

tial in all this; and he returned with renewed ardour and hope to the scenes of his former labours.

We find him again in 1635, solitary and helpless, on the shores of Thunder Bay, where five years before he had met the dusky warriors, glittering with gaudy paints and gorgeous with waving plumes. We behold him, alone and defenceless, threading the pathless forest in quest of the little village, in which he had spent three years of toil and self-denial, three happy years of praise and thanksgiving. We see him, at dead of night, hovering over its ashes and charred remains, amidst a silence broken only by the cries of savage beasts. Still he did not despair. To have grown weary and faint-hearted in this hour of trial was a grievous sin, from which the Jesuit recoiled with horror. He pressed on, and at length came to the new town of Ithonatiria. The inhabitants received him with demonstrations of joy. That the wonderful Echom, as they called him, should condescend to dwell in their midst, and partake of their meagre fare, seemed to them very marvellous and very pleasant withal. And for a time the glad sun of a propitious Heaven shone upon the missionary and gilded his efforts. Sunrise is but the prelude to sunset; and the bright rays which dawned upon the Jesuit were followed by a darkness which derived half its intensity from its contrast with the preceding brightness. Pestilence and famine spread their sombre wings above the land; disease and death stalked from family to family, from tribe to tribe. Then it was that the true character of the priest shone forth with its clearest radiance, and his true mission received its sublimest illustration. History contains no records of greater self-abnegation, of deeper and purer zeal. Whole days, and often entire nights, were spent in passing from lodge to lodge, and from village to village; in exhorting to repentance and baptizing; in ministering to the sick and dying. And this, too, when dark looks and menacing gestures met him on every side; when the superstitious mind of the Indian imagined to find in the meek and patient man who laboured and prayed so earnestly for his good the source of all his ill and the origin of all his misfortune. The pestilence at length ceased; and the missionary was spared for still greater toil and self-sacrifice.

In 1640 he undertook a more perilous and difficult mission to the Neutral nation. His reception was disheartening in the extreme; and he returned in the same year to his Huron mission, where he continued, for the most part, during the remainder of his life. A more terrible destroyer than the pestilence was now upon the heels of the Hurons, the fierce and sanguinary Iroquois. Village after village, and entire tribe after tribe, disappeared before their ravages. Amidst all this outward

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