

Author's Foreword

When I was a child, a Chippewa Indian boy gave me a pair of snowshoes and taught me to travel on them "like Père Baraga." Young Red Bird, the Chippewa, knew Father Baraga through the stories of his elders two generations removed. They were miraculous tales as passed on to me: a whole body of the folklore of a poor and isolated people inhabiting the environs of Lake Superior.

I have never forgotten those tales. There was something in them that impressed me so deeply that my interest in Frederic Baraga continued and expanded throughout my life. Those first impressions have now been sorted, catalogued, amended, corrected, amplified and, above all, contemplated.

So I am impelled now to tell the story. I use the word "story" advisedly: this is not an attempt to write either biography or history. But still less is it fiction. Of course, the conversations are not actually quoted from a historical chronicle; and for convenience, some characters (not many) have been invented. Yet people precisely like these were in contact with Father Baraga in the relationships indicated, and all of the conversations are true as far as purport is concerned. Every date, moreover, is historically accurate; every deed attributed to Father Baraga is founded on the record; every experience incorporated in the story is drawn from indisputable sources.

These sources are the words of the man himself, as he set them down meticulously in a journal—forthright words without quibble or extenuation—and as he described his work in America to those in Europe who sometimes contributed funds in aid of his missions. Thus he reveals his innermost light, often baring his soul in the travail of failure for which he blames himself; and if we impute to him thoughts in given scenes and crises we do so with such license as he grants us in his journal and his letters. But these sources are supplemented and illumined by the accounts of men—priests and laymen who knew him and worked

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with him—descriptions of his appearance, his manner, his indefatigable zeal, his physical courage, and, above all, of the character of his spirituality that rises to the stature of saintliness. These sources and acknowledgment of their several uses are listed at the end of the book.

Yet there is reason for presenting this material in story form. A story is the record of a struggle, whereas the biographer and the historian are not permitted the latitude necessary to focus attention sharply upon this aspect of life. The narrative of Frederic Baraga's mission is essentially the narrative of a struggle—long, intense, unrelenting—out of which a man emerges to victory.

Finally, in fairness to the subject, to the reader and to the author, I believe it needs to be said that this writer is not a communicant of the Church which Frederic Baraga served.

JAMES K. JAMISON

Introduction to the 2012 Study Edition

The Cross and the Anchor

The image to the right is used prominently throughout the original edition of *By Cross and Anchor*. The cross, along with the fish outline (ichthus), is perhaps the best-known Christian symbol. However, the anchor too has been a long-standing sign of Christianity—a sign of safety and security, a sign of hope. Early Christians often combined the symbol of the cross with that of the anchor to symbolize the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Christ. Hebrews 6:18-19 tells us that our hope in Christ is an “anchor for the soul.” Indisputably, it was this hope and trust in Christ that lead Venerable Frederic Baraga to so heroically become (despite all adversity) such an effective “simple servant of God” across the vast expanse of the beautiful Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

“Indian” vs. “Native American/American Indian”

To retain the authenticity of the original writings, the designation of “Indian” within the text has been retained. When applicable, the tribe designation (“Chippewa”) has been used as the preferred term within the study sections.

Bishop Frederic Baraga’s Path to Sainthood

The cause for Bishop Frederic Baraga’s sainthood was opened in 1952 by the Diocese of Marquette and in Rome in 1973; Bishop Baraga then received the title, “Servant of God.” A local tribunal was established to investigate his life, ministry, and writings and to prepare a *positio*, or a collection of documents supporting his heroic virtue (a requirement for the second step of the canonization process). These documents were sent to the Congregation for the Causes of Saints in Rome and, on February 7, 2012, were given a positive vote. This recommendation was then forwarded to the pope for his personal decision. On May 10, 2012, Pope Benedict XVI declared Bishop Baraga to be “Venerable.” This means that adequate evidence of his “heroic virtue” has been presented and accepted, completing the second step of the canonization process.

