

league of all the surrounding tribes against the Iroquois.

The plan seemed reasonable enough, and in December, 1682, he saw the beginning in a fort which he had erected on "Starved Rock" (the spot is still pointed out) and called Fort St. Louis. The place was near the site of the unfortunate Ft. Crevecoeur, which, it will be remembered, had once had as neighbor the great town of the Illinois, deserted because of the menace of the Iroquois. To this spot the Illinois now returned, about 6,000 in all, forming, with other tribes in the vicinity, a population of about 20,000.

But La Salle had lost a good friend at court. Count Frontenac, through the intrigues of the party adverse to the explorer, had been recalled to France, and M. de la Barre, a man especially jealous of La Salle and his monopolies, installed in his place.

Henceforth everything went wrong. La Salle's messengers sent for help were detained, the Iroquois encroached and no help was sent. "Do not suffer my men who have come down to the settlements to be longer prevented from returning," he wrote to La Barre. "There is great need here of reinforcements. The Iroquois, as I have said, have lately entered the country and a great terror prevails. I have postponed going to Michillimackinac because if the Iroquois strike any blow in my absence the Miamis will think that I am in league with them; whereas, if I and the French stay among them they will regard us as protectors. But, Monsieur, it is in vain that we risk our lives here and that I exhaust my means in order to fulfil the intentions of his Majesty, if all my measures are crossed in the settlements below. . . . I have only 20 men, with scarcely 100 pounds of powder."—But instead of being touched by the pleading La Barre only wrote against La Salle to France. His next move was to send up two men, armed by an order from the Government, to seize Ft. Frontenac. In the meantime the Iroquois were drawing nearer to Fort St. Louis, and, leaving Tonti in charge, La Salle undertook the not less hazardous risk of a journey to Quebec to beg for aid. On the way he met an officer who was on his way to the Illinois to take possession of the fort, but La Salle knew nothing of this, and eventually was compelled to sail for France to plead his cause.

Was ever courage more indomitable than that of this man? So far almost everything, with the exception of his reaching the mouth of the Mississippi, had gone wrong. Prospects were no better now than in 1680 when, in the autumn, he had written. "I have had many misfortunes in the last two years. In the autumn of '78 I lost a vessel by the fault of the pilot; in the next summer the deserters I told you about robbed me of eight or 10,000 livres' worth of goods. In the autumn of '79 I lost a vessel worth more than 10,000 crowns; in the next spring five or six rascals stole the value of five or 6,000 livres in goods and beaver skins at the Illinois when I was absent. Two other men of mine, carrying furs worth four or 5,000 livres, were killed or drowned in the St. Lawrence, and the furs were lost. Another robbed me of 8,000 livres in beaver skins stored at Michillimackinac. This last spring I lost 1,700 livres worth of goods by the upsetting of a canoe. Last winter the fort and buildings at Niagara were burned by the fault of the commander, and, in the spring, the deserters, who passed that way, seized a part of the property that remained and escaped to New York. All this does not discourage me in the least, and will only defer for a year or two the returns of the profit which you ask for this year. These losses are no more my fault than the loss of the ships at St. Joseph was yours. I cannot be everywhere, and cannot help making use of the people of the country." He is, nevertheless, "utterly tired of this business," and will retire after he has put matters in good trim for trade. He even contemplated marrying, we are told, but his brothers and others who considered it to their interest that he should not, put obstacles in his way.

Since the above letter was written, more than two years had passed, and

yet the great western fur-trade upon which he had depended had not materialized, nor was he able better than before to pay dividends to those who were clamoring for returns and calling him mad.

What gall and wormwood to his proud and sensitive spirit! What a terrible ordeal to face these clamorers, when his shy and solitary disposition made even ordinary intercourse with men a trial! Yet he sets off, reserved and anxious yet unflinching, to see if any disposition of the meshes of the deadly web can be made.

LA SALLE'S LAST PROJECT.

The tremendousness of the plan which La Salle unfolded to the king and his ministers gives some color to the estimate of him by some historians as a hopeless visionary, but where yet in the world has real progress been made but by the men of vision? His fault was that he was ready to essay more than mortal man in one lifetime could do, ready to consider the task of the future easy, however difficult that of the past had been.

