

Indeed the wind had long ago begun this work so that toward the lake the pales (being but little set in the earth) had fallen or leaned over so that they could readily have been scaled or broken through. But as the order was we left the cabins and quarters standing with doors ajar to welcome who might come, Iroquois or wolf, for there was naught within. But Father Millet took down from above the door of his cabin the little sun dial. "The shadaw of the great cross falls divers ways" was his saying.

Early the next morning being the 15th of September of the year 1688, being ready for the embarkation, Father Millet summoned us to the last mass he might say in the place. It was a sad morning for the clouds hung heavy, the lake was of a somber and forbidding cast, and the very touch in the air forbode autumnal gales. As we knelt around the cross for the last time the ensign brought the standards which Desbergères had kept and holding the staves knelt also. Certain Miamis too, who were about to make the Niagara Portage stayed to see what the priest might do. And at the end of the office Father Millet did an uncommon thing for he was mightily moved. He turned from us toward the cross and throwing wide his arms spoke the last word "Amen"

There was both gladness and sorrow in our hearts as we embarked. Lake and sky took on the hue of lead forboding storm. We durst carry but little sail and at the sunset hour were scarce a league off shore. As it chanced Father Millet and I stood together on the deck and gazed through the gloom toward the dark coast While we thus stood there came a rift betwixt the banked clouds to the west so that the sun just as it slipped from sight lighted those Niagara shores and we saw but for an instant above the blackness and desolation the great cross as in fire or blood gleam red.