

with the penitential season, and the commemorative suggestions of the spot.

Straggling along the shores of the lake and up the slopes, partly hidden by the hills and partly sheltered by the dark primeval forest, which recedes gradually northward, and where the pines and hemlocks ever moan together the sad hymn of the centuries, nestle two Indian villages of a Catholic mission, which diverge to the right and left. The one on the right belongs to a remnant of the once powerful Algonquins; that on the left to a remnant of the Iroquois, who were, in former times, one of the great aboriginal nations of the north; but although such near neighbors, these two people are as distinct in manners and language as they were in the days of Carter and Champlain. These Catholic Indians are the descendants of the fierce savages who tortured the blessed Father Jogues, and martyred, with cruel and prolonged torments the noble and saintly Brebeuf. They live in lodges built of logs and covered with bark, and, during the spring and summer, cultivate their fields and garden patches, where they raise corn, squashes, potatoes, beans, melons and other useful vegetables and fruits; the women, sharing the lighter labors of the men, fish, dress skins and bark, dye the