogue, says one of his biographers, "was with a fishing party on the Hudson river, a few miles below the Dutch trading post when he heard of the cruel torture of some Huron captives in the Mohawk village, and he desired to return to administer spiritual consolation to these poor unfortunates before death. The Mohawks had been prowling around Fort Richelieu, and as an excuse for their presence they induced Father Jogue to write a note to the commandant. The bearer of the message never returned, and his party was fired upon by the French, who, no doubt, suspected some evil design from the presence of the enemy. The Mohawks attributed this attack to the letter of Father Jogue, and they resolved to put him to death. The Dutch commandant was aware of the evil designs of the Iroquois, and he induced the Father to steal away at night from

HIS INDIAN CAPTORS

so that he might escape to France in a vessel which was then lying in the harbor. He reached the vessel in safety, but the Iroquois soon discovered their loss, and they threatened to destroy the trading post unless he was restored to them. It was only after long weeks of hiding and negotiations between the Dutch and the Indians that he was finally enabled to sail for home."

The news of Father Jogue's suffering and heroism went across the Atlantic with him, and the consequence was that wherever he appeared in Europe he was hailed with enthusiasm, and honored by all. He was received with the greatest reverence and respect at the European courts, and the Queen of Austria insisted on being allowed to kiss his maimed hands. But Father Jogue's heart was still in the American wilds, and although an ordinary man might shrink from the thought of returning to the places where he had suffered so much, not so this brave son of St. Ignatius. His one desire was to get back to America, that he might resume his missionary work among the Indians, and so strong did this desire prove that after a few months of rest and recuperation in the old world, he again voyaged the seas over and reported himself at Montreal as eager to renew his missionary labors. He soon found an opening for his zeal. Knowing that Father Jogue was well acquainted with the Mohawk language, the governor, who had concluded a treaty with that tribe, asked him to go to the Mohawks and secure their signature to the terms of the treaty. The missionary willingly accepted the charge, and started on his errand at once, taking with him all that he needed

FOR MISSIONARY WORK

for he had a feeling that he would never return alive from this venture into the territory of the Mohawks. Nevertheless he wanted to convert these fierce aborigines, who had wrought so much injury to the missions, and he was determined to allow no opportunity of preaching Christianity to escape him.

When he had discharged his duties as commissioner of the governor, the intrepid Jesuit, who had as companion Father Lallemant, undertook to evangelize the fierce Mohawks. Toward the end of September, in the year 1646, the two Jesuits started for a new mission which had been established among the Mohawks, and while near Lake George—a lake which then bore the name of the Blessed Sacrament, bestowed upon it by Father Jogue himself because it was the feast of Corpus Christi that he first saw its waters—they were met by a band of Mohawks, who at once seized Father Jogue and hurried him away to one of their villages.

There were two clans in the village to which the doomed missionary was taken. Doomed he was, because his captors told him that it was their intention to put him to death. They tortured him to a certain extent, but refrained from killing him outright. The manner in which he eventually met his fate is thus told by the writer from whom we have already quoted: "There was a difference of opinion in the village in regard to the fate of the prisoners.

THE WOLF CLAN

strenuously fought for the preservation of their lives, while the Bear clan was resolved to put them to death. The decision was referred to the council at Tionnontoguen, but members of the Bear clan had sealed their fate before the delegates could return. On the evening of Oct. 18, some members of the Bear clan invited Father Jogue to a banquet at one of their cabins. He went willingly, as he wished to gain their good graces to prepare the way for the introduction of Christianity. As he was crossing the threshold of the cabin to which he was invited, a blow from the tomahawk of a treacherous member of the Bear clan felled him to the earth, and his head was cut off and placed upon a palisade above the town, as a warning of the hostile spirit against the French existing among those savage foes."

That was more than two centuries ago, but the fame of the devoted missionary has never been lost sight of, and to-day the place of his martyrdom is one which is annually visited by pious pilgrims anxious to honor his memory and pray on the spot where he gave up his life for the faith and in the discharge of his priestly duties. The hatred of the French which the Indians who killed this devoted Jesuit displayed may not have been inspired by the faith of the French. Father Crafts, himself a renowned Indian missionary in another field, once said of this matter: "The Iroquois and Iroquois and Mohawk mean the same) are said to have killed Father Jogue and others out of their hatred for the faith, but the cause of that hatred has never been fully explained. The Iroquois were willing to receive the missionaries, and had even invited them to visit their country. Champlain, governor of Canada, in order to please the Hurons, Algonquins and Montagnais, enemies of the Iroquois, went with them to invade the Iroquois country and thus made the French parties to the Indian war. The missionaries were French, and were naturally in sympathy with their countrymen. Besides the Catholic faith they offered the Indians French

CUSTOMS AND CIVILIZATION,

and before they had become thoroughly acquainted with the language and customs of the Iroquois, the accounts they had received from ignorant and prejudiced Frenchmen had led them to condemn as evil many Indian customs and require the Indians to condemn them."

The place where Father Jogue met his death is near the modern town of Auriesville; and on the exact spot, determined by long investigation and study, has been erected a modest shrine reciting the fact of his death. Thither every August pious pilgrims went their way and pray. The Mission of the Martyrs, which was the name of the station at which he met his death, was the chief one among the Iroquois, though many others had been established throughout the whole region inhabited by the Five Nations. At the Mission of the Martyrs, from the time of its foundation until that of its extinction, 1684, there labored successively no less than fourteen Jesuit missionaries, who made many converts, chief among whom was Catherine Tegakwita, the Lily of the Mohawk, whose name is commemorated in the inscription that marks the memorial cross at the Auriesville shrine.

Should the movement for the beatification of Father Jogue succeed it will unquestionably attract to his shrine a far larger number of pilgrims than now visit that spot in each year's August days. Still the number of such pilgrims is at present by no means insignificant; and there have been years when they neared the 10,000 mark. Of course it will require considerable time to make any great progress in a movement of such character, for Rome always acts with greater deliberation and slowness when it is a question of bestowing upon anybody the honors of the altar and the right to have his or her intercession openly and publicly implored by the faithful.

Few medicines have held their ground so successfully as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During the past fifty years, it has been the most popular of all cough-cures and the demand for it today is greater than ever before. Prompt to act and sure to cure.

Very often an unexpected grief or an unmerited misfortune gives to a man an energy and a perseverance which he could never find in happiness. And after such trials a man often becomes superior who would have remained simple and vulgar if he had always been happy.—Dumas.

## CONVERTED BY THE ROSARY.

A priest who was a prominent pastor in the city of New York a few years ago recently told us the following story of the conversion of a man with whom he was well acquainted, and who was one of his own parishioners:

The gentleman in question had in his service a pious Catholic girl, who happened to lose her beads, which were picked up by her employer. After wondering what sort of thing they could be, he put them in his pocket, supposing, however, as he saw a cross and a medal, that they were the object of some Catholic superstition.

At the end of a week he heard his servant still bawling the loss of her precious beads. They were, she said, the souvenir of a loved friend, one very dear to her: they had been blessed by the Holy Father himself; in fine, she would give everything in the world to find them.

Mr. — hearing her, was reminded of the object he had found eight days before, and drawing the beads from his pocket, he showed them to the girl, saying: "Are these what you lost?"

"Yes!" she cried, in joyful surprise: "these are my beads! Oh, give them back to me, please!"

"I will," was the answer, "on condition that you will tell me what use you make of them."

The happy girl at once consented, and clearly explained how she used the beads, not only to count the beautiful prayers which compose the Rosary, but also to help her meditate on the principal mysteries of the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ and of His Holy Mother. She assured him it was a very easy manner of praying, and at the same time a very efficacious one; that many graces and favors were infallibly obtained by it.

The gentleman, who had begun by smiling at the simplicity of the good girl, was, however, very much impressed by what she said, and for many days the thought of his servant's beads could not be blotted out of his mind.

Some time later, as he was passing through one of the city streets, he happened to see in the show-window of a humble little shop where religious articles were displayed several pairs of beads exposed for sale. The thought of going in to buy a pair of these beads struck him. But he hesitated, thinking also how absurd it was for him, a Protestant, to buy such an article of Catholic superstition. Nevertheless he entered and bought a pair.