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Step three of the process has already begun with an alleged miracle attributed to Bishop Baraga approved by the local tribunal (July 17, 2010) and opened by Rome (October 11, 2010). If this miracle is verified, Bishop Baraga could be beatified, and thereby called “Blessed.” A second miracle attributed to his intercession would need to be verified in order for him to receive the title of “Saint,” the final step in the canonization process.

Saints as Models and Intercessors

As the author points out in his “Dedication,” this book is intended for “thoughtful youth”—young people in need of heroic models of virtue. In his message during World Youth Day 2002, Pope John Paul II declared, “How many saints . . . can we count in the Church’s history! In their love for God their heroic virtues shone before the world, and so they became models of life which the Church has held up for imitation by all. . . . Through the intercession of this great host of witnesses, may God make you too, dear young people, the saints of the third millennium!” Through the example of his life and through the “Holy Habits” study section of this book, we are all encouraged to imitate the life of Venerable Baraga and to pray for his intercession.

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This study edition contains over 130 footnotes as well as discussion questions, applicable Scripture passages, pertinent quotations of Venerable Baraga from the text, and—as mentioned above—a section emphasizing the various virtues of Venerable Frederic Baraga. Additionally, the complete text of Bishop Baraga’s 1853 “Pastoral Letter to the Faithful” has been included with numerous references added in order that we may read this in light of Scripture and the *Compendium of the Catechism of the Catholic Church*. May the life of Venerable Frederic Baraga inspire all who read it to imitate his heroic virtues!

JANET P. MCKENZIE

June 29, 2012

Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul, and the 215th
Anniversary of the Birth of Venerable Frederic Baraga

Timeline of the Life of Bishop Baraga, The “Snowshoe Priest”

Year	Event
1776-83	American Revolutionary War fought
1789	French Revolution begins and lasts until 1799
1797	Birth of Irenaeus Frederic Baraga on June 29 (He never used his first name.)
1803	President Jefferson secures the Louisiana Purchase for the United States
1808	Death of Baraga’s mother, Catherine, on October 10
1811	On March 28, the birth of John Nepomucene Neumann, a Bohemian who was inspired to come America after reading the writings of Bishop Baraga (John Neumann was canonized in 1977.)
1812	Death of Baraga’s father, John Nepomucene Baraga, on October 18
1816-1821	Baraga studies at the University of Vienna and, for three years, is under the spiritual direction of Clement Mary Hofbauer, a grace Baraga later describes as the greatest blessing of his entire life
1821	On March 15, the death of Clement Mary Hofbauer (who would be canonized in 1909); in November, Baraga enters the seminary in Ljubljana, Slovenia
1823	Baraga is ordained a priest on September 21
1830	Baraga leaves for America arriving in New York on December 31 and in Cincinnati on January 18, 1831
1831	Baraga arrives in Arbor Croche, his first mission, on May 27
1832	Baraga serves as priest on Beaver Island and at Indian Lake; death of Fr. Gabriel Richard on September 13 and Bishop Fenwick on September 26
1833	Baraga arrives at Grand River on September 23
1835	Baraga arrives at La Pointe on July 27
1836	Arrival of St. John Neumann in America
1836	Baraga goes to Europe to raise funds, leaving La Pointe on September 29 and returning on October 8, 1837