His first proposal, and one not lacking in perspicacity, was that a point be fortified about 60 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, far enough inland to be in touch with the Indians, far enough from the Gulf of Mexico to be comparatively safe from attack by the Spaniards. "A colony can easily be founded there," he writes to the Marquis de Seignelay, "a port or two would make us masters of the whole continent."

For the carrying out of the initial steps, his demands were modest enough. He asked for two hundred men; fifty more, he said, would join him in the country and four thousand warriors from St. Louis. He pointed out the richness of the mines of the new continent as well as of its fur trade; he pointed out the fertility of the soil and the possibility that all the Indians might become good French subjects and supply troops for all enterprises. He requested finally a vessel of about 30 guns, provisions for six months, and payment of the men for a year. The men, he made clear—and here again comes to the top La Salle's streak of the practical—should be mostly tradesmen, for "it would be the ruin of the settlement to commence it with such idlers as most soldiers are." . . . Finally "there never," he points out, "was an enterprise of such great importance proposed at so little risk and expense." . . . Again comes the visionary. He binds himself to "have this enterprise ripe for success within one year."

As a recommendation of himself he writes (in the third person), "He has made five voyages under extraordinary hardships, extending over more than 5,000 leagues, most commonly on foot, through snow and water, almost without rest, during five years. He has traversed more than 600 leagues of unknown country among many barbarous and cannibal nations against whom he was obliged to fight almost daily, although he was accompanied by only 36 men."

Better than his anticipations was the response. Immediately the King wrote to La Barre to restore to La Salle Fort Frontenac. Moreover he gave order that not one vessel but four be given to the valiant explorer for his projected trip to the Gulf of Mexico.

In high hope La Salle began to collect his men, and the result was a company of 100 soldiers besides laborers and mechanics, 30 volunteers, several families and a number of girls and missionaries, among the latter being La Salle's brother Jean Caveller.

Difficulties, however, almost immediately presented themselves, and not the least, perhaps, was due to La Salle's own unfortunate disability to mingle easily and naturally with men. He had asked for the sole command of the principal vessel, the "Joly," a ship of the royal navy carrying five guns. The ministers, however, deeming him a landsman, gave the command to one Beaujeu, until land should be reached, and from the beginning there was friction—at times collision—between the two.

It had been decided to sail directly to the West Indies then on to the Mississippi, but misfortune seemed to float on black wings above the expedition

from the beginning. When the "Joly" reached St. Domingo there were fifty sick men on board, and La Salle was one of the number. In the meantime a second vessel, the "St. Francis," lagging behind, had been seized by Spanish buccaniers, while, to make matters more difficult, at Petit Goave La Salle became so much worse that he was taken to a house and there was a long delay. Delay is never good for men kept idle because of it, and while La Salle lay tossing with fever his sailors in a tavern next door were roistering so noisily that his malady was aggravated. No dissipation seems to have been too bad for the riotous company, picked up, for the most part, at random, and not of the better class, and so they abused themselves and contracted loathsome diseases, and many deserted.

THE VOYAGE THROUGH THE GULF.

On the 25th of November (1684) La Salle had recovered so that the expedition could leave Petit Goave, and the three vessels sped forth upon the Gulf of Mexico without a pilot on board who knew it.

As a consequence the mouth of the river was missed and a marshy inlet (probably Galveston or Matagorda Bay) 400 miles to the westward mistaken for it. It was decided to land, at least, and verify the place, but again misfortune swooped. Almost immediately the "Aimable," the store ship, grounded on a reef, and was slowly battered to pieces. Some of the provisions were landed and there, among casks and barrels, the most of the company sick with nausea and dysentery and some on the point of death, the first wretched landing was made. "Along the shore," we are told, "were quantities of uprooted trees and rotten logs thrown up by the sea and the lagoon. Of these and fragments of the wreck they made a sort of rampart to protect their camp; and here among tents and hovels, bales, boxes, casks, spars, dismantled cannon and pens for fowl and swine, were gathered the dejected men and homesick women who were to seize New Biscay and hold for France a region large as half Europe."

(To be continued.)

Of the Heroes.