Once in possession of his purchase he did not know exactly what to do with it.

Certainly his servant had told him that the beads were used for saying "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys," but what about the "mysteries of religion" of which she had spoken?

He tried several times to pray on his beads, but he did not even know the "Hail Mary" by heart. Nevertheless, he carried them continually in his pocket, and the thought of them was ever in his mind.

A few days afterwards he happened to be again passing the little shop where he had bought his beads. This time he entered to inquire if they had not for sale some devotional book explaining the method of saying the beads. Such a book was immediately shown to him. He bought it, and when seated in the street car a few minutes later, at once opened it and began to look for an explanation of "the beads." He knew them only by this name, and so was much disappointed on searching the table of contents to find no mention of the word beads.

Next day he returned to the store with his book, complaining that he had been deceived, that the explanation of the "beads" was not in the book.

The saleswoman looked at him in surprise, then took the volume from him, and opening it, quickly read aloud: "Explanation of the fifteen Mysteries of the Most Holy Rosary," adding, sharply, "Well, you must be a pretty ignorant Catholic not to know that beads and Rosary mean the same thing."

Our poor friend, somewhat taken aback, murmured his thanks, bowed and left.

It was with the greatest interest that he read the explanation of the fifteen mysteries. He was charmed with the clear and concise way in which the great truths of the Christian faith were thus set forth, while he was lost in admiration of the beautiful prayers accompanying the mysteries, which seemed to him sublime in their very simplicity.

He set himself to learn the "Hail Mary" by heart, and from time to time recited his beads in secret, using his book in order to aid his memory in recalling the different mysteries.

But one day it happened that he also lost his beads and they were found by his servant.

She was naturally surprised to see a Rosary in that house, and wondered to whom it could possibly belong. As she stood thus, lost in astonishment, she heard a step behind her. Turning suddenly, she confronted Mr. —. At the same instant he saw the rosary in her hand, and exclaimed: "Why?—those are my beads: give them to me, please."

"What, sir?" cried the girl, "are you, then, a Catholic?"

"No," was the answer, "but I think seriously of becoming one."

In effect, soon after he called upon a priest, who gave him some preliminary instructions, and then directed him to the Paulist Fathers, who received him into the true fold.

Later, his wife and young children followed him into the Church, and all from day to day a fervent Catholic family, in which the holy Rosary is held in

the greatest honor.—The Rosary Magazine.

## AN EVIL OF THE TIMES.

It would seem that a natural result of the abundance and variety of devotional literature now circulated amongst Catholics should be a more ardent spirit of piety and a more vigorous spiritual life. Such, however, is not the case. There was a quality in the piety of our forefathers, which is very much lacking in our own, and their lives were unquestionably less worldly. The reason for this, so far as books are concerned, is not far to seek. The old fashioned works of meditation and spiritual reading were more solid, and they were used more constantly. Books whose authors' names began with an S were always preferred; and they became the life companions of their owners, exercising an enduring influence on character and conduct. Nowadays standard works of piety are not the fashion. "The Spiritual Combat," which St. Francis de Sales always carried with him, reading some portion of it every day, is little known to the present generation of Catholics; "The Following of Christ," the favorite book of so many saints, has come to be neglected; and "Philothea," three editions of which were published in English during the lifetime of the sainted author, is almost forgotten, sad to say: through few devotional works are more deserving of remembrance. A few old people cling to "Think Well On't," and they do well; for its matter is admirable, though its literary form is somewhat antiquated.

Instead of holding to one good book, and trying to regulate their lives and actions by its teaching, most people wander aimlessly from book to book, never finding one to suit them. The unquenchable thirst for variety on the part of the Catholic public has resulted in the production of a countless number of pious books, most of which are weak and watery to the last degree. It is no wonder that they do not satisfy any one, and it is not regrettable that they quickly pass out of notice. A consummation devoutly to be wished is a return to the spiritual works upon which our forefathers nourished their spiritual life. If St. Francis de Sales' "Introduction to a Devout Life" were familiar to the present generation of Catholics, they would not feel the need of many other books, and the duldest mind would discern its superiority to most of the publications that now find favor.