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1843	Baraga establishes his mission at L'Anse in October
1852	On June 27, Baraga's first entry in his diary
1853	On July 8, Baraga publishes his Chippewa <i>Dictionary</i> , which is still in use today; Baraga appointed bishop of the new Vicariate of Sault Ste. Marie on July 29 and is consecrated on November 1; writes his two pastoral letters and leaves for Europe to raise funds and recruit priests
1854	Baraga arrives in Sault Ste. Marie from Europe in August and ordains his first priest, Fr. Henry Thiele, on October 21
1855	Baraga attends the First Provincial Council in Cincinnati from May 13-20
1857	On January 9, the Vicariate of Sault Ste. Marie is raised to the ranks of a diocese by the Holy See
1858	Apparition in Lourdes, France, of Our Lady to Bernadette Soubirous
1860	St. John Neumann dies of a stroke on January 5; on October 19, Bishop Baraga suffers a mild stroke
1861	Beginning of the United States Civil War (until 1865)
1863	Bishop Baraga makes his final entry in his diary on July 16: "made a fire in the stove, in spite of July"
1866	Baraga suffers a stroke on October 9 while attending the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore
1868	Death of Bishop Frederic Baraga on January 19
1869-70	First Vatican Council meets
1952	Cause for canonization of Bishop Baraga opened by the Diocese of Marquette; opened in Rome in 1973
1998	<i>Positio</i> or documentation of Bishop Baraga's heroic virtue completed
2010	Investigation of alleged miracle attributed to Bishop Baraga completed on July 17 by the local tribunal and opened in Rome on October 11
2012	On May 10, Bishop Frederic Baraga is declared "Venerable" by Pope Benedict XVI

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Chapter 1

No scene in all the world, he thought, could match it. He had entered upon it and been embraced by it before, but on this July morning in 1835 he thrilled with a new awareness. The atmosphere had a clear, sharp vitality. The expansive waters were incomparably blue, and the crests of the small waves flashed under the high sun. Sails of numerous small craft etched the horizon and it seemed to him, even though he knew that they were on errands of commerce, that these must be cruises of pleasure. Over all the waters and upon the shores lay a profound serenity.

Mackinac Island, that sentinel of the straits connecting Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, lay ahead, small and fixed on the line of sky and water. Over upon his right hand the low shore of the land mass that is the great peninsula of Michigan was a long brown line that his canoe had been following for hours. Across the broad straits he could see the rugged highland of the northern peninsula.

In the straits the water was choppy with short waves kicked up by wind and current. The two Indians plied their paddles with increased diligence and caution. The canoe bobbed and danced. Now he could see the level stretch of white sand beach below the walls of the fort. It was dotted thickly with the lodges of hundreds of Indian families. That would be his landing.

“Macatebinessi,” Father Baraga said to the Indian in the bow. “There are many Chippewas now from the great lake to the north. Will you know some of them, perhaps?”

Macatebinesi (“Blackbird”) turned his head ever so slightly to say over his shoulder, “We shall wait and see. Many of them stop at Sault Ste. Marie. There are fine fish in the swift water there.”

Wabisagime (“White Mosquito”), paddling steadily at the stern, said, “They do not speak just as we do, Nosse.¹ And they are very bad, too. They do not love God as you have taught us to do.”

“No,” Blackbird responded without turning, “I know good men among them. We are Ottawas and they are Ojibways.² But they are our brothers, Nosse.”

“Well spoken, my good Blackbird,” the missionary returned. “Yes, they are our brothers, rich or poor, good or bad. Do you not see that this is true, White Mosquito?”

“Yes, Nosse, it is true. I am sorry.”

The canoe pitched wildly.

“Show you are sorry with your paddle then!” Blackbird shouted back.

The canoe steadied and skimmed forward again. Smiling faintly, the priest murmured, “My children!”

As they neared the beach, they were aware that their arrival had been noticed. Scores of idling Indians had come down close to the water, where they stood waiting. Boys ran out from the shore, splashing and whooping with showy bravado. Women and girls stood aloof, intently curious. All watched, but with no offer of assistance, while the priest waded with his luggage to the dry sand. He set his burden down, and looked into the stolid³ faces that were like a wall before him.

“Boo-zou,⁴ Nosse!” The wall disintegrated as they crowded

¹ In the language of Ottawa and Chippewa Indians, the general term for “Father” as the address for a priest.

² Ojibway and Chippewa are synonymous terms.

³ Emotionless; impassive

⁴ The friendly greeting of all Great Lakes Indians

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up to shake his hand. It was evident that most of them knew him.

