

pare for the journey." The missionary did not conceal from Goupil the perils he might encounter. He impressed upon him that the Iroquois were at war with the French and were lurking along the Ottawa route, ready to seize both French and Huron whom they met on the way. These apprehensions had no effect on the mind of the heroic young man; his decision had been made and it was irrevocable. Meanwhile the flotilla was preparing to start; supplies had been laid in the canoes: clothing, church ornaments, house utensils, books, and—touching detail!—several bundles of letters and messages for the missionaries in Huronia from their friends and relatives in Old France.

The first halt was made at Three Rivers. Although only ninety miles from Quebec, this post was the extreme westerly limit of French civilization in the year 1642. It had been founded eight years before by Sieur Laviolette and the fur-traders, its favorable site at the mouth of the St. Maurice making it a fitting meeting-place for the numerous Indian tribes who assembled there to barter their furs. Jogues and Goupil reached the trading-post on July 31, in time to celebrate with their brethren, Buteux and Poncet, the feast of the founder of their Order. The following day the twenty-two Hurons held a council, as was their custom in critical circumstances, during which they encouraged one another to face the common enemies bravely should they chance to meet them. There were still pagans in the Huron party, but the greater number were fervent