

and great herds of elk quietly defiled between the water and the woods.

We have not space for Mr. Parkman's strange history of the Jesuit colony at Onondaga. In their intercourse with the savages the Fathers showed at once their intrepidity and their marvellous knowledge of the Indian language and the Indian character. Their life, and that of their French companions, was one of utter horror and of hourly peril, torturings and massacres going on in their presence, and drunken fury, with brandished tomahawks, seething around their abodes. At last the treacherousness of the savages came to a head, and the Fathers became aware that doom impended. It was necessary to fly, but flight, with a pack of human wolves fiercely eyeing them, and ready to fly at their throats, seemed hopeless. Jesuit astuteness found a way. The Indians had a beastly superstition called the Medicine Feast, which the Jesuits had with good reason denounced as diabolical, but in which, with pardonable casuistry, they now found the means of preserving their own lives and those of their companions. A young Frenchman who had been adopted by an Indian chief was instructed to tell his adopted father that it had been revealed to him in a dream that he would soon die unless, to appease the spirits, a medicine feast were held. The rite consisted simply in everybody's eating everything that was set before him till the person for the benefit of whose health the rite was prepared, gave them leave to stop. The Indians were forbidden by their superstition to refuse, though they would have killed the young Frenchman without scruple, and were in fact meditating his destruction. The Fathers prepared the feast, and the guests were gorged, vainly imploring the young Frenchman's permission to stop, till they were absolutely helpless with surfeit, and dropped into sleep or lethargy, soft airs being played on a violin to hasten their ambrosial slumbers. Meanwhile, through the falling snow, boats put

out on the half-frozen waters of Lake Onondaga; and when the Indians awoke from their nightmare sleep, the snow having covered the footsteps of the fugitives, not a trace of the colony remained.

The heroism of the male missionaries was rivalled by their female associates. Mr. Parkman gives us the history of three nuns, Sisters Brisoles, Macé, and Maillet, sent out from France by a certain Dauvesière, who seems himself to have been a sactimonious knave, to open an hospital at Montreal. These three martyrs had a stormy voyage in an infected ship. Having landed at Quebec they proceeded to Montreal, one journey then taking fifteen days. Where now the great commercial city of Canada rises in its pride, with ocean steamers lying at its wharves, the nuns then looked on a hamlet of forty small houses running along the river, with a stone windmill, which served also as a fort, and fields around studded with charred stumps, in place of the gardens which now surround the villas of the merchant princes of Montreal. The population consisted of a hundred and sixty men, about fifty of whom had families and were married. Around hovered the Iroquois, ever ready to swoop upon their prey, and whose tomahawks provided hospital nurses with abundant employment. The chamber of the nuns, which they occupied for many years, built of unseasoned planks, let in the Canadian winter through countless cracks and chinks; and the snow drove through in such quantities that they were obliged, after a storm, to remove it with shovels. Their food froze on the table, and their coarse brown bread had to be thawed before they could eat it. They were gentlewomen nurtured in comfort, and one of them had run away from fond and indulgent parents, leaving them in agonies of doubt as to her fate, to immure herself in a convent. This nun had a special devotion for the Infant Jesus, who is said to have inspired with a skill in cookery which enabled her to make good