“I come now from Arbre Croche,”⁵ he told them simply. He saw many, adults and children, whom he had baptized at Manistique, at Beaver Island, and in all the vicinity of the Traverse bays.

An old man came shambling forward.

“God bless you, Southern Bird, “the missionary cried out. “You are far from home. I saw you last on the Grand River!⁶ Tell me, how are my children at that far place?”

“Nosse, your children on the Grand River long for you,” the old Indian told him, shaking his head sadly.

“But you shall carry back a message to them, Southern Bird.”

“Messages are only leaves that fall on the ground. The strong wind blows them away.”

Father Baraga laid his hand on the old man’s shoulder. “The seeds fall with the leaves, Southern Bird. Many of them spring to life and grow large and strong. We shall talk tomorrow. Point out your lodge so that I may find it. Now I have some business in the town.”

They watched him stoop to pick up his belongings and struggle through the loose, dry sand of the upper littoral,⁷ bent by his burden. None offered to carry it. Even Blackbird and White Mosquito, having beached the canoe, stood with the others and watched.

“He looks like one of our blood himself,” a tall Ottawa said to those about him. “I remember when his skin was very pale. Now he too is an Indian!”

“He is a good man,” spoke another. There was a universal grunt of agreement.

⁵ Now Harbor Springs, Michigan

⁶ Now Grand Rapids, Michigan

⁷ That part of the shore between the upper and lower limits of high and low tide

“Much Indian. Very small, good man,” still another remarked.

The priest trudged along the rutted roadway toward the town. A two-wheeled cart drawn by a single horse forced him to step aside. The lazy animal stopped and the driver suddenly awakened.

“*O man Dieu, c’est Père Baraga!*” he cried, seeing the priest. He climbed down rapidly. “Put down the portman-teau,⁸ the valise.⁹ I will take them in the cart and bring them wherever you wish. Put them down at once, mon Père!”

“They are not very heavy, Jean,” the priest smiled. But Jean had seized the luggage and was already stowing it carefully in the cart.

“Well, you are a very stubborn man, Jean. But since you have them, will you be so kind as to leave them at Mr. Ramsey Crooks’ office?”

“That I will, indeed!” Jean bowed, his cap in his hand. “And there will be Mass, mon Père? Surely! And there is another baby to be baptized.”

“All will be arranged, my good Jean. Word will be given, and you may help pass it along among the faithful. Your family—they are well? That is good. *Au revoir.*¹⁰”

He walked on along the road more quickly now. Ahead, the little town with its neat, close-set buildings appeared like a metropolis to him. Off to his left opened the blue expanse of the straits. At his right the fort loomed, high on its bluff; he could see the mouth of a cannon through the opening in the thick wall, and a sentry passing to and fro on his short round. The red, white and blue of the flag tugging in the fresh wind at the tip of the tall, straight flag-pole were vivid in the clear sunlight.

⁸ A large leather suitcase

⁹ A small piece of luggage

¹⁰ French for “Goodbye” or “Farewell”

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When he entered the little street the settlement seemed quite deserted. The great, rambling building of the American Fur Company dominated the whole town, the narrow street seemingly narrower still in contrast to the large expanse of white facade.

Father Baraga mounted the few steps to the wide portico, crossed to the door of the general store, and entered. After the bright sunlight, the murk within made him hesitate a moment. The air was thick with the odors of many things, mingled and blended—the scent of calico, the pungency of tobacco, the heavy breath of spirits, the mustiness of cellars, and over all, the predominating smell of undressed furs.

A young man, dapper in vest and shirt sleeves, received his message and disappeared to acquaint Mr. Ramsey Crooks with the name of his visitor. Meanwhile, Jean clattered in with the luggage, which the polite clerk, returning, took in charge.

“Mr. Crooks directs me to show you to his office at once,” he told Father Baraga.

Through the door into a long narrow hallway, through another door, across an accounting room and out into another corridor they went. Here the priest noticed that his usher moved on tiptoe. He smiled, reflecting that the moccasins on his own feet were soundless enough. Now at a final door the clerk paused obsequiously¹¹ and looked at him. His meaning was as plain as though he had spoken, “You are about to enter the innermost sanctum of the revered headquarters of the great American Fur Company.”

Opening the door, he stepped aside and bowed the visitor in. Ramsey Crooks was seated at his desk, but he arose quickly and came forward with hand outstretched.

“Father Baraga, your visit honors us!”

“I’m afraid not all fur traders would agree with you, Mr.

¹¹ Showing an exaggerated willingness to obey or comply

Crooks,” the missionary replied, smiling.

Ramsey Crooks seated his guest in one of the stiff office chairs and returned to his desk.

“Let me see,” he said, “it is two years or more since I last saw you. You come now from Little Traverse?”

“Yes, but I had only a brief sojourn there. I come really from the Grand River and more lately from Detroit.”

“And where are you bound for?”

“Lake Superior. La Pointe, if possible.”

The merchant folded his arms across his chest; he looked keenly at his guest. After a moment he said, “I believe you will be quite alone in that great territory, Father.”

“That is why I go.”

“Well,” Ramsey Crooks observed, “you are a considerable traveler, Father Baraga.” He let his arms fall. “It is probably five hundred miles to La Pointe. That is rather far even for an outpost. We have an establishment there, of course. But in the interior, west of the lake, are some pretty bad Indians. We have had robbery and murder to deal with up there.”

“That, too, is why I go.”

“Look here, Father. You were nicely established at Arbre Croche, and the Indians wanted you to stay. But you went to the Grand River. Now that you have become well settled there, you’re going to Lake Superior.”

“Do not you merchants do the same?” Father Baraga asked.

“Oh yes,” Ramsey Crooks replied, “but our motives are different. We are looking for profit.”

“Just so,” the priest told him. “I too am looking for profit. I am seeking the most profitable thing on earth—the conversion and redemption of a human soul. But I detain you, Mr. Crooks. My visit, after all, is on business.”

“No, no, not at all!” Ramsey Crooks replied. “I am not so busy that I can’t talk with you. And I see you so seldom.” He arose and walked over to a wall cabinet opposite his

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desk. Presently he was placing a decanter¹² and glasses on a small table. "I don't indulge often, Father," he said.

"And I, never," the missionary told him. "I thank you for your hospitality, nevertheless, Mr. Crooks."

"But Father Baraga, unless I am mistaken, we had a pleasant glass together, you and I, here in my office some years back."

"That is true, sir. And all my life, as far back as I can remember, I used the wines of our Illyria in moderation. But an experience on the Grand River persuaded me to forego utterly what had once been a mild and innocent pleasure."

"Is that so?" the merchant exclaimed. "Tell me about it." He returned the liquor service to the cabinet.

"I will tell you about it," Father Baraga assented, "although I don't like to recall it. When you greeted me here a moment ago, I remarked that not all fur traders would welcome me so cordially. I was thinking then of the Grand River. I left Arbre Croche, my first station in America, and went to the Grand River in the early summer of 1833. I suppose no missionary ever had a better place than my Arbre Croche. I had come there from Cincinnati in the spring of 1831 with Bishop Fenwick.¹³ We stopped here, if you recall, Mr. Crooks."

"Yes, indeed! I told the bishop that his new priest from Europe wouldn't survive the first winter in the wilderness." He chuckled.

Father Baraga smiled and continued. "It was most pleasant at Arbre Croche. During those two years I went several times to the Indians at Manistique and Beaver Island and all through that vicinity. I baptized hundreds of men, women and children. We had our school. I learned the language

¹² A decorative bottle

¹³ Edward D. Fenwick (1768-1832) was the first bishop of Cincinnati

so well that I was able to compose an Indian prayer book—with some hymns in it, too. My Indians were so good, so tractable!¹⁴ We built a church. Some of my boys went to Cincinnati to learn trades. Then my bishop found it possible to relieve me at that station and I went south to the Grand River.”

