

of French River and coasted down the eastern shore of Georgian Bay. A few wigwams, scattered here and there along the shore, gave evidences of human occupation, and soon the shouts of his tawny cohorts told Brébeuf that he had reached Otouacha, the landing place of the Huron village of Toanché,¹ and the end of his journey.

The missionary's first care was to secure a cabin—or *annonchia*, as Sagard called it—built of long poles driven into the ground and then bent forward till their topmost ends met. A covering of bark thrown over this tunnel-shaped skeleton provided a habitation into which he could retire. Father de Brébeuf had come to preach the Gospel of Christ to a race of savages who had never known the true God, and he began at once to acquire a knowledge of the Huron tongue, the only means

Studies the of communication with them. His
language first weeks were passed in plying
them with questions, writing down
their answers as they sounded to his ear, and thus augmenting daily his stock of words; his evenings beside the camp-fire were spent in classifying them, in forming sentences, and in trying to discover the mechanism of the strange tongue. Nature had given Brébeuf a retentive memory and a marvellous facility for seizing the laws governing language, gifts which he thanked God for more than once, and he made such rapid progress that in a short time he had acquired a tolerable knowledge

¹ On Pentang Bay. Cf. Jones' *Old Huronia*, diagr. III. p. 36; then pp. 46, 47, 59; colored sketch, p. 22b.