This subject has so often been touched upon in our pages that we should begin to consider it a trite one were it not that from time to time we find it treated of in the pastorals of our bishops at home and abroad. The Rev. Bishop of Birmingham took occasion not long ago to warn his flock against the danger of substituting the more cursory reading of many books for the prayerful weighing of the thoughts which the writers present, and the practical application thereof to the needs and circumstances of our lives. His words are well worth quoting:

"Even the multiplicity of books of devotion that are brought within our reach may, unless we are on our guard, have an effect far other than what their pious authors wished and intended. The love of change and variety that is so characteristic of our age is apt to lead us merely to dip into or skim over a large number of devout works, instead of weighing and digesting the deep thoughts of a few carefully selected ones, and working them into our lives so that they shall have an enduring influence on our character and conduct. The power of serious religious thinking is becoming enfeebled amongst us, and we are becoming superficial in our piety as in so much else. . . . It was not so with our forefathers in the faith—even with those of the last generation. They nourished their spiritual life on the great realities of eternity: caring little for the form in which these were presented to them, so long as the truth was there in all its force and fullness. It is related of the renowned Daniel O'Connell that his eyes filled with tears when, on occasion of one of his visits to the illustrious Bishop Milner, he picked up from his *prie-dieu* a well-worn copy of 'Think Well On't.' In its pages, that showed unmistakable signs of years of careful perusal, the statesman saw revealed the inner life of his saintly owner; and discovered the secret of that wisdom and courage which made Bishop Milner a very bulwark of strength to our holy religion, and so glorious a champion of the Church during a time of darkness, of turbulence, and of greatest peril."

If it be true, as the Bishop says, that the power of serious religious thinking is becoming enfeebled amongst us, and that we are becoming superficial in our piety, it is well to consider how far the neglect of the right sort of religious reading may have contributed to the spread of evils so deplorable.—Ave Maria.

Just What's Needed

Exclaims thousands of people who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla at this season of the year, and who have noted the success of the medicine in giving them relief from that tired feeling, waning appetite and state of extreme exhaustion after the close confinement of a long winter season, the busy time attendant upon a large and pressing business during the spring months and with vacation time yet some weeks distant. It is then that the building-up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are fully appreciated. It seems perfectly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system, it purifies and vitalizes the blood.

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## A WORK FOR THE DIOCESAN CLERGY.

The proposition to start the missions to non-Catholics in this city is fairly before the diocesan clergy here. It is officially stated in the current issue of the *Missionary* that "during an interview with the Archbishop shortly after Easter, he gave his express permission to any priest in the diocese of New York with the exception of the officials of the diocese, whom he could not spare, to devote himself especially to this work; and in order to encourage them to do so he guaranteed to any pastor who would volunteer for this labor, to hold his parish open for a year, appointing an administrator in the meantime, and to any curate who would desire to devote himself to this special missionary labor, for every year that he spent in it a gain of two years of seniority in the diocese."

Under these very encouraging conditions the work will begin in New York in the fall. The exact purpose of the work thus inaugurated is to disseminate a knowledge of the teachings and devotions of the Catholic Church among the unchurched masses of the city. A good deal has been said lately by some ministers of the failure of Protestantism to reach the masses. It is evident to even a casual observer that there is a great throng of people along the avenues and streets of this city, born of parents who were probably identified with some non-Catholic church, but who from their childhood have had no Church affiliations at all. The only religious information they have is what they have gathered from the conversation of their Catholic neighbors, or from published statements in the daily press. A very conservative estimate would number this class of people at one-third of the population—600,000 souls in this great Christian city as much without any Church ties as if they lived in the midst of the desert of Sahara.

A healthy organization seeks to propagate itself. It is a sign of vigor and strength when the effort is made to enlarge the influence of an organization, or to increase its effectiveness. This is what the missions to non-Catholics purpose to do, to reach out among outsiders and bring to them the blessings of the Catholic religion.

The question of making converts is purely a personal matter between a soul and Almighty God, and the fruit of this work is not to be measured by the number of converts made, but rather by the amount of prejudice removed, and the information regarding the Church disseminated. The work now is in the hands of the diocesan clergy, and we await the results of their efforts and hope for the greatest success.—N. Y. Catholic News.

Think It Over.

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