

were ever more difficult to forecast than those of the Iroquois. The faith of the Jesuits, not in the the Indians, but in God, carried the day, and it was decided to accept the invitation.

This Jesuit faith was of the most unquenchable kind. Failure in missionary enterprise was taken to be no less an indication of Divine guidance, than the greatest success. With all their faith, experience had taught them to expect but slow progress. Hence every success was regarded as a more or less marvellous intervention of the Divine Spirit, while failure merely meant the preparation of the soil for a glorious harvest by and by. Even extremities of torture and death represented but the crowning favor of Heaven in selecting the victim for the supreme honor of martyrdom. The inspiring words, "Sanguis martyrurum semen est Christianorum," were ever on their lips. Where every defeat was a victory, and every victory a triumphant miracle, we have the conditions which go a very long way towards making possible the impossible.

The company which left Quebec on this enterprise consisted of about forty Frenchmen, a party of Onondagas who had come down for them, some Senecas who had also come seeking an alliance, and a party of Hurons. The whole company left Quebec, on the 7th of May, 1656, in two large shallops and several canoes. On the 8th of June they left Montreal in twenty canoes.

From the journal of one of the missionaries we learn some particulars of the journey from Montreal. "We had not proceeded two leagues when a band of Agnieronon Iroquois (Mohawks) saw us from afar. Mistaking us for Algonquins and Hurons, they were seized with fear and fled

into the woods, but when they recognized us, on seeing our flag—which bore the name of Jesus in large letters, painted on fine white taffeta—flying in the air, they approached us. Our Onnontaeronnnon Americans received them with a thousand insults, reproaching them with their treachery and brigandage; they then fell upon their canoes, stole their arms, and took the best of all their equipment. They said that they did this by way of reprisal, for they themselves had been pillaged a few days before by the same tribe. That was all the consolation gained by those poor wretches in coming to greet us.

"Entering Lake St. Louis, one of our canoes was broken, an accident which happened several times during our voyage. We landed, and our ship carpenters found everywhere material enough wherewith to build a vessel in less than a day—that is, our savages had no difficulty in procuring what was needed to make the gondolas which carried our baggage and ourselves.

"We killed a number of elk, and of the deer which our French call 'wild cows.' On the 13th of June, and the three following days, we found ourselves in currents of water so rapid and so strong that we were at times compelled to get into the water in order to drag behind us, or carry on our shoulders, our boats and all our baggage. We were wet through and through; for, while one-half of our bodies was in the water, the sky saturated the other with a heavy rain. We exerted all our strength against the wind and the torrents with even more joy of heart than fatigue of body.

"On the 17th of the same month we found ourselves at one end of a lake which some confound with Lake St. Louis. We gave it the name of St. Francis to distinguish it