It does not follow because the daily papers print ten stories of rascality to one of self-sacrifice that such is the ratio in fact. The facts would rather count the other way, ten of virtue to one of vice, if statistics were kept by a census bureau of ethics, but it is only some sensational case of goodness that demands headlines. Crime has to be punished publicly, while goodness calls for no awards by the courts.

The other day a Columbia University student offered and gave a pint of his blood for a sick girl with whom he was no more than acquainted. It got into the papers. It was a noble act. But several others who knew the need made the offer, and a hundred others could have been quickly found to do the same. It was fine, but such generosity is by no means unique; what healthy man would not do as much?

A more sensational case was reported the past week. When William Carr, engineer, was running an express train of seven coaches at fifty miles an hour, the steamchest exploded, and he was instantly blinded by the outrush of scalding steam and boiling water. Did he fall or think of himself? No; he stuck to his post of duty, threw on the emergency brakes, saved the passengers, and when the train was stopped and the passengers hastened to see what was the matter, they found him unconscious and dying. He had done his instant duty; a thousand other engineers would have done the same, nothing less.

He had done his duty—that was all. But that ALL is everything, everything that is worth while for life or death, everything that man honors and God blesses. William Carr, hero, will stand the pattern for the thousands of other potential and willing heroes.—The Independent.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Learning to Fly.

As an eagle stirreth up her nest, uttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: So the LORD alone did lead him.—Deut. xxxii.: 11.

They shall mount up with wings as eagles.—Isa. xl.: 31.

"For the men of small endeavor let the bed be made of wool, Let flesh and mind and spirit have no traffic with the Night; For such the bed is pleasant, and the fragrant pillow cool, And they hear not in the heavens the trampling steeds of Light."

"For the men of high endeavor the bed is built of fire; They cannot sleep for anguish, so strong their spirit yearns To climb God's topmost stairway in the heat of their desire, And gather from the Tree of Night God's highest star that burns."

"Which were better when the Night ends and there breaks the awful Dawn, To have dreamed in fruitless slumber, to have lain supine and gross, Or to have known the flame-wound, wherefrom the balm is drawn That heals a multitude of men?—The Palace or the Cross?" —From "The Book of Courage."

In our text, God is said to lead His people as an eagle teaches her fledglings to fly. When their wings are strong enough to carry them, she will not allow them to rest quietly in the comfort and safety of the nest, but pushes them over the edge in spite of their terrified cries. She cares too much for their future to leave them in the peace of inaction—though her kindness may seem cruel to their shortsighted wisdom. Whether the parable is founded on fact or not, it is a wonderful picture of God's way of strengthening His dear children. We settle down in comfortable ease, unwilling to venture into the unknown, content to leave our possible powers of flying untried. "This life is so short," we say, "why shouldn't we have a pleasant and easy time while we may?" But God says: "This life is short, but it is the seed-grain of the after life, and too precious to be wasted." We don't really want "to sleep away the few short hours till morning"; but—even if we should be so wanting in high ambition—our Father's love insists that we shall use our wings or fall. Perhaps a fall may rouse us to exert ourselves.

An old writer says, in commenting on this text: "To provoke its young ones to fly, the eagle flutters over them and takes them on its wings, and if they attempt not to fly, it beats them with its bill, and gives them no food." This is not so much the pain of correction as the touch of a spur, intended to drive onward one inclined to loiter on a dangerous road.

This life is so short and so brimful of opportunity that we cannot afford to waste the years in seeking selfish comfort and pleasure. It is a race, and the runners who are eager to win the prize—the glorious reward of their Master's glad "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"—must not complain if He removes hindrances out of their way.

Good gifts—such as health, wealth, leisure, popularity, etc.—may be as heavy weights to clog a man's progress Godward. It is not easy to let them go, cheerfully—in fact, it often tests a man's courage and endurance almost to breaking point—but trust in the Father's love makes heavy trials bearable. It is a proof of love when troubles come, just as certainly as when the sun of prosperity shines. It is a chance to be a hero, and to grow stronger and nobler through quiet, unassuming acceptance of God's appointment.

"Disappointment—His appointment"—Change one letter, then I see That the thwarting of my purpose Is God's better choice for me. His appointment must be blessing, Though it may come in disguise, For the end from the beginning Open to His vision lies."

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