

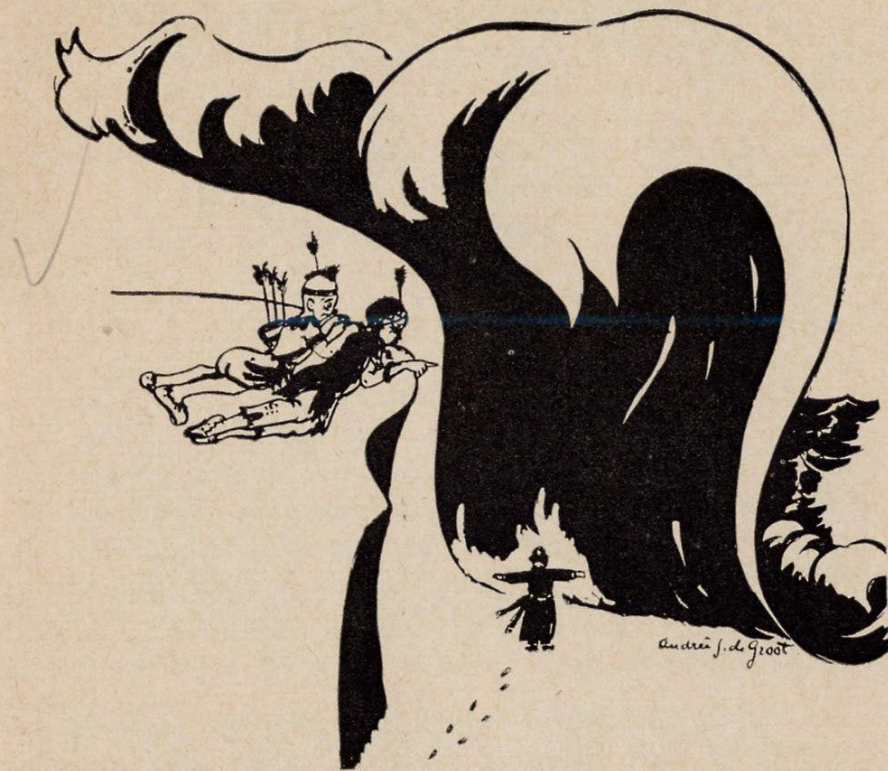
Sunday Masses at the Mission:

7:00 A. M.
8:30
10:30
12:15 P. M.

and again they halted. The last time, only Kryn and a French youth were with Martin—the others had hurried on ahead to inform Father Frémin of his sickness.

Since they were in need of food, the Great Mohawk tenderly deposited Martin on the ground, built him a fire and told the white boy to be attentive to his needs while he himself hunted for meat. When Kryn returned, the white lad had disappeared, probably frightened by the approach of death as he watched and waited by his charge. The fire had burned out. Strangely, Martin was radiant. Two times more, the beautiful one had come, and had even spoken to him. Soon he would be in heaven, she had promised. She told him her name. It was Wari; in English, Mary.

Martin then bade his final farewell to Kryn, his relative, to whom he owed his faith. He exhorted him anew to be Christian to the core. He asked him to repeat often the name of his patron saint, who would help him in his agony. Mastering his little remaining strength, Martin Skandekonraksen sat up to make known his last wishes. He hoped to meet all his friends in heaven. He requested that Kryn pay his debts with the wherewithal he would find in his little chest in the longhouse. After a pause, the dying man drew forth a large wampum belt. He handed it to his companion and begged him, when he returned to the Mission, to prepare a feast, even leaving his dog as *pièce de résistance!* The belt was a present to the village elders, an invitation always to value their faith. Then he peacefully conversed with God until the final summons came. That late afternoon of the twenty-second of December 1675, the lengthening shadows on the pure white fields seemed bluer than ever . . .



HOT ASHES: Poor Vice-Postulator! . . . Who is going to save him . . .
FIREBRAND: . . . from the tidal wave of his debts? . . .