

Their First Christmas.

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It was just four days before the festival of Christmas and the Black Robe, as the Redmen called him was very busy laboring for the cause of Christ. Only a short time previous he had relinquished the pleasures and luxuries of life in the civilized world and fled to the wilderness, with its dangers, hardships and privations, that he might carry the Light of Faith to the untutored Children of the Forest.

Choosing as his field of labors the basin of the great St. Lawrence, he had spent his time in visiting the different encampments of the Iroquois, who inhabited this section of the country. But the Indians in general, had received him with calm and stolid indifference amounting almost to contempt. Nevertheless the zealous missionary persevered in his work, hoping that the dark breasts of the savages would one day be opened to the truths of eternal life. At the time our story opens, he was making his rounds among the Indians, inviting them to assemble for the celebration of Christmas, at a certain camp.

The main settlement of the Iroquois lay in a wooded valley. The place presented a wild, forbidding aspect and not a little resembled the character of its crafty, treacherous inhabitant. Among these Indians there were two orphans. One was a kind, sweet-tempered girl about twelve years of age, whose