“Yes, I heard from some of the Indians that you had moved.”

“It was very different on the Grand River,” the missionary went on. “I found a Mr. Campeau living there with his family. He was kind and helpful. But the Indians were obdurate,¹⁵ and they were made more so by some unscrupulous traders who persisted in giving them whiskey. I don’t want to be misunderstood, Mr. Crooks. I am abroad upon these lakes for the single purpose of bringing souls to God. I am not here to interfere with merchants and traders. I do not go to them to offer opinions and counsels. But when I have baptized a Indian and am leading him along the way to eternal salvation, he must not be debauched and his soul returned to darkness, nor his family be made to suffer, by those who play on his passion for whiskey. Even then I do not chide the trader who debauches him. My mission is with the Indian himself. But this, some of the traders on the Grand River did not like.

“Thus it came about that they conspired to drive me away. They gave me an opportunity to remove myself and when I did not do so, they decided to get rid of me. Well, they tried for a long time, and finally one night they furnished whiskey to a large number of unbaptized Indians and instigated an attack upon my life.”

“Impossible!” Ramsey Crooks cried.

“It is true, Mr. Crooks. That was a terrifying night. I bolted the door of my little house against a mob of drunken

¹⁴ Easily managed; easily governed

¹⁵ Hardhearted; stubbornly wicked

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and infuriated Indians bent on killing me. They yelled their bloodcurdling threats and battered at my door. Had they been sober, they doubtless could have broken in readily. From nightfall to dawn, that howling mob surrounded me. It was then that I resolved that if it was the will of God to spare me, I would forego forever any taste of intoxicating drink. That explains why I declined your thoughtful act of hospitality, sir.”

The merchant rose to his feet and walked over to the window. Suddenly he turned back to his guest, his face dark with anger. “Whiskey is a blight, a curse, a judgment of God upon the fur trade! In these cellars and warehouses at this moment are hundreds of barrels of the damnable stuff. If I could do it—if I had half the heart that beats beneath that cross upon your breast—I would take an axe and smash those barrels today.” Ramsey Crooks sat down heavily. “It is the ancient curse upon us—as ancient as the fur trade itself—French, English and American. The Jesuits saw it two hundred years ago.

“And yet I cannot stop something that has been going on for two hundred years. The Indians beg our employees for whiskey at every trading station, and when they get it they are besotted¹⁶ for days; they neglect their hunting and fishing, they quarrel and even kill. The trade is unlawful. It was prohibited by France and then by England, and now it is prohibited by the United States, but the arm of none of those governments has been long enough yet to enforce the ban in this upper lake country. If my company should refuse to furnish whiskey to the Indians, scores of small, independent traders—many of them unlicensed—would see that they got it. Then the furs would go to those traders, and my company would soon be forced out of business.”

“Man is perverse and the number of the foolish is legion,”

¹⁶ Stupefied with alcohol

the missionary said.

“Tell me, Father, why do men go on day after day doing things that hurt them? Why does the human race go on century after century doing things that men universally condemn? Why?”

Father Baraga smiled. “My good friend, you do not really expect an answer from a poor missionary here on the edge of the American wilderness *anno Domini* 1835? I am just a simple priest, not even a reformer. We speak of whiskey in the fur trade: it is but one of an infinite number of wrongs in a wicked world. No man will enter the kingdom of heaven merely because he does not drink or trade whiskey. But when a man begins to respect himself and his fellowmen for the sole reason that man is made in the image of God, he begins, I think, to approach the answer to your question.”

“Yes, of course, you are right, Father,” said Ramsey Crooks. “Business never sees beyond the end of its nose. And I am one of those shortsighted businessmen who know nothing of morality.”

“Well, Mr. Crooks, I am here on a business errand,” the priest replied, smiling.

“Then let us proceed to deal!” the merchant answered in the same spirit.

“I have come to inquire about obtaining transportation to La Pointe for myself and my simple belongings.”

