

An eyewitness of Kateri's
times resumes his account,
interrupted since June, 1956.

THERE KATERI BELONGED!

A yearly account of the foundation of the Mission of the
Sault up to 1685

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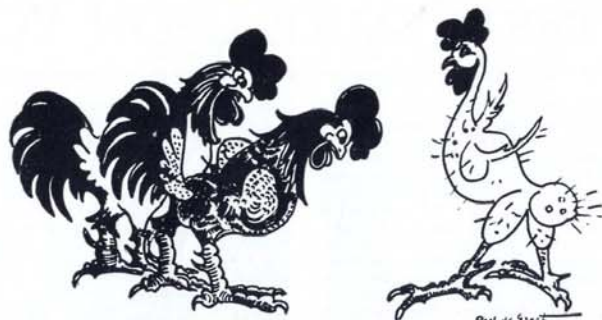
A.D. 1678

SINCE the powers of hell were thus unleashed against the Mission, God inspired many of our new Christians to go and wage war openly against the vices of their homeland following the example of young Skandergoraksen, who, three years previously, went to the Mohawks to deliver his comrade from drunkenness. For them, he who is called the Great Mohawk had broken the dykes which the elders of the nation opposed to the establishment being made at the Sault.¹

But I can say that the most celebrated journey was Hot Ashes', captain of the Oneidas who live at the Sault, and his two comrades'. This captain, recently baptized, wishing to go to the Oneida country, passed among the Mohawks. As soon as he arrived among them, all the leaders went out to greet him. This new convert told them no other tidings than those of the faith, which greatly surprised the gathering although they allowed him to hold forth. The elders withdrew; many from the village remained, however, and listened to what this man had to say. And after all was over, having preached everywhere along the way, he received naught but abuse. Nevertheless he shook many in their beliefs because he was quite agreeably and naturally eloquent. It is chiefly since that time that many were seen coming down with the intention of living at the Sault.

These new apostles succeeded so well that one may see by the baptism papers the number of persons they won to God. Before any Indian had thus ventured to preach the Gospel, at best seventeen persons a year were baptized at the Sault. But since the Indians themselves had gone to their homeland to convert the others, each year baptisms are counted by the sixties: they are adult baptisms. But the greatest result which this preaching has given is to have acquired for us a treasure², which we keep precious in our church — the body of a virtuous maid who died here in the

1. *The Mission of St. Francis Xavier of Sault St. Louis.*
2. *Kateri, who came to the Mission during the autumn of 1677.*



Some give up EVERYTHING for Kateri :

odor of sanctity, as we shall tell. This year, during the summer, three of our Indians, whom we have just mentioned, put it [the treasure] on board their canoe. Her life is amply enough described.

All the noise that hell caused through the utterances of the elders, who inveighed perpetually in their councils against the Mission of the Sault, and all the clamor the Gospel made through the utterances of those who preached, I mean our Christian Indians, produced in the minds of those who listened to both sides speaking, the desire to see for themselves what was taking place at the Sault. And having seen it, they began to take a liking to it. Thus God sowed among them the grace of calling them; some immediately obeyed; others returned later, and, each year, hell lost its conquests of old.

The powers of hell carried its anger further: they endeavored to undermine the Mission at its foundations. It was founded simply to overcome drink; it was maintained only by the destruction of drink; it goes on only by fighting against it.

Many Frenchmen, supported by Monsieur de Frontenac's³ authority, undertook to run a tavern at LaPrairie, which is the former abode of the Indians. It is at present a parish four-fifths of a league⁴ from the Sault. After four or five private individuals got all hot and bothered in favor of the tavern, some fifty parishioners petitioned against it. After the petition was ill received by Monsieur de Frontenac, the petitioners were sentenced to a fine. They appealed against Monsieur de Frontenac to Monsieur de

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3. *Governor of New France from 1672-82 and from 1687-98.*
4. *The old French league was the equivalent of 2.76 English miles.*