

quitting his native land. Besides, the wild aspect of the new country, with its half-naked population, its bark cabins, its poverty and squalor, made a profound impression on him, and we may infer from the story of his life that his heart often travelled back to the peaceful class-rooms in Toulouse and Rodez. As the months rolled by, the prospect of long years among savages came before his mind more vividly; it began to dawn on him that his

**A "bloodless
martyrdom"**

life henceforward was to be an unbroken chain of cares and disappointments—a "bloodless martyrdom" he himself calls it—but he had put his hand to the plough and, with the help of Him who strengthens the weak, he was resolved not to turn back till he had reached the end of the furrow. The *Relations* do not hide the fact that as a missionary Chabanel had from the very outset many personal drawbacks to contend with. Although gifted with talent, as is evident from the years he successfully occupied the chairs of classics and rhetoric in France, his progress in the study of the barbarous Huron and Algonquin idioms was so slow that at the end of the first winter (1644-1645) he could hardly make himself understood "even in ordinary matters." The winter of 1645-46 passed by with similar non-success, and this to him was a subject of great mortification. It was, in fact, something more than this: it was a serious obstacle to the work he had come to do in Huronia. Without a knowledge of the language he was useless; he could not preach or catechize or enter