The merchant nodded. “We have built a ship this season—it will be the only vessel on Lake Superior. I think you might take passage on it.”

“It sails from here? And when?”

“No, not from here, Father. You will understand when you see the rapids at Sault Ste. Marie. We had to build her above them. It has been quite an undertaking. I bought the timbers and planking in Ohio. Prime oak, you know. We had first to get it up here to the lakes, then carry it above the rapids and build our ship there. She’s a fine, sturdy little schooner of about a hundred and thirty tons.

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We've named her the "John Jacob Astor" for the founder of our company."

"Will she sail soon?"

"Not for a few days. We have had to take her cargo up from here and carry all of it past the rapids. But if you want to go up the lake before she is ready, why, of course, we have dispatch canoes which travel fast and hard. I believe you would find the voyage much more pleasant on the "Astor," however. I will give you a letter to her master, Captain Stannard."¹⁷

"And the passage rate is how much, Mr. Crooks?"

"Why, God bless you, Father, not a shilling!"

"You are very kind."

"How do you intend to get from here to Sault Ste. Marie?"

"I suppose it will be possible to find some Indians traveling that way?" inquired Father Baraga.

"Yes, that is likely," Ramsey Crooks told him. "If you wish, you may go up on one of our boats at any time. But I know you—you will choose your Indians! At any rate, Captain Stannard will sail in the first good weather after he is fitted and loaded."

Father Baraga rose. "Now, with your leave, I shall go, Mr. Crooks. There are people seeking me. You have been very kind."

The merchant shook his hand warmly. "When shall I see you again, Father?"

"I do not know—it will be a long time, I fear."

"Well, I shall think about you up there at La Pointe," said the other sincerely. "And I don't mind telling you I'm glad our new vessel will have a man like you aboard on her first trip. It's a good omen."

¹⁷ This navigator was the discoverer (1835) of the rock that bears his name. This mile-long underwater mountain is located 45 miles north of Marquette, 24 miles off the Keweenaw Peninsula—the most hazardous navigational hazard of the lake.

Discussion Questions

1. Mr. Crooks' life was centered on earthly motives and business profits. Fr. Baraga was only concerned with the spiritual realm. Consider your own life. Discuss evidence your life gives regarding which kind of profit you seek. What can you do to make adjustments so your life better reflects Fr. Baraga's priorities?
2. Fr. Baraga talks about the importance of using alcohol only in moderation—or not at all. What other things are best enjoyed in moderation. Why is moderation (temperance) in all things so important?
3. Ramsey Crooks' asks Fr. Baraga, "Why do men go on day after day doing things that hurt them?" (page 24). Explain Fr. Baraga's response to this question. What is your response to this question? What habits do you have that hurt you—anger, lack of discipline, being judgmental, gossiping? How can the sacraments help you overcome these habits?

Memorable Scripture

"This I command you: love one another" (John 15:17).

Memorable Quotation

"When a man begins to respect himself and his fellowmen for the sole reason that man is made in the image of God, he begins, I think, to approach the answer to your question' [of why men go on day after day doing things that hurt them]" (page 24).

Holy Habit

Fr. Baraga believed that the world would change if people respected each other—and themselves—for the simple reason that all people are made in the image of God. Begin, in imitation of Fr. Baraga, to treat all those you encounter

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as you would treat Jesus Himself. Imitate Venerable Frederic Baraga by becoming more like Christ Himself. Prayerfully consider the following poem by the sixteenth-century Carmelite mystic, St. Teresa of Avila.

Christ has no body but yours,
No hands, no feet on earth but yours,
Yours are the eyes with which he looks
Compassion on this world,
Yours are the feet with which he walks to do good,
Yours are the hands, with which he blesses all the world.
Yours are the hands, yours are the feet,
Yours are the eyes, you are his body.
Christ has no body now but yours,
No hands, no feet on earth but yours,
Yours are the eyes with which he looks
Compassion on this world.
Christ has no body now on earth but yours.