

of empire in the New World were the Jesuit missionaries. With breviary and crucifix, at the command of the Superior of the Order at Quebec, they wandered all over this great continent from the forests of Maine to the Rocky Mountains, from the regions around Hudson's Bay to the mouth of the Mississippi. Paddling all day in their bark canoes, sleeping at night on the moss-covered rock, toiling over rugged portages or through pathless forests, pinched by hunger, gnawed to the bone by cold; often dependent for sustenance on acorns, the bark of trees, or the bitter moss to which they have given their name; lodging in Indian wigwams, whose acrid smoke blinded their eyes, and whose obscene riot was unutterably loathsome to every sense; they yet persevered in their path of self-sacrifice for the glory of God, the advancement of their Order, and the extension of New France. "Not a cape was turned, not a river was entered," says Bancroft, "but a Jesuit led the way."

During the ten years of Frontenac's first colonial administration, his haughty and overbearing manners involved him in perpetual disputes with the Bishop, the Intendant, the Council, the Jesuits—in fact, with all who opposed his often arbitrary will. He maintained his position chiefly through his relationship to Madame de Maintenon, and through the influence of his wife, a reigning beauty at the court of Louis XIV.

The veteran soldier, now nearly seventy years of age, was reappointed governor in 1684, and was hailed as the deliverer of Canada. He arrived at a critical period. The peril of the colony was increased by the declaration of war between France and England. In midwinter, Frontenac organized three expeditions to ravage, with fire and sword, the British colonies. In May, 1690, a congress of colonists, the first ever held, assembled at New York to concert a scheme of combined action. A vigorous attack on Canada, both naval and military was devised. Frontenac was now startled at learning that an English fleet under Sir William Phips was carefully sounding its way

up the St. Lawrence. Early in the morning of October fifth, the snowy sails of the fleet were seen by the anxious watchers on the ramparts, slowly rounding the headland of Point Levi. Anchoring near the town, Phips sent a haughty summons to surrender in the name of William of Orange, King of England. Led blindfolded into the council chamber of the Chateau of St. Louis, the envoy, laying his watch upon the table, demanded an answer in an hour. "I will answer by the mouth of my cannon," defiantly replied the choleric Frontenac, and he soon opened a damaging fire on the fleet. Phips ineffectively attempted to reply. His assaulting party of twelve hundred men was repulsed with loss. Nine vessels of Phips' squadron were wrecked in his retreat. This signal victory was commemorated by a medal bearing the inscription *FRANCIA IN NOVO ORBE VICTRIX, KEBECA LIBERATA, A.D. MDCXC*; and by the erection of a church dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Victoire," still standing in the Lower Town.

With the aid of their Iroquois allies the English made another dash at Montreal, and the remorseless savages infested the French settlements along the Richelieu, the St. Lawrence, and the Ottawa. A reign of terror and sorrow, of desolation and death prevailed. "No Frenchman shall have leave to cut a stick," threatened the revengeful Mohawks; "they shall find no quiet even in their graves,"—and to a fearful degree they made good their threats. Along the frontier every house was a fortress, and every household was an armed garrison. Many were the deeds of daring done by lone women in defence of their hearths and babes, and pitiful the sufferings they endured. The footprints of civilization were marked with blood. The deadly ambush lurked on every side, and the death-dealing bullet from the unerring marksman concealed in the thicket menaced the starving peasant if he attempted to sow or reap his scanty acres. The culture of the soil was impossible, and famine threatened the land. In both New England and New France a lavish paper