

neophytes who did not fail to pray God for a safe return to their country. The tone of their speeches revealed a complete submission to the will of Divine Providence, although they hoped that as they had made the downward journey safely the Iroquois would let them go back in peace.

Early on August 2, they set out. During that first day nothing happened that would presage an interrupted journey. They had paddled thirty-one miles and had camped for the night on the shore opposite an island in Lake St. Peter. Early next morning human tracks were discerned freshly imprinted on the sand, and a

**Captured by  
the Iroquois**

moment of hesitation and doubt intervened. However, whether these traces of human passage were made by friend or enemy, they were few in number, and the travellers decided to proceed. But there again the craftiness of the foe was in evidence. A mile or two further west the flotilla fell into an ambush of seventy Iroquois who had been hiding in the long reeds and wild grass that lined the borders of the lake. The enemy quietly waited until the canoes were within firing distance when they rose from their crouching position, uttered terrifying war-whoops, and fired on the unsuspecting Hurons. A couple of the latter were wounded, and the Iroquois bullets pierced the canoes. When these frail vessels began to leak the occupants turned their prows shoreward and leaped out. Some disappeared quickly in the forest; others, less agile, were surrounded by the enemy. Among the latter were Father Jogues, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture.