

displayed, among them being many robes of the richest fur that had been prepared, years before, in anticipation of this ceremony. The kettles were then slung and feasting went on until the middle of the afternoon, when the bundles of bones were again taken up. Then, at a signal from the chiefs, the crowd rushed forward from all sides, like warriors at the storming of a palisaded town, climbed, by means of rude ladders, to the scaffolding and hung their dead, together with the funeral gifts, to the cross-poles. Then they retired and the chiefs, from the scaffolding, made speeches to the people, praising the dead and extolling the gifts given in their honor.

During this speech making, the vast grave was being lined throughout with robes of beaver skin, with three copper kettles in the centre. The bodies, which had been left whole, were then cast into the pit amidst great confusion and excitement, and, as darkness was now coming on, the ceremony was adjourned until the next day, the assemblage remaining about the great watch-fires, which blazed about the edge of the clearing.

Just before daylight, the Jesuits, who had retired to the village, were aroused by an uproar fit to wake the dead. Guided by the noise, they hastened back to the clearing where they beheld a spectacle that surpassed anything they had ever witnessed. Brébeuf says that nothing had ever figured to him better the confusion among the damned. One of the bundles of bones had fallen from the poles into the pit and precipitated the conclusion of the rite. Huge fires which blazed about the clearing lit up a fearful scene. On and about the scaffold, wild forms, howling like demons, hurled the packages of bones into the pit, where a number of others moved about amidst the ghastly shower and with long poles arranged the bones in their places. Then the pit was covered with logs and earth and the ceremony concluded with a funeral chant that resembled the wail of a legion of lost spirits. It was the death song of a lost people, the knell of a passing race.

One can imagine, as a spectator of this weird scene, the stalwart form of Brébeuf, towering in the majesty of his foredoomed martyrdom, and glorious in the might of that indomitable courage that triumphed, in the hour of his death, over the ingenuity of his tormentors, evolving in his mind such subtle arguments as might subordinate to higher ideals the rude Nature-worship of Huronian clanship, and win to the service of his Master these hordes of heathendom.

Residents of the Capital will be surprised to learn that a Huron Feast of the Dead, similar to the one already described, was once held in Ottawa, on the spot that now occupies the north-west angle formed by the intersection of Wellington and