

river. After a voyage of seventeen days they arrived at the falls (*Saut*), where they found an Indian village with a population of two thousand souls. The abundance of white fish, and the facilities for capturing them in the foaming rapids, have made this the chosen resort of the Chippewas for centuries. The chiefs received them kindly and invited them to dwell in their midst. "We will embrace you as brothers," they said, "and profit by your words."

They here learned of the existence of a lake still beyond, called by the Indians *Kitchi-gummi*, (*Big lake*), surpassing in magnitude either Huron or Michigan, then called Illinois, beyond whose western limits was a country destitute of trees, but covered with grassy plains, through which roamed herds of buffalo and deer.

Here dwelt the Sioux or *Nadouessi*, a race at once warlike and indomitable. At that day a feud existed between the two tribes, which has been perpetuated to the present time.

Late in the season Raymbault returned to Pentanguishene with the intention of revisiting the Saut in the succeeding spring, and establishing there a permanent mission; but consumption, brought on by repeated exposures and privations, was fast hurrying him to the grave. The following year he returned with Jogues to Quebec, where he died October 22, 1642. Father Jogues started to return, but in ascending the St. Lawrence was captured by the Mohawks, a predatory band infesting the shores and tributaries of Lake Erie. After having been subjected to the most ignominious treatment, himself scourged, and his Huron attendants committed to the flames, he was ultimately ransomed by the Dutch in the vicinity of Albany. He revisited France, but soon returned to the scene of his labors with a spirit unabated and a zeal unquenched.

René Mesnard followed in the track of Raymbault. On the 28th of August, 1660, he left Quebec, taking with him a scanty stock of necessities; "for I trust," said he, "in that Providence which feeds the little birds of the air, and clothes the wild flowers of the desert." He was past the meridian of life, but possessed all the zeal of youth. He went forth with the presentiment that he was performing his last journey, for, in writing back to a friend, he remarked: "In three or four months you may add my name to the memento of deaths." Having arrived at the Saut, he proceeded to coast along the southern shore in a canoe, and on the 15th of October reached the head of Keweenaw bay, which he named St. Theresa—the day of his arrival being the anniversary day of that patron saint. Here he remained until the following spring, when he left, accompanied by a single Indian, for Chaquamegon bay, near the head of the lake. They took the route through Portage lake; and while the voyageur was conveying the canoe across the portage, the good Father wandered into the woods, and no trace of him was afterwards obtained. This happened August 20, 1661. The world applauds the heroism of Columbus who launched out upon a trackless ocean in search of a new world. The humble missionary who, committing himself to the guidance of savage attendants, voyaged for days with a boundless waste of waters on one side, and on the other an unbroken wilderness, showed a degree of courage and enthusiasm which has rarely been rivalled, and which ought to rescue his name from oblivion.

Claude Alloué followed in his footsteps. On the 8th of August, 1666, he embarked at Three Rivers, accompanied by four hundred Indians,