

holier and loftier aspirations than centre in the mere trappings and applause of humanity turned his course of life far aside from the martial career of his ancestors. He sought a nobler field of warfare than that of the blood-stained soldier. He longed for a higher mission than that of worldly traffic and gain. And all this he saw in the missionary life of the priest; all this he ultimately realized in the unbroken wilderness of New France. One of that little band of priests who accompanied Champlain, he came in 1626 to this new and wonderful country, whose discovery had added much to the glory of France. There is something to challenge our admiration even in that journey across a stormy sea, in that entrance into the midst of an unknown and hostile race, which we lose sight of in the more stirring incidents of aftertimes. To the missionary it was only the brief and pleasant passage to that Eldorado, where, if the earthly gain was small and transient, the harvest to be reaped of immortality was great and golden.

The greater part of the year following the arrival at Quebec was passed amongst the Montagais, a wretched tribe between the Saint Lawrence and Hudson's Bay. The fruits of this mission were scanty indeed, the toil and privation abundant. It served admirably, however, as a preparation for that later and wider field of labour which, with a single interval, was to be the scene of his future struggles with the powers of darkness and sin, until martyrdom should release the panting warrior and hush the mortal conflict.

In the spring of 1626 he turned his steps towards the hunting-grounds of the distant Hurons. After a difficult and perilous voyage he reached Toaniché, a small Huron village near the waters of Thunder Bay. Here he remained, mastering the language of the natives, preaching and baptizing, and ministering to the sick, until the occupation of Quebec by the English in 1629. Although we have no records of the events of this first mission, it is highly probable that the missionary, at least, earned the gratitude and respect of these aboriginal people, as we find him, on his second appearance in their midst, receiving a warm and sincere welcome. The labour, however, must now be interrupted; and that before even the seeds had been sown, from which the harvest was to spring. And accordingly Brébeuf returned to Quebec, and thence, shortly after, to France. We may easily imagine the heroic priest who had spurned a thousand perils viewing with a heavy heart from the deck of the homeward bound vessel the receding shores of the land of his adoption. His disappointment, however, was not destined long to continue. In 1634 the infant colony was restored to France; and again the way lay open to the coveted mission-field. To the Jesuit there was something provi-