

wreck of his labours Brébeuf awaited calmly the issue. Two alternatives existed—martyrdom and flight—between which the missionary could not hesitate. Flight was disgraceful, martyrdom glorious. Therefore he toiled on, and as each day passed by saw more clearly his now inevitable doom. In 1649 the little village of Saint Ignace, where he then resided, was surrounded, and all its inhabitants taken. Amongst the captives was Brébeuf, alternately giving praise to God and exhorting his pagan captors to repentance. He was shortly bound to the stake, that instrument so long and so often sanctified by martyrdom; and after four hours of inexpressible agony and heroic endurance, passed rejoicing to that "heavenly home not made with hands." "Thus died"—says an eloquent writer*—Jean de Brébeuf, the founder of the Huron mission, its truest hero, and its greatest martyr."

Between Brébeuf and Garnier was a striking contrast, as well as a striking similarity. In physical strength and vigour the widest possible difference existed between the delicate and beardless priest and the bronzed and stalwart warrior. In both were indomitable courage and unflinching zeal; in both were deep piety and holiness of life. Garnier, like Brébeuf, was of noble birth, and reared amidst the roses and allurements of Parisian luxury. Like him he showed early a fitness for that lofty career which he afterwards embellished with all the ornaments, and ennobled with all the excellences, of Christian life. He pined amidst the surroundings of ease and voluptuousness for the vivifying atmosphere of healthier and more congenial scenes. And when all France rang with the names of the missionaries who had entered upon their labours in that distant and perilous mission-field; when the recountals of their hardships and sufferings had awakened a universal response in the breast of the nation, he embarked for the land whither his imagination had already flown.

He reached Itonatiria in 1637, and was warmly welcomed by Brébeuf to a participation in his scanty fare; in his toils and perils; and, above all, in his anticipation of the enduring peace and joy which must some day come as an adequate reward for his transitory pains and tribulations. Here a serious illness detained him until the greater part of the summer had passed away. He rose from his couch only to find the forests yellow and sere, and the Indians rapidly disappearing before the ravages of the pestilence. In 1639 he commenced his labours amongst the several tribes of the Tobacco nation. The soil of this mission was

* Mr. Francis Parkman, to whose work on "*The Jesuits in North America*" we are chiefly indebted for the substance of this article.