

## EPILOGUE.

almost unparalleled in Christian annals, but to have sealed them with the blood of seven of their noblest men is the glorious record of the Huron missionaries.

In 1650 the tribe vanished from the earth as a distinct nation. Gathered at first, as a forlorn hope, on Christian or St. Joseph's Island, they were pursued and massacred by their foes even there. Pestilence came with its ravages, and starvation added its horrors to such a terrible degree that the dead were dug up and eaten. Some of the survivors took refuge among the Petuns, Neutrals and Eries, only to be murdered in the general destruction of those tribes by the all-conquering Iroquois. The Andastes, of Pennsylvania received some, and the Illinois others. There were groups of them at Mackinac, and Ménard's companions found a starving village of them in the swamps of Wisconsin. Three hundred families, mostly Christian, were led by Ragueneau to Quebec, and the remnants still live in La Jeune Lorette on the River St. Charles; but there is not a full-blooded Huron among them now. Thus perished the once flourishing nation to whom God gave such wonderful saints to lead them to heaven at the last moment of their existence.