

man calculated to strike the attention of all who looked upon him. And yet there was nothing hard or stern in those grave, calm features; they were the true picture of a good and gentle heart; a mind tutored in the patient and enduring school of Xavier and Loyola; a will subdued and mortified. Father Jean Laval was preparing himself for a renewal of his arduous mission in the western wilderness. A few weeks of rest and relaxation had elapsed since he had completed the perilous voyage from the missions at the Falls of St. Mary, between Lakes Huron and Superior, and now he was assisting for the last time for many months, it might be forever, with his brethren of Quebec at the holy mystery of the altar. And yet the perilous voyage before him did not appear to weigh upon his mind. Abstracted from all earthly things, his soul seemed only the more closely wrapt in the contemplation of things heavenly. Not so with many a full heart in that thronged temple of God: but the fullness of their hearts only made them mingle more fervently with their prayers the name of him